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With Various Voices

With Various Voices

Recordings of North Star Life

THEODORE C. BLEGEN · PHILIP D. JORDAN



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Introduction

MYSTERIOUS WILDERNESS, dense with underbrush and alive with danger, impeded the march of pioneers, who during the early days of exploration and settlement pressed into the Minnesota backcountry to scatter seeds of civilization on still another American frontier. "There were no roads of any kind," remembered a sturdy emigrant of the 1840's, "only 'blazed trails' through the timber from one place to another." A weary traveler, perhaps looking forward to creature comforts after an arduous journey by steamboat to St. Paul, remarked dolefully, "On landing, we climbed up a steep bank. We found only six houses there."

Nearly every observer in later times was impressed by the far-reaching and dramatic changes that only a few decades brought to Minnesota. Some of them were recorded by the gay-hearted Bill Nye, the Will Rogers of two generations ago. "The flail," he wrote, "has given place to the perfected steam thresher. The Rattlesnake has given way to his natural antidote." The "prairie fire that swept whole counties at once, has disappeared, only to be followed by whole townships of waving grain." He went on to picture mighty harvests of number one hard wheat garnered where once Sioux maidens "played tag" with dusky warriors "on the banks of the beautiful Mississippi." "Looking back over the history of the northwest," said Bill Nye, "I am deeply impressed with the vast and innumerable changes that have come to pass in my own brief, but beautiful life."

Chuckling with Nye, Minnesotans knew that their own North Star State had indeed changed greatly since the time of unbroken green prairie stretches, of primitive, deep, blue lakes, and mighty

stands of white pines that sent their tops into heaven's cellar when explorers first saw what later became Minnesota. When the devout and adventurous Father Louis Hennepin named the Falls of St. Anthony in the days of Louis XIV, in the year that the nobleman Du Luth pitched his tent on the shores of shallow Mille Lacs, in the time before the American Revolution when Jonathan Carver the cobbler found his great cave — in the eighteenth century when Grand Portage on the Superior shore was a central depot in a busy fur trade that reached from the North Country to the shops of Canton, China — in all those yesterdays, Minnesota was not even a name. It was big country, wild country, and country well worth having all during the French regime and all during the English period, and it was still big, wild, and desirable when the Americans came. It was wilderness frontier, peopled only by the Sioux and the Chippewa and by fur-bearing animals of the streams and forests. The swarthy French-Canadian voyageur, with his traps and his short pipe and his sweet-singing fiddle, threaded inland rivers to trade trinkets for furs — mink, beaver, muskrat — almost worth their weight in European gold. The fur harvest continued to be rich even after the Americans moved in. Henry Hastings Sibley recorded the arrival in 1835 of furs worth more than fifty-nine thousand dollars. His old stone house, with quarters set aside for visiting Indians, made Mendota an important fur-trading center in "Early Candlelight" days.

The twenty-eight years between the War of 1812 and the beginning of the fabulous forties saw colorful and dramatic changes in the North Country. High on the bluff overlooking the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers, Fort Snelling stood sentinel, a government guardian on the threshold of the American West and a protector of a thin trickle of emigrants soon to become a flood of peoples. This post had been first established by Lieutenant Colonel Henry Leavenworth of the Fifth United States Infantry, a competent officer who years later died in a hospital wagon on the western plains. His body, packed in spices,

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was returned to New York by a devoted staff. Leavenworth had been superseded at Fort Snelling in 1820 by Colonel Josiah Snelling, but the garrison continued to be known variously as Camp Coldwater, Camp St. Peters, and Fort St. Anthony until January 7, 1825. Then the War Department directed that "Fort Snelling" become the official name.

Until 1823, only canoes and pirogues had connected Mendota and Fort Snelling by river with the outside world of affairs. In winter, when snow lay heavy on the ground and icicles, sharp as sabers, hung menacingly from barrack eaves, Uncle Sam's fortress was an isolated community. This detachment was broken by the arrival of the *Virginia*, the first steamboat to navigate the Upper Mississippi. Her great paddlewheels churned a course that hundreds of other steamboats were to follow in years to come, and her deep-throated whistle served notice that the northland now was tied to the East and South.

The message sounded by the *Virginia's* whistle spelled opportunity for countless common men and women throughout the United States and in foreign lands, who had heard of America as "the end of the rainbow," as the "promised land," as the New World's Garden of Eden. The curiosity of America and the world was insatiable. Expedition after expedition went out to the uncultivated wilderness garden and, after seeing it, sang its praises in book and article, echoing Radisson, the French explorer, who described the whole Middle West as a "labyrinth of pleasure" for millions of people in the Old World. In 1820, the Governor of Michigan, Lewis Cass, made his way to the northern lake named in his honor and mistakenly thought of it as the source of the Father of Waters. Three years later Major Stephen H. Long, with soldiers, a geologist, a zoologist, a landscape painter, and an astronomer, made a complete circuit of Minnesota, coming out by the boundary waters on Lake Superior. A romantic Italian, Giacomo Beltrami, went part of the way with Long, but plunged into the wilderness alone trying to find the source of the river De Soto and

others had discovered nearly three centuries earlier in its lower reaches. In 1832, at long last, Lake Itasca was discovered by Henry R. Schoolcraft—the pine-fringed lake from which, as a tiny trickle, the great river begins its journey to the sea. An army officer, Albert Lea, explored southern Minnesota in the 1830's, as did the artist, George Catlin, who found the mysterious Pipestone Quarries, and the great geographer, Joseph N. Nicollet, who drew the best map of Minnesota and the Middle West that the world had up to his time. These enterprising men lifted the curtain of mystery that had concealed the Promised Land from the eyes of white men.

New Englanders, hearing of the green gold of the pinelands, arrived with hatchet, saw, and know-how to develop lumbering on a large scale; then thrifty, strong Swedes and Norwegians came to clear land, plant crops, and rear their children in the Valley of Democracy; and streams of immigrants became rushing rivers with the coming of the Germans and the Irish, the Czechs and the French, the Poles and the Finns, and the Russians, Icelanders, Greeks, Italians, Mexicans, and yet others. "The whole world is headed for Minnesota!" exclaimed an editor with pardonable exaggeration, and a traveler viewing Minnesota in 1849 said it seemed as if Aladdin were there with his magic lamp. It is estimated that about a thousand persons in 1840 were living in the area that was to become Minnesota; in 1849, this number had increased to about 3,814; by 1850 there were six thousand. A census taken in the early fall of 1857, says William Watts Folwell, gave a total of 150,037 inhabitants. And at the close of 1889, when Bill Nye was describing Minnesota, the total population stood at 1,301,826, an increase of sixty-eight per cent in a single decade.

Yankees and foreigners, pouring into this northern back-of-beyond, spilled their courage and their timidity, their common sense and their foibles, their law-making and their law-breaking from the St. Croix and the Mississippi to the Red River of the North. Some were scamps and renegades, men who might have

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been bad anywhere and who deserved a cell wherever they stopped. Others were harmless crackpots, and still others were invalids who sought to regain their health in Minnesota's salubrious climate. But the great majority were honest, God-fearing, energetic, young men and women anxious to work in order to prosper and asking only that they be given an opportunity to succeed.

A handful of settlers arrived so early that they cleared the land and built their cabin homes in what was then the Territory of Michigan. Sibley, for example, had his mail addressed in this fashion in 1834. Two years later, mail sent to his Mendota home was marked for Wisconsin Territory, and two years after that, letters were addressed to Mendota, Iowa Territory. Not until 1849 was the Territory of Minnesota created. Minnesota became a state — the thirty-second state in the Union — on May 11, 1858.

And still the people came. They put up cabins, platted towns, opened stores, cut down trees, harnessed streams to mills, set out potatoes, planted wheat. They criss-crossed territory and state in a dozen different directions, recording their adventures and tribulations in letters, diaries, and newspapers. With a fine sense of humor, they translated everyday commonplaces into ballads. They sang:

When first I left old Buck Eye,
Location for to find,
I heard of a distant country,
In language most divine.
A land of milk and honey,
And waters of the best,
They called it Minnesota,
The Beauty of the West.

The gopher girls are cunning
The gopher girls are shy,
I'll marry me a gopher girl
Or a bachelor I'll die.
I'll wear a stand-up collar,
Support a handsome wife,
And live in Minnesota
The balance of my life.

Spontaneous and informal, ballads and eye-witness accounts of Minnesota's growing-up are today rich sources of history. Soon after an Ohioan stepped from a steamboat on St. Paul's landing, he pulled a cheap notebook from a broadcloth pocket. His stubby pencil flew over lavender-ruled paper, building up a word sketch of Indian loafers as picturesque as an artist's drawing. An Indian "is attired in a red or white blanket, with his leggins and mocassins fantastically ornamented with ribbons, feathers, beads, &c., while his long braided hair is adorned with a number of ribbons and quills, his face is painted with a variety of colors, giving him a most frightful appearance. In his hands he carries a gun, hatchet and pipe."

A Yankee editor, James Madison Goodhue, established Minnesota's first newspaper, the *Minnesota Pioneer*, in 1849 and in it poured out his dreams of future greatness for the coming state. He foresaw "thousands of farms and waving wheat fields" and "cities crowned with spires." To this pioneer booster, "a month in Minnesota, in dog-days" was "worth a whole year anywhere else." Minnesota had its prophets, and this exuberant editor, with his sharp-pointed pen, was one of them. A prophet with a sense of humor, too, for it was the same Goodhue who touched off the career of a dishonest pioneer official with the phrase: "He stole into the Territory, he stole in the Territory, and he stole out of the Territory."

"There was wheat everywhere," wrote an emigrant who stopped at Hastings, "wheat on the levee; wagon loads of wheat pouring down to the levee; wheat in the streets; wheat on the sidewalks; warehouses of wheat; men talking of wheat; and, verily, wheat was the one idea of Hastings the afternoon we arrived there." Then there was Fred Kennerson of Boston, who bought a settler's ticket to Minnesota. He was as plain a man as one could find anywhere. He was a working man. He was a man skilled with tools. With the broadax and scythe. Kennerson wrote a simple, easy prose that reflects his own simple respectability.

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"We had to walk through swamps and woods all the way, tamarack wood, with water clear up to our knees for about twelve miles. . . . We stopped at a house owned by a man named Joshua Tibbets. I remember one remark of his as if it had been said yesterday. He said, 'I've read of queens, and I've heard of queens, but I never saw a queen until I saw my lady Ann dressed in her wedding gown.'"

Such were the people who patterned a wilderness into a commonwealth. Their pressuring forced the Indian, by a series of treaties, from ancient hunting grounds, and their destination hewed trails that were to become highways. Their ambition dotted the state with schools, colleges, and a great university. They worshipped according to their needs and, for the most part, held no rancor for those who prayed before different altars. There was room in Minnesota for men of many faiths. Yet the state's people were no unrealistic dreamers, given overmuch to talk and not enough to accomplishment. Its leaders were practical, hard-headed men, who knew the necessity for law and taxation and economy in government. "I have elsewhere, for years, witnessed the embarrassments arising from a wild and extravagant system of public improvement, which piled up a mountain of debt upon the common wealth," Governor Alexander Ramsey told the first Territorial Legislature, "and I would in advance, most earnestly depreciate seeing the future State of Minnesota, ever similarly overwhelmed with indebtedness, and checked in her career of reasonable enterprise. '*Pay as you go*,' is said to be the philosopher's stone, so long and eagerly sought for; and it is a jewel, upon which this destined Northern Light of the American Confederacy, should condense its rays in all time to come, that those who run even, may not fail to observe its precious value. Let us, gentlemen, adopt those simple words as our financial motto, and it shall be well with us and our children after us."

A financial panic in 1857 and the Civil War a few years later worked real hardship upon the state. Thousands of farm lads and

city laborers left field and factory to rendezvous at Fort Snelling and from there to take steamboat on the first lap of a military trek that would carry them eventually to the guns of Shiloh, Antietam, and Hatcher's Run. The First Minnesota Volunteer Infantry so distinguished itself at Gettysburg by charging the enemy in the face of terrible odds that General Winfield S. Hancock said, "There is no more gallant deed recorded in history." The Minnesota poet, Hanford L. Gordon, wrote of this memorable charge:

Hold them? They held them at bay as a bear holds the hounds on his track;
Steel to steel, banner to banner, they met them and staggered them back;
Two hundred and sixty and two, they held the mad thousands at bay,
Met them and baffled and broke them, turning the tide of the day:
Two hundred and sixty and two when the sun hung low in heaven,
But ah! when the stars rode over they numbered but forty-seven.
Dead on the field or wounded the rest of the "Old First" lay;
Never a man of them faltered or flinched in the fire of the fray,
For they bore the banner of Freedom on the Gettysburg hills that day.

But not all the fighting and the bloodshed and the terror—not all the heartaches—were suffered during the war years on southern battlegrounds. The mighty Sioux, a once proud people but reduced in 1862 to despair and poverty, rebelled against a Manifest Destiny that everywhere in America was forcing the Indian to relinquish all that he treasured. The hanging at Mankato of the Sioux leaders symbolized the degradation of a race and marked the triumph of the white man.

The Civil War and the Sioux uprising signalized a turning point in Minnesota life. When the veteran in blue came home to set his campaign rifle carefully in a cabin corner and to hang his battered canteen on a peg, he was forced into a new matrix of existence. Within a decade, the returned soldier heard the clang of iron on iron as construction gangs laid down railroad track. By 1872, Minnesota had nearly two thousand miles of railway, and by the close of the next decade six great companies were operating, among them the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Chicago and North Western.

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At Minneapolis, great flour mills, working day and night, were refining thousands of tons of wheat so that finer biscuits and bread might be baked. Throughout the state, timber crews were cutting steadily in order that lumber might be available for the building of new frame homes and stores; and far on the shores of Lake Superior, a tiny, straggling Duluth was readying itself to receive and ship iron ore that within a few short years would come in in vast quantities from the bed of the sleeping giant Mesabi and would be used to give strength to the nation's age of steel. Slowly, but surely, Minnesota was turning from agriculture to dairying.

The veteran, now older than when he trudged home with his mustering-out pay in his pocket, saw the beginning of a score or more of state agencies designed to protect him and all the people of Minnesota. A Board of Health had been established in 1872 and gradually was teaching that "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Slaughterhouses and butchershops were inspected, and legislation was passed to assure unadulterated food. Other laws regulated hours of labor and attempted to make working conditions safe. A Board of Corrections and Charities was established in 1883. Under the leadership of Hastings H. Hart, this board did much to improve conditions in state institutions and to provide care for the deaf, dumb, and blind. A Live Stock Sanitary Board was created shortly after the turn of the century. Other laws of a humane nature provided for relief to victims of grasshopper plagues and established agencies to prevent and fight forest fires.

By 1900, when the nineteenth century was still a sharp, clear memory and when Minnesota greeted a new era with buoyant confidence, the North Star State no longer was a pioneer commonwealth. It had forty-two years of statehood behind it. Its people no longer were isolated from the remainder of the nation. The telegraph wires and the railroads had helped cement Minnesota firmly and securely to the national mode. Circuses, their big tops white and gleaming and their barkers loud and compelling,

showed in towns that only a few decades earlier had been cross-road hamlets. Fashionable gentlemen and ladies attended musicales and concerts given by eastern artists. The Schubert Club of St. Paul was organized in 1882, and the Thursday Musical of Minneapolis started ten years later. Public libraries were enriching culture, and the Minnesota Historical Society, founded in frontier days, was preserving carefully the story of the past. The gala day of the small independent merchant and operator of the general store was disappearing. The twentieth-century trend was to be toward bigger business and economic consolidation and combination. By 1900, the patient oxen had all but disappeared and had been replaced by the horse. Within a few years, the horseless carriage would replace old Dobbin.

Slowly and steadily those pioneer leaders who had builded Minnesota's foundations passed away, some of them living almost long enough to greet the new century and others lasting long enough to hear with their own ears the jubilant midnight bells that ushered in the twentieth century. Sibley died on February 18, 1891; the versatile Ignatius Donnelly on January 1, 1901; John Sargent Pillsbury, ex-governor and friend of the University of Minnesota, on October 18, 1901; and Alexander Ramsey, first territorial governor and second governor of the state, on April 22, 1903. The deaths of these and others of their gallant pioneer company closed an era.

The editors of this volume of selections from Minnesota's past have long wanted a volume which would relate the history of the North Star State in the words of those who actually took part in the making of that history. We envisaged a book that would be both accurate and colorful. We see Minnesota's pageant not only as carefully drawn constitutions and bills of law, but also as the informal prose of explorers, schoolteachers, missionaries, and just plain common folks—the basic builders of the state. We have found inspiration in statute and ballad alike. From thousands of

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pages examined and transcribed, beginning in that far-distant time when the French first traversed the North Country until the coming of the modern twentieth century, we have selected what we believe to be representative examples of many activities and various ways of life. This task of selection has not been easy, for, because of space limitations, we have been forced to discard many excerpts that we felt richly deserved a place in a book such as this. We realize that some readers may not find what they believe should be included, and for this we are sorry. But not even a thousand pages of type would have been sufficient to include everything of significance and color. The story of the Minnesota people is too big for that. It is our hope that some day we may do for the period from 1900 to contemporary days what we have done for the period from the days of Radisson and Hennepin to 1900.

In general, we have quoted material exactly as it appeared in the original, but now and then we have corrected an obvious misspelling, inserted punctuation to make meanings clearer, or supplied a missing word. In no case have we altered meaning or juggled facts.

THEODORE C. BLEGEN
PHILIP D. JORDAN

Minneapolis, Minnesota
August, 1949

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With Various Voices

I.

Penetrating the Wilderness

EXPLORERS, breaking wilderness trail and sending frail canoes through unknown lakes into mysterious rivers, wrote a thrilling early chapter in Minnesota history. Even today their time-stained journals and travel accounts, sometimes couched in Old World prose and again in the stiff style of the army officer, are fascinating, for they carry the reader back into the long-ago when flags other than the Stars and Stripes waved over the northern country.

Among the first seventeenth-century fur traders to penetrate the West was Pierre Esprit Radisson, whose vivid impressions of the western lakes region are a classic in the literature of exploration. Father Louis Hennepin, another seventeenth-century trail blazer, wrote a *Description of Louisiana*, which became one of the most popular books of the day. The intrepid Hennepin first saw and named the Falls of St. Anthony. An English colonial, Jonathan Carver, searching for the Northwest Passage in 1766, discovered and left an account of Carver's Cave in the bluffs near St. Paul. In 1820, young Henry Rowe Schoolcraft began his search for the source of the Mississippi River. Not until twelve years later, however, did he locate the true source and then he named it Lake Itasca.

Two other explorers, William H. Keating, a geologist of the University of Pennsylvania, and Captain John Pope of the United States Army, added much to the scientific knowledge of nineteenth-century Minnesota. Beneath their factual accounts lies hidden high adventure. Another army officer, Major Samuel Woods, described the Red River country in 1849. Woods saw the creaking carts from Pembina and drew word pictures of colorful dragoons

PENETRATING THE WILDERNESS

on the march. So well did Woods and other early explorers do their work that by 1849 Minnesota had been almost completely explored.

By then the pathfinders, French, British, and American, had paved the way for the coming of countless people, who would clear land, raise children, and go about the task of building Minnesota.

1654-1660

THE WESTERN LAKES REGION IN SUMMER*

Pierre Esprit Radisson

WE EMBARKED ourselves on the delightfulest lake of the world. I tooke notice of their Cottages & of the journeys of our navigation, for because that the country was so pleasant, so beautifull & fruitfull that it grieved me to see that the world could not discover such inticing countrys to live in. This I say because that the Europeans fight for a rock in the sea against one another, or for a sterill land and horrid country, that the people sent heere or there by the changement of the aire ingenders sicknesse and dies thereof. Contrarywise those kingdoms are so delicious & under so temperat a climat, plentifull of all things, the earth bringing foorth its fruit twice a yeare, the people live long & lusty & wise in their way. What conquest would that bee att litle or no cost; what laborinth of pleasure should millions of people have, instead that millions complaine of misery & poverty! What should not men reape out of the love of God in converting the souls heere, is more to be gained to heaven then what is by differences of nothing there, should not be so many dangers committed under the pretence of religion! Why so many thoesoever are hid from us by our owne faults, by our negligence, covetousnesse, & unbeliefe. It's true, I confesse, that the accesse is difficult, but must say that we are like the Cockscombs of Paris, when first they begin to have wings, imagining that the larks will fall in their mouths roasted; but we ought [to remember] that vertue is not acquired without labour & taking great paines.

*Pierre Esprit Radisson, "Impressions of the Lake Superior Region in Summer," from "Voyages" in *Prince Society*, 16: 150-53 (Boston, 1885).

The Western Lakes Region in Summer

We meet with severall nations, all sedentary, amazed to see us, & weare very civil. The further we sejournd the delightfuller the land was to us. I can say that [in] my lifetime I never saw a more incomparable country, for all I have ben in Italy; yett Italy comes short of it, as I think, when it was inhabited, & now forsaken of the wildmen. Being about the great sea, we conversed with people that dwelleth about the salt water, who tould us that they saw some great white thing sometimes upon the water, & came towards the shore, & men in the top of it, and made a noise like a company of swans; which made me believe that they weare mistaken, for I could not imagine what it could be, except the Spaniard; & the reason is that we found a barill broken as they use in Spaine. Those people have their haire long. They reape twice a yeare; they are called Tatarga, that is to say, buff. They warre against Nadoneceronons, and warre also against the Christinos. These 2 doe no great harme to one another, because the lake is betweene both. They are generally stout men, that they are able to defend themselves. They come but once a year to fight. If the season of the yeare had permitted us to stay, for we intended to goe backe the yeare following, we had indeavoured to make peace betweene them. We had not as yett seene the nation Nadoneceronons. We had hurrons with us. Wee persuaded them to come along to see their owne nation that fled there, but they would not be any means. We thought to gett some castors there to bring downe to the french, seeing [it] att last impossible to us to make such a circuit in a twelve month's time. We weare every where much made of; neither wanted victualls, for all the different nations that we mett conducted us & furnished us with all necessities. Tending to those people, went towards the South & came back by the north.

The Summer passed away with admiration by the diversity of the nations that we saw, as for the beauty of the shore of the sweet sea. Heere we saw fishes of divers, some like the sturgeons & have a kind of slice att the end of their nose some 3 fingers broad in the end and 2 onely neere the nose, and some 8 thumbs long, all marbled of a blakish collor. There are birds whose bills are two and 20 thumbs long. That bird swallows a whole salmon, keeps it a long time in his bill. We saw alsoe shee-goats very bigg. There is an animal somewhat lesse then a cow whose meat is exceeding good. There is no want of Staggs nor Buffes. There are so many

Tourkeys that the boys throws stoness att them for their recreation. We found no sea-serpents as we in other laks have seene, especially in that of d'Ontario and that of the stairing haire. There are some in that of the hurrons, but scarce, for the great cold in winter. They come not neere the upper lake. In that of the stairing haire I saw yong boy [who] was bitten. He tooke immediately his stony knife & with a pointed stick & cutts off the whole wound, being no other remedy for it. They are great sorcerors & turns the wheele. I shall speake of this at large in my last voyage. Most of the shores of the lake is nothing but sand. There are mountains to be seene farre in the land. There comes not so many rivers from that lake as from others; these that flow from it are deeper and broader, the trees are very bigg, but not so thick. There is a great distance from one another, & a quantitie of all sorts of fruits, but small. The vines grows all by the river side; the lemons are not so bigg as ours, and sower. The grape is very bigg, greene, is seene there att all times. It never snows nor freezes there, but mighty hot; yett for all that the country is not so unwholsom, for we seldome have seene infirmed people.

1683

THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY*

Louis Hennepin

No RIVERS, as I have already said, run into the *Meschasipi* between the River of the *Illinois* and the Fall of St. *Anthony*, from the Westward, but the River *Ottenta*, and another which discharges it self into it within eight Leagues of the said Fall: But on the Eastward we met with a pretty large River, call'd *Ouisconsin*, or *Misconsin* [Wisconsin], which comes from the Northward. This river is near as large as that of the *Illinois*; but I cannot give an exact Account of the length of its Course, for we left it about sixty Leagues from its Mouth, to make a *Portage* into another River, which runs into the Bay of *Puans*, as I shall observe when I come to speak of our return from *Issati* into *Canada*. This River *Ouisconsin* runs into the *Meschasipi* about an hundred Leagues above that of the *Illinois*.

*Reuben G. Thwaites (ed.), *Hennepin's A New Discovery*, 1: 221-26 (Chicago, 1903).

The Falls of St. Anthony

Within five and twenty Leagues after, we met another River coming from the Eastward, nam'd by the *Issati* and *Nadoussians*, *Chebadeba*, that is, *The Black River*. I can say very little of it, having observ'd only its Mouth; but I judge from that, that it is not very considerable. About thirty Leagues higher we found the Lake of *Tears* [Lake Pepin], which we nam'd so because the Savages, who took us, as it will be hereafter related, consulted in this Place what they should do with their Prisoners; and those who were for murdering us, cry'd all the Night upon us, to oblige, by their Tears, their Companions to consent to our Death. This Lake is form'd by the *Meschasipi*, and may be seven Leagues long, and five broad. Its Waters are almost stagnant, the Stream being hardly perceptible in the middle. We met, within a League above the Lake, another River, call'd, *The River of the Wild Bulls* [Buffalo River], because of the great number of those Beasts grazing upon its Banks. It falls with a great rapidity into the *Meschasipi*; but some Leagues above its Mouth, the Stream is very gentle and moderate. There is an infinite number of large Tortoises in that River, which are very relishing. A Row of Mountains fence its Banks in some places.

There is another River, which falls forty Leagues above this last, into the *Meschasipi*; thro' which one may go into the Upper Lake, by making a *Portage* from it into the River *Nissipikouet*, which runs into the same Lake. [Apparently the St. Croix and Bois Brulé Rivers.] It is full of Rocks and rapid Streams. We nam'd it *The River of the Grave*, or *Mausolaeum*, because the Savages bury'd there one of their Men, who was bitten by a Rattle-Snake. They us'd great Ceremonies in his Funeral, which I shall describe in another place; and I put upon his Corps a white Covering; for which the Savages return'd me their publick Thanks, and made a great Feast, to which above an hundred Men were invited.

The Navigation of the *Meschasipi* is interrupted ten Leagues above this River of the *Grave*, by a Fall of fifty or sixty Foot, which we call'd *The Fall of St. Anthony of Padua*, whom we had taken for the Protector of our Discovery. There is a Rock of a Pyramidal Figure, just in the middle of the Fall of the River.

The Row of Mountains fencing the Banks of the *Meschasipi*, ends at the Mouth of the River of *Ouisconsin*; and there we likewise observ'd, that that River, which runs from thence to the Sea

almost directly North and South, runs then from the Westward or the North-West. The Misfortune we had of being taken Prisoners hindred us from going as far as its Source, which we cou'd never learn from the Savages, who told us only, that about twenty or thirty Leagues above the Fall of *St. Anthony*, there is another Fall; near which a Nation of Savages inhabit at certain Seasons of the Year. They call those Nations *Tintonha*, that is, *The Inhabitants of the Meadows*.

Eight Leagues above the Fall of *St. Anthony*, we met with the River of the *Issati* or *Nadoussians*, which is very narrow at the Mouth. It comes out from the Lake of the *Issati*, lying about seventy Leagues from its mouth. We call'd this River *The River of St. Francis* [Rum River], and it was in this Place that we were made Slaves by the *Issati*.

The Course of the *Meschasipi*, according to our best Computation, is about Eight hundred Leagues long, from *Tintonha* to the Sea, including its Windings and Turnings; which are very great, and may be navigable from the Fall of *St. Anthony*, for flatbottom'd Boats, provided the Islands were clear'd from Trees, and especially from Vines; which having ty'd the Trees together, wou'd stop a Boat in many Places.

The Country about the Lake *Issati* is a Marshy Ground, where-in grows abundance of wild Oats, which grow without any Culture or Sowing, in Lakes, provided they are not above three Foot deep. That Corn is somewhat like our Oats, but much better; and its Stalks are a great deal longer when it is ripe. The Savages gather it, and live thereupon several Months of the Year, making a kind of Broath thereof. The Savage Women are oblig'd to tie several Stalks together with White Bark of Trees, to fright away the Ducks, Teals, or Swans, which otherwise wou'd spoil it before it be ripe.

This Lake of *Issati* lies within sixty Leagues to the Westward of the Upper Lake; but 'tis impossible to travel by Land from one to the other, unless it be in a hard Frost, because of the Marshy Grounds, which otherwise sink under a Man; but, as I have already said, they may use their Canou's, tho' it be very troublesome, because of the many *Portages*, and the length of the Way, which, by Reason of the Windings of the River, is about a hundred and fifty Leagues. The shortest way is by the River of the *Grave* [St. Croix], thro' which we went in our return. We found

The Falls of St. Anthony

nothing but the Bones of the Savage we had bury'd there, the Bears having pull'd out with their Paws the great Stakes the Savages had beat deep into the Ground round about the Corps; which is their usual Way of Burying their Dead. We found near the Grave a *Calumet* or Pipe of War, and a Pot, in which the Savages had left some fat Meat of Wild Bulls, for the Use of their dead Friend, during his Voyage into the Country of *Souls*; which sheweth that they believe their Immortality.

There are many other Lakes near the River *Issati*, from which several Rivers spring. The Banks of those Rivers are inhabited by the *Issati*, the *Nadoussians*, the *Tintonha* or *Inhabitants of Meadows*, the *Ouadebathon* or *Men of Rivers*, the *Chongasketon* or *Nation of the Wolf or the Dog*, for *Chonga* signifies either of these Creatures. There are also several other Nations, which we include under the general Denomination of *Nadoussians*. These Savages may bring into the Field eight or nine thousand Men: They are Brave, Bold, great Runners, and good Marksmen with their Arrows.

1767

*CARVER'S GREAT STONE CAVE**

Jonathan Carver

ABOUT THIRTY MILES below the Falls of St. Anthony, at which I arrived the tenth day after I left Lake Pepin, is a remarkable cave of an amazing depth. The Indians term it *Wakon-teebe*, that is, the Dwelling of the Great Spirit. The entrance into it is about ten feet wide, the height of it five feet. The arch within is near fifteen feet high and about thirty feet broad. The bottom of it consists of fine clear sand. About twenty feet from the entrance begins a lake, the water of which is transparent, and extends to an unsearchable distance; for the darkness of the cave prevents all attempts to acquire a knowledge of it. I threw a small pebble towards the interior parts of it with my utmost strength: I could hear that it fell into the water, and notwithstanding it was of so small a size, it caused an astonishing and horrible noise that reverberated through all those gloomy regions. I found in this cave many

*Jonathan Carver, *Travels Through the Interior Parts of North America*, 63-65; 86-92 (London, 1778).

Indian hieroglyphicks, which appeared very ancient, for time had nearly covered them with moss, so that it was with difficulty I could trace them. They were cut in a rude manner upon the inside of the walls, which were composed of a stone so extremely soft that it might be easily penetrated with a knife: a stone every where to be found near the Mississippi. The cave is only accessible by ascending a narrow, steep passage that lies near the brink of the river.

At a little distance from this dreary cavern is the burying-place of several bands of the Naudowessie Indians: though these people have no fixed residence, living in tents, and abiding but a few months on one spot, yet they always bring the bones of their dead to this place; which they take the opportunity of doing when the chiefs meet to hold their councils, and to settle all public affairs for the ensuing summer. . . .

When we arrived at the Great Cave, and the Indians had deposited the remains of their deceased friends in the burial-place that stands adjacent to it, they held their great council, into which I was admitted, and at the same time had the honour to be installed or adopted a chief of their bands. On this occasion I made the following speech, which I insert to give my readers a specimen of the language and manner in which it is necessary to address the Indians, so as to engage their attention, and to render the speaker's expressions consonant to their ideas. It was delivered on the first day of May 1767.

"My brothers, chiefs of the numerous and powerful Naudowessies! I rejoice that through my long abode with you, I can now speak to you (though after an imperfect manner) in your own tongue, like one of your own children. I rejoice also that I have had an opportunity so frequently to inform you of the glory and power of the Great King that reigns over the English and other nations; who is descended from a very ancient race of sovereigns, as old as the earth and waters; whose feet stand on two great islands, larger than any you have ever seen, amidst the greatest waters in the world; whose head reaches to the sun, and whose arms encircle the whole earth. The number of whose warriors are equal to the trees in the vallies, the stalks of rice in yonder marshes, or the blades of grass on your great plains. Who has hundreds of canoes of his own, of such amazing bigness, that all the waters in your country would not suffice for one of them to swim

Carver's Great Stone Cave

in; each of which have guns, not small like mine which you see before you, but of such magnitude, that a hundred of your stoutest young men would with difficulty be able to carry one. And these are equally surprizing in their operation against the great king's enemies when engaged in battle; the terror they carry with them your language wants words to express. You may remember the other day when we were encamping at Wadawpawmenesoter, the black clouds, the wind, the fire, the stupendous noise, the horrible cracks, and the trembling of the earth which then alarmed you, and gave you reason to think your gods were angry with you; not unlike these are the warlike implements of the English when they are fighting the battles of their great king.

"Several of the chiefs of your bands have often told me, in times past, when I dwelt with you in your tents, that they much wished to be counted among the children and allies of the great king my master. You may remember how often you have desired me, when I return again to my own country, to acquaint the great king of your good disposition towards him and his subjects, and that you wished for traders from the English to come among you. Being now about to take my leave of you, and to return to my own country, a long way towards the rising sun, I again ask you to tell me whether you continue of the same mind as when I spoke to you in council last winter; and as there are now several of your chiefs here, who came from the great plains towards the setting of the sun, whom I have never spoke with in council before, I ask you to let me know if you are all willing to acknowledge yourselves the children of my great master the king of the English and other nations, as I shall take the first opportunity to acquaint him of your desires and good intentions. I charge you not to give heed to bad reports; for there are wicked birds flying about among the neighbouring nations, who may whisper evil things in your ears against the English, contrary to what I have told you; you must not believe them, for I have told you the truth.

"And as to the chiefs who are about to go to Michillimackinac, I shall take care to make for them and their suite, a straight road, smooth waters, and a clear sky; that they may go there, and smoke the pipe of peace, and rest secure on a beaver blanket under the shade of the great tree of peace. Farewell."

To this speech I received the following answer, from the mouth of the principal chief.

"Good brother! I am now about to speak to you with the mouths of these my brothers, chiefs of the eight bands of the powerful nation of the Naudowessies. We believe and are well satisfied in the truth of every thing you have told us about your great nation, and the Great King our greatest father; for whom we spread this beaver blanket, that his fatherly protection may ever rest easy and safe among us his children: your colours and your arms agree with the accounts you have given us about your great nation. We desire that when you return, you will acquaint the Great King how much the Naudowessies wish to be counted among his good children. You may believe us when we tell you that we will not open our ears to any who may dare to speak evil of our Great Father the king of the English and other nations.

"We thank you for what you have done for us in making peace between the Naudowessies and the Chipéways, and hope when you return to us again, that you will complete this good work; and quite dispelling the clouds that intervene, open the blue sky of peace, and cause the bloody hatchet to be deep buried under the roots of the great tree of peace.

"We wish you to remember to represent to our Great Father, how much we desire that traders may be sent to abide among us, with such things as we need, that the hearts of our young men, our wives, and children may be made glad. And may peace subsist between us, so long as the sun, the moon, the earth, and the waters shall endure. Farewell."

I thought it necessary to caution the Indians against giving heed to any bad reports that may reach them from the neighbouring nations to the disadvantage of the English, as I had heard, at different places through which I passed, that emissaries were still employed by the French to detach those who were friendly to the English from their interest. And I saw, myself, several belts of Wampum that had been delivered for this purpose to some of the tribes I was among. On the delivery of each of these a Talk was held, wherein the Indians were told that the English, who were but a petty people, had stolen that country from their Great Father the king of France whilst he was asleep; but that he would soon awake, and take them again under his protection. These I found were sent from Canada by persons who appeared to be well affected towards the government under which they lived.

Searching for the Source of the Mississippi

1820

SEARCHING FOR THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI*

Henry R. Schoolcraft

LV. DAY. — (July 17th.) — We left the fort at half past nine in the morning, in three canoes, manned by nineteen voyageurs and Indians, and provisioned for twelve days. Our party now, exclusive of the working men, consisted of Governor Cass, Dr. Wolcott, Capt. Douglass, Lieut. Mackay, Maj. Forsyth, and myself. The balance of the expedition, — men, baggage, and canoes, was left at the Company's establishment. A mile from the fort we entered the mouth of Sandy Lake River, which discharges into the Mississippi, two miles below. Its course is winding, and near its junction with the Mississippi, it has a rapid where the water descends three feet in sixty yards. On entering the Mississippi, we found a strong current, — reddish water, a little turbid, — some snags and drifts, — and alluvial banks, elevated from four to eight feet, bearing a forest of elm, maple, oak, poplar, pine, and ash. The elm predominates; maple and oak are common, — pine, ash, and poplar, sparing. The river has a width of sixty yards, and the shores are skirted with bull rushes, foille avoine, and tufts of willow. . . .

We encamped twenty miles above the sixth rapid at eight o'clock in the evening, having been eleven hours in our canoes, and progressed forty-six miles. The weather has been variable. — At day light there was a violent wind, attended with rain, which ceased at nine o'clock. — Cloudy all day, — sun shone out hot at one o'clock, — then a shower; cloudy and cool in the evening. The river has received no tributary streams; no islands have been encountered, nor have any hills been seen, but the country is low, and swampy at a short distance from the river. Detached stones of hornblende, sand stone, and granite, appear upon the rapids. The musquitoes have been very troublesome.

LVI. DAY. — (July 18th.) — There was a shower of rain during the night, — it ceased at four o'clock. We embarked at five, —

*Henry R. Schoolcraft, *Narrative Journal of Travels . . . from Detroit Northwest through the Great Chain of American Lakes to the Sources of the Mississippi River . . . in the year 1820*, pp. [238]-251 (Albany, 1821).

the weather remained cloudy and misty. On ascending one mile, we passed Swan River, which enters, by a mouth of twenty yards wide, on the right shore. Loose rocks appear in the water at its mouth. This stream is sixty miles long, and originates in Swan Lake, in which trout are caught. It is rapid for a distance, but expands to a great width towards its source, where it has a still current, and abounds in wild rice. Thirteen leagues above we passed Rapid No. 7, where the water falls three feet in a hundred and fifty yards. Trout river enters six miles higher, on the right side. It is about thirty feet wide at its mouth, but deep, and widens above. It originates in Trout Lake, and is connected with Swan River near its source. Prairie River is four miles above, and enters on the same side. It is ninety feet wide at its mouth, — has a considerable rapid three miles above, but may be ascended with canoes, through an open prairie country, ninety miles. It communicates, by short portages, with one of the western tributaries of the St. Louis river, and with Swan river. We encamped on a sand bank, five hundred yards above its entrance, having progressed fifty-one miles. The current of the Mississippi river, this day, has been strong, and a number of snags and drifts have been encountered. The velocity is computed, by Captain Douglass, at $2\frac{2}{5}$ miles per hour. The timber has been much the same as yesterday, — elm and maple predominate. In the afternoon we passed several ridges of pine land elevated twenty or thirty feet above the water, — and a few miles below Trout river, came through a forest of burnt dead pines, which continue about three miles on either shore. The general course of the river is west of north; it is very serpentine, and the curves short, seldom exceeding a mile, — the width of the river has been less than yesterday, and may be computed to average forty yards. Tufts of willow, grass, and wild rice, skirt the water's edge. No islands or rock strata are seen, — detached stones, such as were yesterday noticed, appear in the bed of the stream at the rapids, and occasionally along the shore. The banks are the most recent kind of alluvion, in which very minute shining particles of mica are seen. The common fresh water muscle is very abundant along the shore, and some of an extraordinary size. Ducks and plover have been continually in sight. — The robin, (*turdus migratorius*) brown thrush, blackbird, crow, and water loon, have also been noticed. It is not a region favourable to serpents, and the Indians say that the common garter, (*coluber*

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aestivus,) and water snake, are the only species known. The weather continued cloudy and cool during the day, and very chilly at night. The mosquitoes have been less annoying in consequence.

LVII. DAY. — (July 19th.) — The night was so cold that water froze upon the bottoms of our canoes, and they were encrusted with a scale of ice of the thickness of a knife blade. The thermometer stood at 36° at sun-rise. There was a very heavy dew during the night, and a dense fog in the morning. The forenoon remained cloudy and chilly. Six miles above our encampment we passed the eighth Rapid, where the water falls two feet in a hundred yards; and half a mile above, the ninth Rapid, which consists of a series of small rapids, extending a thousand yards, in the course of which, there is an aggregate fall of sixteen feet. Four miles above the termination of the ninth Rapid, we landed at the foot of the falls of Peckagama, where the river has a descent of twenty feet in three hundred yards. This forms an interruption to the navigation, and there is a portage around the falls of two hundred and seventy-five yards. The Mississippi, at this fall is compressed to a eighty feet in width, and precipitated over a rugged bed of sand stone, highly inclined towards the northeast. There is no perpendicular pitch, but the river rushes down a rocky channel, inclined at an angle of from 35° to 40° . The view is wild and picturesque. Immediately at the head of the falls is the first island noticed in the river. It is small, rocky, — covered with spruce and cedar, — and divides the channel nearly in its centre, at the point where the fall commences. In crossing this portage, I observed the small bush-whortleberry, (*vaccinium dumosum*). A portion of the berries were already ripe. After passing the falls of Peckagama, a striking change is witnessed in the character of the country. We appear to have attained the summit level of waters. The forests of maple, elm, and oak, cease, and the river winds in the most devious manner through an extensive prairie, covered with tall grass, wild rice, and rushes. This prairie has a mean width of three miles, and is bounded by ridges of dry sand, of moderate elevation, and covered sparingly with yellow pine. Sometimes the river washes close against one of these sand ridges, — then turns into the centre of the prairie, or crosses to the opposite side; but nothing can equal its sinuosities, — we move towards all points of the compass in the same hour, — and we appear to be winding about in an endless labyrinth, without approaching nearer to the object in view. In

one instance, we rowed nine miles by the windings of the stream, and advanced but one mile in a direct line. While sitting in our canoes, in the centre of this prairie, the rank growth of grass, rushes, &c. completely hid the adjoining forests from view, and it appeared as if we were lost in a boundless field of waving grass. Nothing was to be seen but the sky above, and the lofty fields of nodding grass, oats, and reeds upon each side of the stream. The monotony of the view can only be conceived by those who have been at sea, — and we turned away with the same kind of interest to admire the birds, and water fowl, who have chosen this region, for their abode. The current of the river is gentle, its velocity not exceeding one mile per hour: — its width is about eighty feet. It receives a tributary from the left at the distance of forty miles above the falls of Peckagama, called Vermilion river, and three miles above, another called Chevréuil, or Deer river, from the right bank. We encamped upon the prairie, six miles above Chevréuil river, at a late hour, having ascended sixty miles. Ducks have been abundant throughout the day. We saw no plover in the prairies, although they were common below. The blackbird has been constantly in sight, and the small white gull, such as is common upon the lakes, has been so abundant as to annoy our progress, particularly by its scream, which is harsh and unpleasant. These birds had their nests all along the banks, and were constantly alarmed for their young. The loon, the wild goose, and the heron, have also been observed. The weather has been cloudy, with occasional gleams of sunshine, and chilly towards evening. At the place of our encampment we found a very delicious species of red raspberry, growing upon a small bush of the size of a strawberry vine. Here also, as night approached, we first noticed the fire-fly, which has not before been seen upon the Mississippi.

LVIII. DAY. — (July 20th.) — We had rain during the night, — the morning was cloudy, with a heavy fog. We embarked at half past five; our route lay through a prairie country, similar in every respect to that yesterday passed. At the distance of ten miles we passed the mouth of Leech river, entering on the left. This is the main southwestern fork of the Mississippi, and is ascended about fifty miles to its source, in Leech lake, where the American fur company have an establishment. This lake is twelve miles across, and was considered, by Lieut. Pike, as the main source of the Mississippi. "The fort," he observes, "is situated on the west side of

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the lake, in 47° 16' 13" north latitude. It is built near the shore, on the declivity of a rising ground, having an inclosed garden, of about five acres, on the northwest. It is a square stockade, of one hundred and fifty feet, — the pickets being sixteen feet in length, three feet under ground, and thirteen feet above, — and are bound together by horizontal bars, each ten feet long. Pickets of ten feet are likewise drove into the ground, on the inside of the work, opposite the apertures between the large pickets. At the west and east angles are bastions pierced for fire arms." The Leech lake band of Chippeways are located in the vicinity of the fort. It consists of one thousand one hundred and twenty souls, one hundred and fifty of whom are warriors. The principal chiefs are *Eskibugeckoga*, or, Flat-Mouth, *Obiguette*, or the chief of the land, and *Oole*, or the Burnt. They hunt the beaver, marten, muskrat, otter, and black fox. The moose is sometimes killed. They subsist chiefly upon the flesh of these animals, and obtain European and American fabrics in exchange for their furs. Their neighbours are the Assenniboins, (a revolted band of the Sioux,) on the west, — the Upper Red Cedar, and Red Lake tribes of Chippeways, on the north, — and the Sandy Lake Indians on the east and south. Leech-lake river runs its whole length through a savannah, — is very serpentine, — and in many places not more than ten or fifteen yards wide, although it has a depth of twelve or fifteen feet. The current of the Mississippi river, above its junction, is perceptibly stronger, and the water quite clear. The bends are also more abrupt, and the width of the stream a little more than half what it maintains below. It may be estimated above the Leech-lake branch, at sixty feet, but still preserves a good depth. From Sandy lake river, to the falls of Peckagama, the mean fall of the river may be estimated at six inches per mile, exclusive of the rapids; — from thence to the confluence of the Leech-lake branch, at two inches per mile, and thence to Lake Winnipeg, at four inches per mile.

At the distance of thirty-five miles above Leech river, we entered Little lake Winnipeg, which is about five miles long, and three in width. The water is clear. Its shores are low and marshy, covered with rushes, spear grass, and wild rice, which in some places extend quite across the lake, giving it rather the appearance of a marsh. On passing through this, the river again assumes the size and general appearance it had below, for a distance of ten miles, when it opens into a spacious bay, which is the northeastern

extremity of the Upper lake Winnipeg. We proceeded through this, and encamped on the north shore of the lake, at the mouth of Turtle Portage river. Lake Winnipeg is about fourteen miles long by nine in width, and its waters are deep and transparent. Its shores are generally low and covered, at the water's edge, with rushes, and wild oats. Upon its banks we find oak, maple, poplar, birch, and white pine. It receives four tributaries, Turtle Portage river, Round Lake river, Thornberry river, and an inlet from the southwest, which being somewhat larger than the others, preserves the name of the Mississippi. Turtle Portage river, communicates through several intermediate little lakes, with the Rainy lakes, and the Lake of the Woods. The journey to the Upper Rainy Lake is performed in eight days, and from thence to the Lake of the Woods in ten days.

Round Lake river is the outlet of a lake which is connected by its higher tributaries, with the waters of Turtle Portage river, and the Rainy Lakes. Thornberry river, or *La rivière des Epinettes*, is smaller than the two former, and is not ascended any considerable distance in canoes. Its origin is also in lakes. The Mississippi branch is navigable fifty miles to its source in the Upper Red Cedar Lake.

On passing through Little Lake Winnipeg, we met a couple of Indian women in a canoe, being the first natives seen on the river, of whom our interpreter made enquiry as to the course of the river, and the nature of the country above. They manifested no alarm on our approach, and communicated what they knew frankly and without reserve. They had come down the river for the purpose of observing the state of the wild rice, and at what places it could be most advantageously gathered. None, however, was yet sufficiently ripe to admit of harvesting, but this precaution evinces a degree of care and foresight, which is not always found among savages.

In the course of this day we have observed, either upon the river, or its banks, the wild goose, duck, turkey-buzzard, raven, eagle, king-fisher, (*alcedo alcyon*,) and blackbird.

LIX. DAY. (July 21st.) — We continued our journey at half past four o'clock in the morning. Passing around the northern shore of Lake Winnipeg, we observed at a distance a rocky island of such snowy whiteness, as to give it an appearance of singular novelty, and to baffle every conjecture as to the substance of which it was

Searching for the Source of the Mississippi

composed. On reaching its shores, we found it to be a confused pile of water-worn fragments of granite, horn-blende, quartz, &c. covered with a thick limey incrustation, produced from the ex-crescence of the myriads of water-fowl who resort to it. These birds were driven away in flocks by our approach, and we particularly noticed the wild goose, black duck, pelican, cormorant, brant, and plover. On landing a dead pelican (*pelecanus onocratolus*,) was found upon the rocks, having apparently been killed that morning, either in a strife among its own species or through disease. — No marks of violence, or external disease could however be discovered. This is one of the largest of web-footed water fowl, often exceeding in size the swan. It has been known to weigh twenty-five pounds, and to measure eleven feet between the tips of the wings. Its most remarkable character, and one which distinguishes it from all other birds, is a large membranaceous pouch extending from the mandible nine or ten inches down the front of the neck. This serves as a repository for its food, and when empty, the bird has the power of wrinkling it up. It has the colour and consistence of a wetted bladder and is naked to appearance, but on examination is found to be partially covered with a very fine downy substance. These pouches are fashioned by the Indians into caps for summer wear, being very light and airy. Notwithstanding the great bulk of this bird, it is said to be very expert upon the wing, and soars to a great height, which is in some measure attributable to the extreme lightness of its bones, which do not altogether exceed a pound and a half in weight.

Disregarding artificial arrangements, all water fowl may be considered under these great natural divisions, namely, those of the penguin kind, with short blunt wings, round bills, and legs hid in the abdomen, which dive in quest of food; — those of the gull kind, with long slender legs, sharp pointed wings, and round bills, which fly along the water to sieze their prey; — and those of the goose kind, with broad flat bills, and heavy-quilled wings, which generally lead harmless lives, and subsist mostly upon vegetables and insects. The pelican, from its singular conformation, will not, strictly speaking, fall under any of these denominations, although it seems more nearly allied to the family of the goose. Its feathers are white all over the body, and its wings, which are strong and heavy, clothed with a thick plumage of quills and downy feathers. Its legs are red, and its bill of a greenish tinge at

the base, but changing to a reddish blue towards its extremity, which is slightly hooked downward. The eyes are small, compared with the magnitude of the head, and altogether the bird has a heavy and demure look. Like the heron and the cormorant, the pelican is an inordinate eater, and is represented to be indolent and stupid to the last degree. . . .

1823

*UP THE ST. PETER'S RIVER**

William H. Keating

MR. JOSEPH SNELLING, son of the Colonel, volunteered to accompany the expedition as an assistant guide and interpreter; for which situation he had qualified himself by a winter's residence among the Indians; his services were accepted. Thus reinforced, the party, amounting in the aggregate to thirty-three persons, took leave of the officers of the garrison by whom they had been kindly received; by none more so, than by Colonel Snelling and Lieutenant Nathan Clark, who hospitably entertained the party during their stay at the fort. In order to examine both the river and the adjacent country, the party was divided; Major Long ascended in a boat with Messrs. Keating, Seymour, and Renville. A corporal, twelve soldiers, and the black boy accompanied them. The men were divided into four canoes, in which the bulk of the stores and provisions was embarked.

The land party consisted of Messrs. Say, Colhoun, and Lieutenant Denny, with a sergeant, a corporal, seven soldiers, and a boy, Louis Pellais, hired as a Chippewa interpreter. It was determined that the two divisions should, as far as practicable, keep company together, and encamp every night, if possible, at the same place.

At the point where we embarked, which may be considered as the mouth of the St. Peter, this stream is about ninety yards wide; it lies in latitude 44° 53' 49" north, longitude 93° 8' 7" west. . . . The term Watapan, which in that language signifies river, is always prefixed to the name of the stream; thus the Mississippi is called Watapan Tancha, (the *body of rivers*, because all the other streams are considered as branches or limbs, this being the

*William H. Keating, *Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of the St. Peter's River*, 1: 327-54 (Philadelphia, 1825).

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trunk), the Missouri is termed Watapan Mene Shosha, "the river of thick water." In the Potawatomi, Sauk, and other languages of Algonquin origin, the substantive follows the adjective, as Mese Sepe, Pektannon Sepe, &c.

The name given to the St. Peter is derived from its turbid appearance, which distinguished it from the Mississippi, whose waters are very clear at the confluence. It has been erroneously stated by some authors to signify clear water. The Indians make a great difference, however, between the terms *sota* and *shosha*; one of which means turbid, and the other muddy. At the mouth of the St. Peter there is an island of considerable extent, separated from the main land by a slough of the Mississippi, into which the St. Peter discharges itself. The Mississippi is here, exclusive of the island, about 250 yards wide. In ascending it, particularly in low water, boats pass through this slough, as it affords a greater depth than the main branch on the east side of the island. It was probably, as Carver suggests, this island, which being thickly wooded and lying immediately opposite to the mouth, concealed the St. Peter from Hennepin's observation. No notice of this river is to be found in any of the authors anterior to the end of the 17th century. Indeed, it is only by close research that we have been enabled to trace the discovery of this river so far back. . . .

Major Long's party ascended the river five and a half miles, and stopped for a few moments at a village called Oanoska (which signifies the great avenue or stretch), situated on the right bank; they then proceeded about one mile higher up, where they lay by in a deserted cabin on the left bank. The cabin having been carefully closed in order to secure it against injury from wild animals, they took down the skins which hung at the door, and made themselves comfortable in it. While at supper, they received a visit from an old squaw, who came from the village below, to see what they were doing. The lodge, as she informed them, was her's, but as the men had all gone out hunting, she had removed down to live with her daughter. Having observed a fire near her cabin she was apprehensive that some injury would be done to it; they however satisfied her that their intentions were friendly; and Renville informed the gentlemen that no offence could be taken at their intrusion in the house, as they were travelling in an official capacity; but that if other Indians, or voyagers that were not known, had taken that liberty, it would have been held highly

improper. There was something gratifying, and yet melancholy, in the recollection that we had thus for awhile bid adieu to civilization, and that before us we had none but a wide and untravelled land, where no white men resided, except such as had forsworn their country and the friends of their youth; who, either out of aversion for society, or for the sake of lucre, had withdrawn from its social circle, to dwell in the midst of the uncivilized tenants of the forest. It was while indulging in these reflections, by the light of a few embers, that we received this unexpected visit from the owner of the lodge. Her wrinkled brow, her decrepid mien, her slovenly appearance, gave her a somewhat terrifying aspect, as seen by the uncertain light that played upon her haggard features; her shrill voice contributed also to heighten the awfulness of this untimely visitor: but our interpreter having explained to us the object of her visit, we had leisure to observe her companions, who were two of her grand-daughters: these were as handsome and as good-looking as Indian females can probably be; they were young, about fifteen or sixteen; their complexion was so light that we could scarcely credit the assertion of our guide that they were full-blooded Indians; their features were regular; the large dark eye which distinguished the elder would have been deemed beautiful any where; their forms, which were good, were perhaps taller than those which we usually found among Indian women. But what added most to their charms, was the gay, good-humoured appearance which brightened their eye and animated their features. While the old hag was muttering her discontent, they were smiling, and, as she extended her bony hand to receive the present offered her, the damsels burst out into a laughter which displayed a beautiful set of teeth. Their observations upon our party seemed to afford them as much gratification as we derived from the examination of theirs, and the merriment which it occasioned them was displayed in the most unreserved manner. After a visit of about half an hour, they all withdrew, leaving us to the undisturbed occupancy of the lodge. . . .

The next day we travelled about thirty-five miles: at six miles from the night's camp, we passed the small village of Tetankatane; all the men were absent on their hunts. We proceeded up the river, and, at a distance of about twenty miles, Mr. Say was spoken to on shore. Instructions were sent through him to the land party, to meet Major Long, at a village two miles higher, in order to

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take advantage of the canoes, for the transportation of the baggage across the river, as the right bank becomes her better for travelling than the left. The flotilla reached this village about twelve o'clock, and waited five hours, during which the land party did not join them; men were sent out in various directions and guns fired, but no answer being returned, we concluded that they had proceeded higher up the river. We re-embarked and ascended ten miles to a small wood, where we encamped for the night. The village, at which we had expected to meet the other party, is called Taoapa; it consists of fifteen large bark lodges, in good order; they were arranged along the river. Some of them were large enough to hold from thirty to fifty persons, accommodated as the Indians usually are in their lodges. The ground near it is neatly laid out, and some fine corn-fields were observed in the vicinity. There were scaffolds annexed to the houses, for the purpose of drying maize, &c.; upon these we were told that the Indians sleep during very hot nights.

The banks of the river had thus far been low, and covered with a fine rich vegetation; the trees attained a large size near the river, but they did not extend far into the interior of the country. Near Fort St. Anthony there is a fine piece of bottom, exposed to occasional inundations. The line of bluffs, which borders upon the Mississippi, does not extend far from that stream, but gradually sinks in height, until it finally disappears near the village of Oanoska. The soil along the river is of the best quality. After ascending about thirty miles, the bluffs reappear, and rise to an average height of seventy-five feet on the left bank. In the bottoms, the elm forms the principal growth of the country, and thrives. In the rear of the village of Taoapa a swamp extends, and divides it from the bluffs. The grass grows in some places to the height of six feet, as was principally observed east of the village, by some of the party who undertook to walk down to the place where Mr. Sav had been spoken to. We saw about the village no stones of any kind; but, on the right bank, Major Long observed a number of fragments of primitive rock, and also some secondary limestone, which appeared to him to be *in situ*. . . .

Proceeding early the next morning, the land party was found encamped six miles above the village, on a fine piece of rising ground, which the voyagers have called the Little Prairie. They had not been able to reach the village from the inexperience of

their guide, who had kept them in the rear of the swamp. The river was observed to widen much at places; it was here about seventy yards broad; its current, which had always been inconsiderable, compared with that of the Mississippi, increased as we advanced. The cause of this is, that the great volume of water, which the Mississippi rolls down, backs up the waters of most of its tributary streams, and produces a real pond at their mouth. This is no doubt the cause of the lake formed by the St. Croix, &c.

Our flotilla assisted the land party in crossing the river, after which we again separated; and the boat having ascended a few miles, came to rapids formed by two bars of sandstone, which extend across the river, producing a fall of about four feet within twenty yards. The water in the river, at the time we ascended, was of an average height, remarkable neither for its abundance nor scarcity; and at this stage we found at the falls just water enough to float our boats and canoes, with the baggage and stores in them, the crew and passengers walking alongside, and dragging them up the rapid. A shoal below had likewise required that our canoes should be lightened. Another rapid, about half a mile above, proved more difficult to pass. There being a sufficient depth of water, we ascended in the boat and canoes: one of the latter missed the channel, which is narrow, and in which there is a rapid current; the canoe drifted down against the rock, and fears were entertained that it would be lost; but with considerable labour, and after about half an hour's detention, it was at last brought up safe. The aggregate fall of the two rapids is seven feet. At a short distance above this we stopped for an hour; this gave us an opportunity of observing the nature of the country. The stream is there incased by a vertical bank, about ten or twelve feet high, the base of which is washed by the river. Ascending this bank, we find a level valley, which is about a quarter of a mile wide; this is limited by a steep and rugged bank, of about twenty feet in height. Having ascended this bank, a beautiful prairie, apparently very extensive, displayed itself to our view. The steep bank, which exposes the disposition of the rock, shows it to be a sandstone formation in a horizontal stratification, and of a fine crystalline grain; the colour varying from white to yellow: this sandstone is, in every respect, similar to that found at Fort St. Anthony. Six miles above the rapids there is a small Indian settlement, called Weakote. . . .

The two parties having exchanged a few words at this place,

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continued their journey. The boats proceeded but three miles beyond this, to an encamping ground. The navigation had been an easy one except at the rapids. In a few places, however, snags were seen, which partly impeded the main channel. The next day they were found more numerous, as were also the sandbars, which sometimes rendered the navigation of the river troublesome. The skiff which had been obtained for Major Long and the gentlemen's use, as more pleasant than a canoe, was found very inconvenient, being leaky and slow of motion, so that we gladly embraced the opportunity of exchanging her for a fine canoe, belonging to a trader whom we met returning to Fort St. Anthony. The forests, which had principally consisted of cotton-wood, birch, &c. were observed to become more luxuriant, and to be replaced by a heavy growth of oak and elm. The soil appeared excellent and deep, the roots extending sometimes three feet under ground. The sandbars and small islands are covered with groves of willow. A few hills, composed principally of loose sand, were observed during the journey of the 12th; one of which, distant about half a mile east from the encampment, was estimated at about one hundred and fifty feet in height. The latitude of the camp, on the evening of the 12th of July, was observed to be $44^{\circ} 33' 59''$ N. which shows that the general direction of the river thus far is south of west. We reached the extremity of the forest the next morning, and found on the prairie a small party of Indians encamped. We were told that the principal of these was the old chief who formerly resided at Weakote. He has thirty or forty warriors under his command, who intend to remove from their old residence to this spot, as the other place is considered unhealthy; by white men it is called Fever Sandbar.

Notwithstanding these circumstances, the St. Peter is generally deemed very healthy, and in despite of the unfavourable name applied to the sandbar, it is said to be free from intermittent fevers. Our party continued all in health except one of the soldiers, who had a few chills and fits of fever, which were soon checked. It was supposed that he had brought the seeds of it from the Mississippi.

Prairie land was again observed to border upon the river, the number of islands increased, and the navigation became extremely tedious. At one of the landing places, we observed a block of granite of about eighty pounds' weight; it was painted red and covered

with a grass fillet, in which were placed twists of tobacco offered up in sacrifice. Feathers were stuck in the ground all round the stone.

In the afternoon, one of the canoes was unfortunately upset; the men who were in it regained the shore with some difficulty, but much of the cargo was lost or damaged. Among the articles lost, the most important was a keg of tobacco, which was intended for presents to the Indians, and a considerable part of our ammunition, which getting wet, became either totally unfit for use, or very much damaged. We had scarcely repaired, as much as lay in our power, the bad effects of this accident, when we observed the heavens overcast with dark clouds, portending an approaching storm. We immediately landed, with a view to shelter our stores and our persons against the rain. About seven in the evening, the storm broke out with more violence than usually happens in our climates. The precautions which we had taken proved of but little or no avail; the stores, which had been carefully packed up in a canoe, and covered up as well as our means permitted, were much damaged by the water, which half filled the canoe. Among them was our biscuit, coffee, sugar, &c. The tent had been pitched in as favourable a spot, with respect to the trees, as the ground would admit of, but not sufficiently so as to render it either safe or comfortable. Several trees, in the vicinity of the tent, were struck with lightning, and the wind blew with such force that the crash of falling timber was frequently heard during the night. The rain continued to pour down with great abundance until morning, when we were pleased to observe the sun rise fair, and afford us a chance of drying our baggage and stores. That spot being inconvenient for the purpose, we proceeded a few miles higher up to an old wintering camp of the traders; we remained there several hours, our canoes being occupied in transporting the baggage of the land party to the left bank of the river. The St. Peter is here fordable for horses. During our stay at this place, Major Long found that the combined effects of the two calamities, experienced within the last twenty-four hours, had required a change in our mode of travelling. The navigation of the river had been very slow, since we had advanced but about one hundred and thirty miles in six days; and it threatened to become still more tedious on account of the increasing shallowness of the water. Our provisions were not sufficient to support so large a party; and the coun-

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try being destitute of animals, afforded us no supply. The only game killed, from the time that the party left the fort, were two ducks. Our guide further informed us, that if we continued to ascend the St. Peter in canoes, we should lose much precious time, arrive on Red River after the buffalo had left it, and find it, probably, impossible to reach the head of Lake Superior before the winter season had commenced; in which case, we should be compelled to winter somewhere west of the lakes. As this comported neither with Major Long's wishes, nor with the instructions which he had received from the War Department, it induced him to relinquish the plan of ascending in canoes, and to send back nine soldiers, retaining but twelve men as a guard, which in the present dispersed state of the Indians promised sufficient protection. By proceeding all in one party on land, much time would necessarily be saved, and the bends of the river need not be followed. Although this plan did not afford us as good a prospect of becoming acquainted with the nature of the country as the mode we had heretofore followed, yet, in the present state of our affairs, it was judged to be the only one that could be adopted with prudence; and as this modification in our manner of travelling required a corresponding change in the arrangement of our baggage, we proceeded a few miles higher up, to a fine prairie, where we found good pasture for our horses. The spot upon which we encamped has received the name of the Crescent, from a beautiful bend which the river makes at this place. The two parties having united here, a day was spent with drying the baggage, and separating the damaged provisions from those that were still fit for use. . . .

As this was the highest spot on the St. Peter which we reached in canoes, it may be well to recapitulate the general characters of this stream, as we observed it from its mouth to the Crescent, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles by water.

The breadth of the river varies from sixty to eighty yards, but averages about seventy; its depth is such that it cannot be forded for about forty-five miles from its mouth. At Fort St. Anthony the St. Peter is said to be about sixteen feet deep. The depth diminished rapidly as we proceeded up the river, and, in some places, our canoes had barely water enough to float them; yet the river was not considered very low at that season. In times of floods it can be ascended much higher, without inconvenience, by loaded canoes. The current, which is almost imperceptible at Fort St.

Anthony, increases, and in some places is quite rapid; during the three last days it was found to average about one mile and a half an hour. The bed of the river is chiefly sand, arising from the destruction of the sandstone in which it is excavated. The banks usually rise to about twelve or fifteen feet, and are chiefly, if not altogether, composed of sandstone. On the last day, we saw a bluff that rises to sixty or eighty feet; it consists of white sandstone, and is called the white rock; limestone is, however, found in the country in various places. The granitic boulders, which appear to be quite deficient in the lower part of the river, are found tolerably abundant after passing the village of Taoapa. In some cases they assume a very large size; one of them was of an elliptical form; it was twelve yards in periphery, and five feet high; it is evidently out of place, and forms a conspicuous object in the prairie. The designs made upon it by the Indians, consisting of thick lines divided by intermediate dots, prove that it was with them an object of veneration. There are likewise amphibolic boulders scattered over the country. The bed of the river presents but few islands below the rapids, but above these it is chequered with numerous small sandy islands, which change the direction of the channel, and contribute to the rapidity of the current. The largest of these islands does not exceed three hundred yards in length, and thirty in breadth. The river is a very meandering one; so much so that the canoes were seldom steered for five minutes at a time in the same direction. The courses of the river varied from south-west to north-east, and in some cases even were south-east. The situation of Camp Crescent was estimated, by Mr. Colhoun, from observations taken under unfavourable circumstances, to be about latitude $44^{\circ} 21' 27''$ north, longitude $94^{\circ} 15'$ west; so that, during our progress up the St. Peter, we had made but $65'$ of westing, and $32' 22''$ of southing. The river receives in this extent no tributary of any importance; a few small rivulets, not exceeding ten or twelve in number, enter it occasionally from the right or left bank. Those only which deserve any mention are, Elk, which enters from the right bank, about twenty miles above the fort, and the small rivulet which comes in from the left bank about forty miles above the fort, and which is probably the same as Carver's river; at about twenty-five miles below the Crescent a shallow stream, six yards wide, enters from the left bank.

In our description of the observations recorded by the party in

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the canoes, we have included those made upon the nature of the river, &c. by the land party, and it may suffice to mention that the difficulties which they experienced were very great, owing to the nature of the country over which they travelled. At times it was so marshy, that they could not proceed without much danger to themselves and their horses; and, in one or two instances, the ground was so soft that they were obliged to construct causeways or bridges, to enable their horses to pass over it. The forests which they traversed consisted chiefly of maple, white walnut, hickory, oak, elm, ash, linden, (*Tilia Americana*,) interspersed with grapevines, &c. The absence of the black walnut on the St. Peter, and near Fort St. Anthony, was particularly observed. The rosin plant was not seen after leaving Prairie du Chien. The yellow raspberry was abundant in many places, and ripe at the time the party passed through the forests. The course of the party was generally in the valley of the St. Peter, not far from, and frequently in sight of, the river, which offered them some fine water-scenery, presenting, however, a great degree of sameness; its principal defect is the want of objects to animate the scenes; no buffalo ranging across the prairie, no deer starting through the forests, no birds interrupting the solemn stillness which uniformly reigns over the country; the St. Peter rolls in silence its waters to the Mississippi. Where game is scarce, the Indian of course finds no inducement to hunt, and hence the party frequently travelled for whole days, without seeing a living object of any kind. This appeared, however, to be the track of Indians going out on their hunts, and accordingly traces were occasionally observed upon trees. In such places the trees were generally barked to a proper height: in one instance, four adjoining trees bore the representation of an Indian with wings, painted with red earth; a number of transverse lines were also drawn across the tree: this design was intended to convey the information that the redwing chief had passed in that direction with a party, the strength of which was designated by the number of transverse streaks. From the numerous tumuli observed along the river, we were confirmed in the belief that this scarcity of game has not always prevailed in this part of the country, but that this stream was once inhabited by as extensive a population as can be supported by game alone, in the most favoured regions. . . .

1849

EXPLORING MINNESOTA TERRITORY*

John Pope

OTTERTAIL LAKE is about ten (10) miles in length from southwest to northeast, and about four or five in breadth, without islands. The southeast side of the lake is bordered with timber to the width of one mile; while to the east, north, and west, the heavy timber covers the country to a distance of many miles.

The Indians who reside along the banks informed me that the whole country towards the Crow-Wing river, and the heads of the north Red river and Mississippi, contained very little prairie, but was covered with dense groves of oak and elm, interspersed with sparse forests of pine.

I employed the Indians, during the 17th and 18th days of September, in making rude maps of all the country in the vicinity of the lake; and from their accounts, there can be but little doubt that this whole region of country to the north and east of Ottertail lake, comprising the valleys of the north Red river, Crow-Wing and Mississippi rivers, is among the most beautiful and fertile portions of the northwest. I am not aware that it has ever been traversed by any white person, but it appears to me most desirable that it should be carefully examined at as early a day as practicable.

On the 19th of September we made a portage of one mile towards the east, to a small round lake about one and a half mile in diameter. This lake is completely isolated, having no apparent outlet or inlet. From the dip of the land, and the evident marks of an artificial obstruction, (said to be a beaver dam,) I am quite satisfied that this lake at one time discharged its waters into Ottertail lake. The evidence of this kind of obstruction are numerous throughout this region of country; and whatever may be the theory as to the original extent of the waters, it is quite certain that the largest of the lakes has been divided into several smaller ones by the occurrence of these artificial dams.

The small lake on which we again embarked in our canoe is about ten feet deep, the water very clear, and no doubt containing abundance of fish.

*John Pope, "The Report of an Exploration of the Territory of Minnesota," in *Executive Documents*, Serial 558, No. 42, pp. 38-41 (Washington, D. C., 1850).

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A second portage, of about twenty yards, over a dam of the same character, brought us to another lake about the same size; a third portage, of about half a mile through dwarf oak, found us at the western extremity of Leaf lake, the source of Leaf river, which is a tributary of the Crow-Wing. We had thus, in two hours, passed with our boat and baggage from the waters of the Red river of the North, which flow into the Hudson's bay, to the waters pouring into the Gulf of Mexico.

The tributaries of the Red river of the North and those of the Mississippi overlap each other to such an extent, that I suppose there are a thousand places where a portage even shorter would have enabled us to pass from the waters of one into those of the other.

When we reached Leaf lake, and were about to embark upon the waters of the Mississippi, after a canoe voyage of nearly seven hundred miles upon the Red river of the North, the half-breeds informed us that they were about to go through a ceremony never neglected by them in passing from the waters of one river to those of another. They proceeded to trim an oak tree upon Leaf lake of all its branches, blazed it on both sides, loaded all their guns, and, after presenting me with one, directed me to fire it at the blaze in the tree. As I did so, they discharged all their guns, and gave three cheers. After Lieutenant Gardner had gone through the same operation, they informed us that the ceremony was complete, and was intended to invoke good fortune for the expedition while it remained in the waters of the Mississippi. Whether this effect was produced or not I do not pretend to say, but the remainder of our voyage to Fort Snelling was unattended with any accident.

Leaf lake is about six miles in length, and two in breadth in the widest place — its length being nearly east and west. Near its eastern extremity it pours its waters into Leaf river; its outlet, which, after a course of about seventy-five (75) miles by water, and probably twenty-five (25) in a straight line, empties into the Crow-Wing river. Leaf river is about fifteen yards wide and two and a half feet deep near the lake, gradually increasing in size to its mouth, where it is about twenty-five yards wide and four feet deep. It runs from side to side of a narrow valley about one mile in width, and lying nearly east and west.

The sides of the valley are high, and covered with a heavy growth of oak. The valley itself is a swamp of wild rice, the river

winding through it in the most circuitous manner possible. As the wild rice projected several feet above the surface of the water, we would have appeared to any one on the ridge on either side to be pushing our way through a meadow. As we descended the river, however, the rice began to disappear, the swamp became more and more narrow, and the heavy growth of oak and elm upon the banks began to be interspersed with occasional groves of white and yellow pine. At mid-day on the 21st of September we reached the Crow-Wing river, which we considered nearly the terminus of our long voyage through an uninhabited country. Where we struck the river it was about one hundred and twenty (120) yards in width, running with a gentle current through a country slightly undulating, and, so far as we could learn, heavily timbered. It presents the appearance of a series of long, narrow, and shallow lakes, filled with small islands, and connected with each other by a stream varying from one hundred (100) to one hundred and twenty yards in width, and, in ordinary seasons, about four and a half ($4\frac{1}{2}$) feet in depth. The widenings of the river and the numerous loose boulders in its bed produce a swift current, amounting in some places nearly to rapids. I have already suggested a method of improving the navigation at such points, which will enable the Crow-Wing river to discharge to the Mississippi all the productions of its valley. On the 22d of September we arrived at Fort Gaines, on the west side of the Mississippi, and opposite the mouth of the Nokav river. This post has been very lately established, and is at present garrisoned by one company of the 6th infantry and one of the 1st dragoons.

The American settlements opposite the mouth of the Crow-Wing river are, I believe, the most northern in Minnesota, and extend along the Mississippi to St. Paul's.

As I have already, in the second general division of the country I made in a previous part of this report, given a description of its peculiar conformation, I need only say here that the region to the east, south, and northeast of Ottertail lake and the Crow-Wing river is in all respects identical, except, probably, in containing a larger proportion of timber. The pineries along the Crow-Wing river are among the most extensive and valuable found on the tributaries of the Mississippi.

On the 27th of September we arrived at Fort Snelling, and completed a voyage of nearly one thousand miles, never before

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made by any one with a like object. I found that the dragoons, who had marched from Pembina the same day I left there, had reached Fort Snelling eight or ten days before me, having found the prairies dry, and the roads in fine order.

There are six rapids in the Mississippi between the falls of St. Anthony and the mouth of Crow-Wing river, only two of which, (the first and the Sauk or second rapids,) in ordinary stages of water, offer any obstruction to the navigation. I again urge upon the government the propriety of making a small appropriation for improving the navigation of these points, not only as being of great and immediate advantage to the Territory, but as securing to the government itself great economy of transportation in the supply of Fort Gaines.

After completing my business at Fort Snelling I left that place for St. Louis, for the purpose of making out a map and report of the expedition, in obedience to the instructions of Colonel J. J. Abert, corps of topographical engineers.

In concluding this imperfect account of the expedition to the Red river of the North, which, in consequence of domestic affliction, has been delayed several weeks longer than I had wished or intended, I cannot refrain from alluding to some important considerations which, although matter for future deliberation for the legislature and people of the Territory of Minnesota, cannot, I think, be too soon brought to their notice.

There are two points which I regard as most important to be included within the limits of the first new State which shall be erected in the Territory, viz: a safe and commodious harbor on Lake Superior, and the head of navigation of the Red river of the North.

It is equally important that the whole of that portion of the Mississippi which can be navigated by steamboats, and which is now included within the boundaries of the Territory, should also be embraced in the new State.

The State formed to comprehend this amount of land will contain about forty thousand (40,000) square miles, including the valleys of the St. Peter's and Jacques rivers, and all the second general division of country I have made in a previous part of this report.

The only feasible objection I have ever heard made to the settlement and cultivation of Minnesota has been that it is too far from our present markets.

It is true that, as merely regards leagues and miles, this Territory is further from our eastern and southern markets than any of the northwestern States; but in point of time (which is the proper view to be taken of the subject) it can be proved that there is scarcely an acre of the whole of the northeastern portion of Minnesota which is not as near to the markets as the interior of the States of Iowa, Wisconsin, or Illinois.

The peculiar conformation of the whole region of country between the St. Peter's, Mississippi, and head of navigation of the Red river of the North, and the water communications, remarkable not only for their great number, but for their almost unlimited extent, will enable the farmer or manufacturer to transport to Lake Superior or the Mississippi all his surplus produce and articles of manufacture in one-fourth the time, and at one-twentieth the expense, that the same amounts could be carted from the interior of Illinois, Iowa, or Wisconsin, to any navigable stream. In point of time and expense, therefore, (the two great considerations,) Minnesota has equal advantages, at least, with the interior of either of the States above mentioned.

As the numerous navigable tributaries of the St. Peter's and Mississippi run towards the south, east, and west, they would cross the railroad lines I have recommended at numerous points, and the choice, therefore, would be given to the farmer or manufacturer of throwing his articles for export either into the eastern or southern market, as might be most desirable.

The valley of the Red river of the North is further still from the markets, and is therefore more open to this objection. The railroads I have mentioned having been constructed, the productions of the whole valley having been delivered at the head of navigation of Red river, can be thrown to Lake Superior and the St. Peter's from that point within twenty-four hours. The valley of the Red river, therefore, will possess the remarkable advantage of a connexion with either southern or eastern markets, as may be most advantageous, with equal expense of transportation.

Providence seems to have designed that the valley of the Red river of the North should find within the United States a market for its productions, since, although the river is navigable for four hundred (400) miles of its course within the boundaries of this Union, it is not navigable eighty (80) miles north of our frontier.

Without dwelling at length upon the considerations I have

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thus presented, I hope sufficient has been said to exhibit the propriety of securing for the State to be formed in the present Territory of Minnesota the important points above mentioned. I have become so much interested in the country, and so fully convinced of the rapid progress it will make in wealth and population, that it would not only be a high honor but a deep gratification to me should I be so fortunate as to be selected for the purpose of continuing the explorations yet to be made within its borders.

Without being too sanguine or enthusiastic, it appears to me that no State or Territory in the west presents so many or such remarkable advantages to the farmer or manufacturer; and I am well convinced that those who may be induced by the perusal of this report to emigrate to the Territory of Minnesota will find their anticipations more than realized, and will be rather disposed to condemn me for having said too little than too much.

1849

*TO OLD PEMBINA**

Samuel Woods

THE EXPEDITION commenced its march from this post on the 6th of June, [1849] the earliest period we thought the grass sufficient for the subsistence of our horses. It consisted of myself, in command, Dr. Sykes, Act'g Ass't Surgeon, 2nd Lieut. A. D. Nelson, 6th Infantry, Qr. Mr. and Com'y, and 2nd Lieut. and Bvt. Capt. John Pope, Top. Engs. Lieut. Nelson had under his charge a mountain howitzer and the train by which our supplies were being transported. Lieut. Gardiner, with Company "D." 1st Dragoons, was to meet me at Sunk rapids.

Our starting was unpropitious; the rains commencing on the 4th, continued unintermittingly until our arrival at Sunk rapids on the 11th. The roads were very bad and our teams had much difficulty in reaching that point, and my observation in that short distance taught me that I was not properly outfitted for the expedition. The large, heavy wagons were not suitable for the roads or country, and I directed the Quarter-master, if possible, to hire

*Samuel Woods, "Report of Major Woods, Relative to his Expedition to Pembina Settlement," in *House Executive Documents*, Serial 557, No. 51, pp. 10-15 (Washington, D. C., 1850).

or buy light two-horse wagons, and send back the heavy ones. He succeeded in getting four and we sent back two heavy wagons.

The Dragoon Company, numbering 40, non-commissioned officers, privates, &c., under 1st Lieut. J. W. T. Gardiner, and 2nd Lieut. T. F. Castor, 1st Dragoons, arrived at Sunk Rapids on the 10th. On the 12th, we commenced crossing the Mississippi and in consequence of the continued rains and high winds we did not effect our passage until the 13th.

On the west bank of the Mississippi I made an encampment, where I intended to remain until the weather changed for the better. The rains having fallen so steadily and for so many days, the earth was so saturated with water, that the thickly-matted turf of the prairie would not support the weight of the wagons. Our horses would have been pulling and breaking themselves down without making much progress on our journey.

The weather clearing up on the afternoon of the 13th, and the 14th and 15th being clear, pretty days, we resumed our march on the 16th, with but trifling interruptions by bad roads, for 16½ miles, when we encamped. Our route was on the "Red river trail," nearly south-west, and with the exception of about 2 miles, open prairie with heavy bodies of timber close by on either hand. Our encampment was on a little stream called "Coldwater creek," formed by little springs breaking out from its banks. The water as clear and cold as the most thirsty could wish. This stream we had to bridge or causeway on both sides for twenty or thirty yards. The "trains" from Red river cross such places by throwing down grass or brush and the ox and cart pass where horses and wagons cannot.

There are numberless places on this route called "Terres-tremblantes," and are formed by springs, the water running from them over a bed of sand, on which a vegetable mould has been deposited until in some places it is found three or more feet deep.

The water running underneath keeps the superincumbent mass moist and unstable, so much so that it can be sometimes shaken for ten or fifteen feet around, and is always miry.

From this point we continued our route considerably south of west, and close upon the bank of Sunk river for about five miles, where the Sunk river turns abruptly north, and we had to cross it. The river was much swollen by the heavy rains, and was wide and deep. We launched our ponton-wagon-beds and crossed it, and

To Old Pembina

encamped on the western bank. Between this and Cold-water creek we had to make two bridges, and mired down over the most of the way, going only five miles in two days; many little places detaining us for hours, and requiring almost the constant labor of our men in mud and water. In crossing Sunk river, some twenty of our horses and mules got away and took the road back. On this account, and to give our men and horses some rest from their toils, I concluded to remain in camp a day. On the 19th a party returned for our mules and horses, and near the Mississippi met a man bringing them back.

The country back from this point to the Mississippi is heavily timbered, with patches of prairie. The road carries us out of the direction, following the prairie which skirts along Sunk river. The land is good, plenty of timber and the best of water, and destined to be the most valuable portion of this territory; some positions are beautiful, and nearly all good for farming purposes.

On the 20th resuming our march over a beautiful prairie, did not go far until another "tremblante" caused us several hours' labor, and again and again until night overtook us on the prairie, and we had to camp in the rain, without wood, and marshes all around us. In the morning we lightened our loads and passed the slash in our front, sent back after our stores and again moved forward, and with much difficulty reached "Lake David" near sunset, going on this day only $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and the day before $8\frac{1}{2}$.

The hard pulling of horses and mules had much exhausted them, and broken our chains, &c., so much as to require repairs. We formed a camp on David lake, and had to burn coal to make the repairs necessary. We remained at this point four days, hoping the prairie might improve.

When starting, we had difficulty in supplying ourselves with picket ropes or lariats for our horses, and were obliged to take the common bed-cords. Seeing that we would soon be without the means of securing our horses, as these cords broke easily, I sent Lieutenant Castor and two men back for a new supply. Our difficulties to this point were principally with the two heavy wagons belonging to the dragoon company, and I would have sent them back and waited for others, could I possibly have gotten along without them; they were the ponton-wagons, and were indispensably necessary to the march, and did us much good service on the expedition although they caused the men much hard labor. The

light two-horse wagon is the most suitable vehicle for transportation in this country, and the one generally in use. The cart is much used by the Red river people, but for its economy. It is a simple structure, without any iron about it, and can be made or repaired by each individual. A single ox in harness is the moving power, and one person will drive four of them.

Lake David is narrow and long; its length in the direction of north and south, and drains off into a branch of "Crow river." It is about 12 miles from the crossing of Sunk river. The horse-fly attacked our horses here, and continued for two days indescribably fierce, and then disappeared; we were not again troubled with them during the expedition.

On the 26th we commenced again our march, over bad roads, or rather, over a bad prairie, which, although it is undulating and high, has many drains and level places that were flooded with water and miry. Seven or eight miles from Lake David, is "Lake Henrie", resembling much the former, and of about the same extent. They both have heavy strips of timber on their eastern shores. The water is clear and good, and is supplied by springs. I am told there is plenty of fish in them. The roads continuing very bad for about eight miles further, causing us much labor, annoyance, and delay, we crossed a branch of "Crow river." This is a bold little stream running about south-east, with a muddy bottom on the west side of about two hundred yards, which was very difficult to pass. From this point for eleven miles we had good roads, to "Lightning lake." This much good road was obtained by following a ridge that divides two branches of "Crow river."

The prairie was still almost impassable; at Lightning lake we arrived in the midst of a heavy rain, and pitched our tents on the borders of a beautiful lake and sought the shelter of them during the continuation of the rain and the most terrible electric explosions. The dragoon company was still behind with the heavy wagons, but Lieutenant Gardiner's servant being with the advance, had pitched his tent. A flash of lightning struck Lieutenant Gardiner's tent, shivering the tent poles into splinters, and burnt his bedding and clothing as if a red-hot iron had passed over them. My tent was eight or ten paces from Lieutenant Gardiner's, and Captain Pope, Mr. Stille and myself were seated in it, and were knocked from our seats; but recovering from the shock, we rose and looked out, fearing some person had been hurt, when we

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saw Lieutenant Nelson, whose tent was between Lieutenant Gardiner's and mine, lying on his back, out of his tent, in the rain, his hands and arms raised convulsively, gasping and struggling for breath and in the last agonies of apoplexy, produced by concussion of the brain.

Dr. Sykes was called in an instant, and by a free use of cold water re-action was excited, his pulse revived and he gave signs of life. As soon as he was able to bear it he was bled, and then soon recovered his senses, to find his right side partially paralyzed; but in the hands of our attentive and skillful surgeon, a few weeks relieved him from that misfortune. Nothing but the presence of mind and promptness of the doctor, could possibly have resuscitated him. Life seemed to be wholly extinct when the doctor reached him. Every person in camp was more or less affected by the shock. The iron on the tent-pole, particularly as a *point* extends above the tent, attracts electricity as a lightning-rod.

On account of Lieutenant Nelson's health, and the bad condition of the prairies, I remained in camp five days. On the 3d of July we again moved forward and went fourteen miles, and encamped on the borders of "White-Bear lake," where we remained waiting for Lieutenant Castor, who joined us on the 4th with our expected supplies.

White-Bear lake has an average width of about two miles, and is perhaps eight or ten in length, nearly east and west. In its widest places, near the shore, are many little islands all heavily timbered.

This lake is about *seventy-five miles* from Sunk rapids (mouth of Asakis river on the maps), and is a beautiful sheet of water, with heavy bodies of timber around it, alternating with prairie, which in many places descends in handsome slopes to the water's edge. The lake is fed by springs, and is full of fish.

The heavily-timbered highlands, that range parallel with the Mississippi, and back some distance from it, edge upon this lake. The prairie is of the best quality, being a rich mixture of vegetable mould with sand, making a warm productive soil.

On the north of the lake the prairie is broken and irregular, but the east, west, and south borders, lie handsomely for cultivation.

Back to Lightning lake (a name given by us, on account of the accident that occurred there), the country is very pretty, mostly prairie, but probably with a sufficient quantity of woodland within reach on the north and east.

The immediate vicinity of Lightning lake is a beautiful country for farming. The lake is divided into two parts by a sand-bank of not more than fifty yards in width. The western portion is almost circular and about half a mile in diameter. The eastern division is from a half to a mile in width, and four or five in length, and drains off into Crow river. Heavy bodies of timber lie all around this lake, with the exception of the west side, where beautiful prairie spreads out in the distance. The soil is good as could be wished, and some of the most beautiful natural meadows that can be seen in any country. The lakes, as all lakes of any extent in this country, are fed by springs, and have clear pure water, with sandy bottoms. Our men caught immense quantities of fish, principally bass and perch of large size.

By the use of a small seine we obtained a greater supply than the whole command could consume. Having observed that near these lakes immense quantities of rushes sprang up most luxuriantly, I was led to suppose that springs could be easily reached, and digging about five feet through a rich mould we reached pure sand and a vein of spring water, as clear and cold as ice.

We arrived at White-Bear lake on the 3d and left it on the 6th of July, and in the thirty days that intervened since leaving Fort Snelling, we had, from the 6th to the 13th both inclusive *eight* days steady rain, from the 14th to the 19th both included *six* days clear, and then *two* days rain, *four* clear, *two* rain, *five* clear, *two* rain, *one* clear, *fourteen* days rain, and *sixteen* clear. On the days marked rainy, we had sometimes the most terrific storms, when the rain fell in torrents and the heavens were in a blaze of light, and the thunder broke over us appallingly. We were driven from the vicinity of the timber by the mosquitoes, and our camps on the open prairie, with the quantities of iron about our wagons, makes them the most prominent object around; and when clouds heavily charged with electricity pass near, such camps are in great danger.

On the night of the 4th July one of these storms visited us, while at White-Bear lake, with all the fury the utmost power of the combined elements can inflict. Being on the high open prairie, the thunder broke over us in such *smashing* explosions, that for two hours our position was torturing beyond description, many left their tents and stood out regardless of the pelting rain, nor was this an idle or unreasonable apprehension, for we had only a

To Old Pembina

few days before the thunder-bolt amongst us in its dire effects, and we knew our camp was the most probable object if there was another stray one at leisure.

We resumed our march on the 6th of July, but found the prairies so bad from the drenching rains that had just fallen, we were scarcely able to get along. Little drains that usually contain no water, were now almost swimming, and these occurring every mile or two, with the miry condition of the ground, rendered our march slow and exhausting to our teams. We made about fourteen miles and camped on what we called *Pike lake*, a very pretty lake, where the men caught with their seine a great many *pike*. We saw here as at White-Bear lake a great many swan; one was killed here that weighed 24 pounds. It being the moulting season, they were at our mercy. We remained in camp two days on account of the high waters and bad condition of the prairie.

I had expected to turn off more to the north for the purpose of striking Red river, near Otter-Tail lake, but finding the difficulties on the best route almost more than we could successfully encounter I feared to attempt a route which I learned was worse.

On the 9th we again took up the line of march, and after going about twelve miles over a prairie that was a succession of ups and downs we crossed the main branch of the Chippewa river. It runs almost north and south, is about fifteen yards across, has a rapid current with a rocky bottom, and empties into the St. Peters river five or six miles below "Lac-qui-porte." The highlands just passed over are those dividing the waters of the Mississippi and St. Peter's rivers. After crossing the Chippewa river, in a few hundred yards we came upon the foot of a lake along which we continued for two or three miles and got into the midst of many lakes separated from each other by embankments but they all have outlets, and drain off their waters into the Chippewa river. Here we saw an elk, and being the first one that crossed our path, we called this lake *Elk lake*. It has high and in some places bluff banks, with fine bodies of timber around it and much more covering the highlands off to the east. About fifteen miles farther on, we came upon another large lake, which we called *Elbow lake*. A name suggested by its shape. This also has timber around its shores. The roads had much improved and we got along with fewer interruptions on these highlands.

At "Elbow lake," we met a "war party" of Chippewa Indians,

known by the name of "Pillagers" from "Otter-tail lake," but I shall forbear speaking of them here as I have done of other Indians we had met with. My object being in the first place, to give a description of our march, and the country passed over, and then under separate heads, I shall attempt to present an account of Indians, half-breeds, and a military reconnoissance of the country.

About ten miles back we crossed a branch of the Tipsinah, or Pomme-de-terre River. It runs nearly south, and empties into the St. Peters for five or six miles above "Lac-qui-porte," or "Echo lake."

After leaving "Elbow lake," and going four or five miles to a little stream called "Rabbit river," we met the advance of the Red river "train of carts," about twenty-five in number, and under the charge of a man from Selkirk, or the English settlement. They were loaded with peltries and "pemmican," and on their way to St. Pauls, Minnesota Territory. These people buy goods at St. Pauls and Galena and take them back to Pembina, when they await an opportunity and smuggle them into the settlements on the English side.

About ten miles farther on, we met Mr. Norman Kittson, the agent of the fur company of "Chotian June & Co.," established at Pembina. He had about *sixty-five* carts, loaded with the product of his last winter's business in furs: going ten miles farther, we came upon Otter-Tail lake river (as it is called in this country), or Red river of the maps, where it has a direction a little south of west. It runs through the open prairie, with no timber to be seen in any direction, save some small scattering shrubbery growing immediately on its banks. At the ford, it has a rocky bottom and good banks, is from *two* to *three* feet deep and some fifty yards wide: we forded it easily and camped on the right bank. Mr. Kittson returned to our camp and remained with us for the night and gave us much information of the country we were en route for.

From our first crossing of Red river, we travelled nearly north-west, about twenty-two miles, and struck Red river again, ten or fifteen miles below the mouth of "Bois-de-Sioux river," where it is a much larger and finer stream. After crossing it by pretty deep fording, we followed it down about four miles and made our camp, with the view of examining this point for the establishment of a military post.

My instructions were to select a *site* for a military post on the

To Old Pembina

Red river of the North, and at a distance from "Fort Gaines" not to exceed 200 miles. This position is 163 miles from Sunk rapids (mouth of Osakis river) and nearly due west from Fort Gaines, and perhaps farther from the latter place than the former by any practicable route. The position of our camp, and which I selected for that of a post, is on the left bank of Red river, where it runs a little west of north.

The prairie comes up to the water's edge, and extends as far as the eye can reach north, west, and south, with the exception of heavy strips of timber, with openings showing the prairie beyond, along Wild Rice river, which is about *three* miles to the west, running north. Red river makes a bend in our front, forming almost an island on the right bank, this heavily timbered, and the bends to the right and left of us on the left bank are well timbered. I have carefully examined, with reference to the wants of a military post, and think here is a sufficiency of timber within five miles for all the purposes it might be wished for any number of years. The forest consists chiefly of elm, oak, ash, haskberry, cotton wood, and some maple, and a variety of small growth I am not familiar with. The oak and ash are of dimensions to be made good lumber. It is to be regretted that there is no stone in the country of any description. I have seen no stratified rock since I left the Mississippi river. There is an admirable clay for brick, and sand can be had by digging for it, but lime, I presume, cannot be had short of the Mississippi.

The prairie is very fertile, and if there is any objection to it, it is that there is not a sufficiency of sand to give it warmth. The grass is very luxuriant, and will be inexhaustible for hay. The water is the river water. The acting Assistant-Surgeon reports it a healthful position.

This was the first position, or the one highest up on the Red river, where there was timber sufficient for a military post. I would have preferred locating it higher up, for reasons that will be given when I come to speak of Indian relations on this frontier.

This point is 88 miles from White-bear lake, and there is but little timber on our route over that distance. Some about Pike lake, Elk lake, and Elbow lake. The prairie generally is high and undulating, and dotted over with lakes of various dimensions, and there are some running streams.

II.

Tragedy of the Red Man

THE STORY of the American Indian is the sad narrative of the conquest, by war and knavery, of a proud people. Everywhere Manifest Destiny pushed a native culture to destruction. Minnesota's Chippewa and Sioux by 1865 had been stripped of most of their land by a succession of treaties. Their hunting grounds had been turned into cultivated acres by settlers' plows. Wild game — deer, bear, buffalo — was growing scarcer. White traders, speaking with forked tongues and enforcing their lies with whisky, again and again had taken what rightfully belonged to the red man. Even government annuities were slow.

In 1851, at Traverse des Sioux, distinguished commissioners persuaded the Sioux to cede their lands lying west of the Mississippi River to the United States. But a vicious "trader's paper," which the Sioux were tricked into signing, took from them the money which they had hoped to receive for their land. The Chippewa in the northern part of Minnesota gave up their ancestral homes in 1854 and 1855. Among the many notables present at the Treaty of Traverse des Sioux was James Madison Goodhue, St. Paul editor, whom Mary W. Berthel has described as a "thundering" reporter. Goodhue's pen pictures of the hubbub at the treaty grounds, of Indians brave in paint, of withered squaws pounding meal do much to recapture the spirit of one of Minnesota's great ceremonies.

The Sioux, hungry and knowing they had been tricked at the treaty table, went on the warpath in 1862 when they attacked the Redwood Indian Agency and then carried their campaign down the Minnesota River to New Ulm. They took scalps and captured

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prisoners. Among the first-hand accounts of Indian captivity is one written by Mary E. S. Schmidt, who, as a young girl, experienced an "awful day of carnage and bloodshed."

Another woman, Harriet E. Bishop, writes of the pathetic finale. After the outbreak had been crushed by forces commanded by General Henry H. Sibley and regular army officers, President Lincoln ordered the execution of thirty-nine leaders. Of these, thirty-eight were hanged, as Miss Bishop describes, at Mankato in December, 1862. Their bodies were snatched by physicians for dissection. Bishop Henry B. Whipple defended the Indians, saying their actions resulted from the white man's policies.

1851

THE TREATY OF TRAVERSE DES SIOUX*

James M. Goodhue

Monday June 30, 1851

THE EXCELSIOR went off down the river this morning much better natured than she was last night. Here we are ashore — our cattle, baggage, provisions, tents, arms and ammunitions — like a boat load of immigrants. We now look around for places to pitch our tents. We find a suitable spot and drive our tent-sticks, and hurry up seven tents, making, in addition to thirty or forty skin lodges of the Sioux, scattered along the slope in the rear of the river and the mission, quite an unique village. Near us, is a warehouse and another old log building, which we took possession of, for culinary and for feeding purposes. A cooking-stove and a rough table were put in service, and late in the afternoon, we ate our dinner, feeding upon steaks of a beef just killed, and upon pilot-bread and other luxuries of the season. After supper the Indian girls and women divided into two parties, to play a game of ball, of which we were all spectators. This is a game which has been often described, and is very exciting; especially where it is made interesting by the collection of a few dollars from the spectators, to be divided amongst the winners.

*James M. Goodhue, "Treaty of Traverse des Sioux," from *The Minnesota Pioneer*, July 10, August 7, 1851.

TRAGEDY OF THE RED MAN

This game is just like the game of foot-ball, except that the ball is a small one and instead of being kicked is caught with a bat, which has at the end a little net-work pocket in which the ball is caught and dextrously scooped up from the ground and thrown. The ball, which is thrown up in the centre of the ball-ground, draws every one after it at full speed, it being the object of each party to drive it through the bounds of the opposite party. The way the girls and women pick up their red legs and clatter along the prairie is curious to see. At night, we retired to our virtuous couches in the tents, and closing ourselves in beneath our bars, from the world of mosquitoes, sought quiet slumber and found it.

Tuesday Morning, July 1

It rains; and no news that the Indians of the upper bands are on their way here to the treaty. Rather a melancholy day this. We dig trenches around our tents to drain the falling water away from them. At evening the rain is suspended; the Indians make a drum by stretching a great hide over the head of a powder cask; and commenced singing love songs (so they say), and during the evening we are alternately entertained with songs in Dakota, in French, and in English. Early this morning, we heard an awful groaning at one of the wigwams and heard the beating of a drum, and learned that the medicine man was there, practising his charms and incantations over a sick squaw. Shade of Joyce Heth! behold that old squaw, leaning upon a staff, shrivelled, and bent, and palsied with age, but her hair fine and a faded black, exactly like that of an unweaned papoose. Our young men are possessed of much curiosity, and are particularly observant of the fashions of the squaws; and in fact seem to be anxiously searching for something, new or old. The weather continues wet and cool. This is the first day of July, and the Indians here are now planting corn; whereas last year, we know from actual observation, that the corn here was shoulder high, and beginning to show its spin-dles on the 13th and 14th of July.

Wednesday Morning, July 2

We are still anxiously awaiting the arrival of the upper bands of Indians. A game of ball comes on, after much preparation, between Six's band and the band of Sissetons that is resident here. After the game of ball, we take a stroll down to the mission houses, on the shore of the river. Mr. Hopkins and family occupy one of

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these houses, and Mr. Higgins and family the other. These good people are doing all they can for the improvement and civilization of the savages; but it is evident they are able to effect very little in that way. It is quite as easy for a white man to relapse into barbarism, as for a red man to climb up to civilization. At one of the wigwams, we saw a Frenchman with an Indian wife and half-breed children, looking on with Indian stoicism and placidity, while his dusky bride was frying the entrails of a beef, (which justice to her character as a cook, requires us to say were rinsed); and in the game of ball no one was more active than this Frenchman. In fact, he enjoys the excitement of a scalp-dance quite as much as any of the converted Indians enjoy the excitement of a prayer meeting.

In our company are a gentleman and lady from Indiana; and the lady is certainly the most resolute, enthusiastic admirer of frontier life that ever was seen. She is the most artless, fearless, confiding, enchanting woman that ever went any where; and her loveliness contrasts so favorably with the coarseness of those wild red women, with their dirty ears, greasy dresses and lousy heads, that there is but little danger of any of that romantic attachment of our young men, for the black-haired Sioux girls, which Cooper and other novelists, make the inexperienced reader suppose is an inevitable result of an acquaintance with them.

Here we may as well name some of the gentlemen present at the treaty. First, the Commissioners, Colonel Luke Lea, and Gov. Alexander Ramsey, Hugh Tyler, Dr. T. Foster, A. S. H. White, Wallace B. White, Col. Henderson and Mr. Meyer, besides several gentlemen who are friends of the Indians and in one way or another take an interest in the treaty.

At about sunset, a band of the upper Sioux, came in across the prairie, with their carts and ponies, and erected their tepees.

Thursday, July 3

The sun was up this morning shining like a painted warrior upon the sloping plain, glittering with dew, along which are scattered tents and wigwams.

There is in one of the Indian lodges, a very beautiful girl, the daughter of an officer of the U.S.A. (who died, I think, in Florida.) She has acquired an English education at the mission school here. She writes a beautiful hand, but is too bashful to converse

much with those who visit her. She is dressed like the civilized women, and with much taste, and as she sits sewing in the lodge, is really an object of enthusiastic admiration mingled with pity. May it never be the fortune of this sweet, artless girl, to minister to the lust of some heartless wretch, and then to be cast aside, like a worthless flower of the wild prairies.

This evening, Col. H. L. Douseman of Prairie du Chien, arrived by canoe, from St. Paul, being but two days on his way up; and I send this letter back by the voyageurs, who return to-morrow. The town of Traverse de Sioux is growing rapidly — too fast, perhaps, for the surrounding country to sustain it. We talk of laying off an addition or two. To give some idea of the progress of “law and order” here, I send you the following copy of a notice, which was to-day posted on “one of the three most public places” in Traverse de Sioux:

CONSTABLE SALE

By virtue of an execution, to me issued upon a judgement rendered by Sleepy Eyes Esq., one of the justices of the peace in and for the county of Dakota, Territory of Minnesota, in favor of Red Eye, and against Iron Walking Cloud, for the sum of three dollars and thirty-one cents damages and costs, I have levied upon this day, and shall offer for sale at the out door of the court-room, in the town of Traverse de Sioux in said county, one otter trap, one gray stallion pony, and one coon-skin, on the 15th day of July, 1851, at 12 o'clock meridian. Said property, taken by me as the property of said defendant, I shall then and there proceed to sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, to satisfy said execution.

Screw Twist Worming, Const.

Traverse de Sioux, July 3, 1851.

Red Eye and his party, who carried the late Corporation election here, are in favor of levying a tax on keel boats and steam-boats landing at this levee, and even a small tax upon canoes, believing that this is the way river towns below have been built up.

It is generally believed that the treaty will commence day after to-morrow, and will be continued about two days or possibly three. To-morrow, (the 4th) we are to have a grand celebration. — The programme of exercises and bill of fare, will be as follows: Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hopkins of the Mission; Music by Six's

The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux

band. Declaration of Independence (reader not selected.) Procession will be formed at noon, in front of the Commissioners' marquette, and march to the mission houses and back, where an oration is expected, by Dr. Thomas Foster. After which dinner will be served up in the reception booth erected for the treaty, of the following dishes:

	SOUP.	
	Dog.	
	Buffalo tail.	
	FISH.	
	Pickarel.	
	Cat.	
BOILED.		ROAST.
Ham.		Venison.
Beef.		Elk.
Dog, (prairie turnip sauce.)		Duck.
Buffalo.		Swan.
	VEGETABLES.	
	Wild potatoes.	
	Wild Beans.	
	Sweet wild pea.	

The desert will consist of a variety of French preparations, which our French cook John, is more *au fait* at preparing than I am in writing the names of.

I will send you, Dr. Foster's Oration for the Pioneer, as soon as possible.

His Excellency, the Governor, will act as President of the day. To appease the jealousy of all these Red Republicans, it is found necessary to make many or none of them, Vice Presidents; and so the following (all native Americans!) have been appointed Vice Presidents, to wit: I give the names translated.)

Hawk-that-hunts-walking,
Sound-of-earth-walking,
Red-Eagle,
Good-Thunder,
The-Wounded,
Arrow,
Big-Fire,
The-Crow,

TRAGEDY OF THE RED MAN

Goes-Flying,
Sham-Boy,
Eagle-Head,
Iron-toe nails,
Big-Cloud,
Brown-Cloud,
Round-Wind,
War-club-of-big-voice,
Earth,
Makes-his-track.

Friday morning, July 4.

In bathing this morning in the river, near his house, the Rev. Mr. Hopkins of the Mission was drowned. This melancholy death will prevent the contemplated celebration of the 4th to-day.

Editor of the Pioneer.

July 4th, 1851.

Instead of the joyous festivities we had this day anticipated the enjoyment of, the sudden death, by drowning, this morning before breakfast of the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, resident missionary here, has thrown over our whole encampment a shadow of gloom. A multitude of men and women, of both races, ran to the spot where the deceased was drowned, to search the water for his body. His clothes was found upon the bank of the river, or rather the bank of a slough, now the bed of a pretty strong current of water. A little Indian girl, says she saw him wading breast-deep, toward shore; and that looking again, after filling her pail with water, she saw only his hands above the water. As he could not swim, he was doubtless drowned by wading into a deep hole. Search has been made all day, with nets and hooks, and by Indians diving, but as yet in vain. Mr. H. was a good man, and has left a most amiable wife and four children, one of them at the breast, in very moderate circumstances, we learn.

This morning Hon. Martin McLeod arrived from Lac-qui-Parle, being two days in advance of the upper bands of Indians, who are marching down to the treaty, 1500 strong. This day, also, arrived Joseph R. Brown from Saint Paul, bringing Saint Paul and New York papers.

The Sioux who are here, are no doubt more or less dissatisfied at the delay of the treaty and the interruption of their business

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avocations. For the loss of their valuable time, we have little to offer but beef; but so patient and forbearing are these remarkable people, that we hear no complaints from them. What logic, what argument, what conviction there is in a beef steak! Why did not Cain use *that*, instead of a club? Attacking the Sioux in the stomach, pitching into them, John Bull like, with a drove of horned cattle, to take their lands, reminds us of the policy of a Yankee adventurer who got permission of a planter in Mississippi, to raise a patch of mint and erect a bar, on the corner of his plantation. In a few months after, the planter had swallowed his whole plantation, in the shape of mint-juleps; and it became the property of the barkeeper. — So here, every crack of the rifle that brings down a bullock for a Dakota feast, there is sacrificed at least a township of their territory.

P.S. If the Secretary inquires for a *line* from me, give him an order on the hangman.

Traverse Des Sioux, July 21, 1851.

The Council re-assembled at 12 o'clock, M.

After the usual preliminaries, and a long pause, the chief (Esh-ta-humba,) Sleepy Eyes, whose remarks on Saturday had caused the Council to adjourn in confusion, arose and said: On the day before yesterday when we conversed together, you were offended, I hear, at what was said. No offence or disrespect was intended. We only wanted more time to consider. The young men who made a noise were waiting to have a ball play, and thinking the Council over, arose, and as they did so, made the disturbance which we were sorry for.

Gov. Ramsey: — There was no particular objection to what was said. You had a right to ask for further time. Your leaving the Council in the manner you did, was objected to. But what you have said is received as a full explanation. The Council is now again open for business; and we are prepared to hear anything the chiefs have to lay before us.

The chief Oo-pee-ya-hed-ay-a, or "Curly Head," then said: I am not speaking for myself, but for all that are here. We wish to understand what we are about before we act — to know exactly the proposition made to us by the Commissioners. — The chiefs and people desire that you will make out for us in writing, the particulars of your offer for our lands, and when we have this paper fully made out, we will sit down on the hill above us, con-

sult among ourselves, come to a conclusion about it, and inform you what it is.

Col. Lea then wrote out in detail, the terms as verbally given at the previous meeting of the Council.

The Indians cede to the United States all their lands in the State of Iowa, and east of a line from the Red River to Lac Traverse, and thence to the north-western corner of Iowa.

1. The United States will set apart a suitable country for the Indians on the upper waters of the Minnesota river, for their future home.

2. An amount (say \$125 or \$130,000,) will be paid to enable them to arrange their affairs preparatory to removal; to defray the expenses of removal and to subsist themselves for one year after their removal — part to be paid in money, part in goods and provisions.

3. An annuity of from \$25 to \$30,000 will be paid to the Indians for many years — say 30 to 40 years — part in money, part in goods and provisions, and part to be applied to such other beneficial objects as may be agreed upon.

Col. Lea then said: I have written down at your request the proposition made to you at our last meeting. But before we trouble ourselves further in relation to this business, we wish to know certainly whether they intend to sell this country, and have made up their minds to do so if we can agree as to terms.

Curly Head: — When those sitting around here have seen this paper, had it explained to them, and talked it over among themselves, we will let you know our opinion in regard to it. I meant to have said before that we wish to sell, and we will give you our country if we are satisfied with your offers for it.

Col. Lea: — If we do anything in regard to making a treaty here, it must be done quickly. You are not women and children, but men and chiefs, and ought to be able to act without delay, like men. We shall expect to hear your views decisively at our next meeting.

Gov. Ramsey: — We have made known to you our offer. When you meet us again if you are not satisfied with our terms, you can inform us what it is you wish for your lands, and we will then take your proposition into consideration likewise, as you are about to do ours.

Council adjourned.

The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux

July 22, 1851.

The Council met at 7 o'clock, A.M.

Col. Lea: —The Council is now open and we are ready to hear from the chiefs their reply to our proposition submitted in writing to them yesterday.

After some hesitation as to which chief would take the lead, E-yang-ma-nee or "He whose walk is like running," generally known among whites as "The Big Gun," head chief of the Wah-pay-twans, arose, stepped forward to the Commissioners and placed in the hands of Col. Lea a paper containing the terms upon which they would agree to sell.

"The Big Gun" then said — *Fathers:* I desire that those young men around may live long to tell what I now say. We wish you to do as is written in this paper; and therefore I have spoken.

Col. Lea: — I am glad you have come to the wise conclusion of making us an offer to sell your lands. We will look it over; and as soon as we can draw up the necessary documents, we will meet again to complete our work, and sign the treaty. We will have our goods and medals ready for those who attend on that occasion, and who behave well.

Gov. Ramsey: —Your Great Father has proposed this treaty we are about to complete, because he is your friend. Those who participate in it will be sustained by him. At any moment he can have soldiers without number here for the protection of his friends here.

Council adjourned.

July 23d, 1851.

This is the day, fixed by the Grand Council at which the treaty is to be signed. — Clouds cover the horizon, and the sun has a struggle to unveil his face, to see what is going on. The Indians, it is said, have been in Council the whole night, upon the upper terrace; and messengers between them and our camp, have been going to and fro continually. The proposition made by the Indians yesterday, fails to secure the entire approbation of the Commissioners. — The resolve of Col. Lea and Gov. Ramsey both, unreservedly stated, is to make a treaty simple in its provisions, but which shall comprehend more extensively than Indian treaties have usually done, civilization and improvement features, that will secure to the Indians substantial and enduring benefits in all time to come. Finally, I understand, things are satisfactorily

adjusted, and the Secretary is now engrossing the treaty for signature. Everybody is busy. The Indians are gathering around, male and female, all in high paint and feather. The corner in which the event is to take place, is being piled up with goods and presents of various kinds — here a huge pile of various colored blankets, there red and blue cloths, looking glasses and ribbons, powder and lead, and hundreds of other items of utility or fancy.

At 12 o'clock, the weather having cleared and the sun shining brightly, the Commissioners took their seats; and after a grand smoke from Col. Lea's magnificent Eyanshah pipe, the Council was opened by

Col. Lea, who said: Chiefs, Headmen and Warriors — Brothers: — Our anxiety to make a treaty with you satisfactory to yourselves, has induced us, after much reflection, to agree to nearly your own terms. — We have accordingly prepared a paper to be signed by you and ourselves, containing the provisions which you have asked us to consent to. Nothing but our kind feelings towards the Sioux, could have induced us to agree to a treaty so favorable to them. — No Indians under the same circumstances, have ever had a more favorable treaty from the Government. We hope when we make it known to their Great Father, he will be content with it; though we have agreed to pay you more than he expected. We will now have it read to you; and we hope there will be no difficulty hereafter in consequence of any one not understanding fully what is done here to-day. And to prevent the possibility of such a thing occurring, the treaty after being read in English, will be read by a written translation in Dakota.

The English copy of the treaty was now read aloud by the Secretary of the Commission, and then immediately afterwards the Rev. S. R. Riggs, the Missionary of the A.B.C.F. Missions, at Lac-qui-Parle, and the author of the Dakota Lexicon, who was acting as one of the Interpreters of the Commission, read the translation in Dakota. Those who are acquainted with both languages say, that the translation was full and clear; and one thing that has been said of other treaties can never be alleged of this one — that the Indians were not made to understand it fully, clearly, completely, before signing it.

The reading finished, there was a short pause; when Gov. Ramsey announced that the Commissioners would now proceed to sign the treaty in duplicate, and that immediately afterward,

The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux

the chiefs and headmen would step forward to the table before the Commissioners, and affix their signatures.

Col. Lea then signed the treaty; and after him Gov. Ramsey.

When the Indians were called to come forward, that foolish old fellow

Esh-ta-hum-ba, or Sleepy Eyes, showed a disposition to make a speech, and arose for that purpose; but as he was rambling on not at all to the purpose,

Col. Lea reminded him that the Council was assembled for business; not for talk, for which there had already been sufficient time before; but they would hear him briefly.

Sleepy Eyes: — Fathers, I think it will be very difficult when the year comes to be white, for your children to live without some beef; and we would be thankful if our Great Father could furnish us at that time with some provisions. We will be very hungry. In the treaty we are making we have had mercy on our friends and our relatives; and we are glad it is so. Our young men thought they should have had more for our land, (naming a sum which has escaped the reporter's recollection.)

Col. Lea: — We have given you a treaty such as you said to us you wanted; and in it agree to pay you more than Sleepy Eyes has mentioned. I supposed so old a chief as Sleepy Eyes, who has moreover been to Washington, would have understood better what we are paying, especially after having had it explained to him so fully. We are paying them in fifty years a great deal more than the amount, he says the young men want for the land.

Gov. Ramsey: — Say to Sleepy Eyes, that I think he is not a very good hand to manage the business of his people; and that if it had not been for other Indians, wiser and more vigilant, they would not have obtained so much as will now be received, according to the terms of the treaty about to be signed.

The chiefs were now called and came forward and signed the treaty, and after them the principal men, one of each band, alternately, commencing with E-yang-ma-nee, or Running Walker, called by the whites "Big Gun," the principal chief of the Wah-pay-twans; and after him Wee-tchanh-pee-ce-tay-twan, The Star Face, commonly known by the whites as the Orphan, principal chief of the See-see-toans.

As each chief and principal warrior signed, medals were presented to them by the Commissioners.

The Orphan, as he was about signing, said: Father — Now when I sign this paper, and you go to Washington with it, I want you to see all that is written here fulfilled. I have grown old, without whiskey, and I want you to take care it does not come among us.

Oo-pee-ya-hed-ay-c, or the Extending Tail, commonly called "Curly Head," a chief of the Way-pay-twans, on signing the treaty, remarked: Fathers — You think it a great deal you are giving for this country. I don't think so; for both our lands and all we get for them, will at last belong to the white man. The money comes to us, but will all go to the white men who trade with us.

After he had signed, and a medal had been presented to him, he advanced, and taking from his neck the medal, he placed it around the neck of a young man standing near, saying: "Fathers, I am an old man. This is my son. He will keep this for you."

Among those who signed the treaty were several who wrote their own names; having been taught to read and write in their own language by the Missionaries. They were full blooded Indians, and painted and dressed like the others.

On delivering the medals to those who signed the treaty, the number brought by the Commissioners was ascertained to be insufficient to supply all the signers; and they were informed that medals would be sent to them hereafter.

Curly Head addressed the Commissioners: Our Father, Gov. Ramsey, said something to the chiefs last winter, which he will remember, relative to the line of country between the Chippewas and Sioux. A great deal of our country was sold by the Chippewas without our consent; and our Father promised to make an arrangement about it. I had not anything to do with making that treaty (of 1835.) The Winnebagoes occupy the country, and have hunted and destroyed all the game in it.

Gov. Ramsey: — Very well. We have now bought all that country he speaks of that he says the Winnebagoes rendered useless to them; and we are, by the treaty just made, going to pay them as much for that as any other of their lands. It is all sold by them, and bought by us together.

Col. Lea now addressed the Council: — Friends and brothers — We have now happily concluded the important business that brought us together. I told you at first, we were willing to give

in which they are distributed tends to keep among you that community of property which is so serious a bar to your advancement; and, moreover, the cost to your Great Father for transporting them so far, as to your new home, would be equal to the first price of the goods and provisions; and he could not afford it.

You will be paid every year, in addition, a large sum of money — from \$8 to \$10 to each person. We hesitated long before we made up our minds to accede to this portion of your proposition. We did so at last, because we believed that it was for your ultimate benefit; because we thought, as your friends, the good Missionaries and others advised, that the individual receipt and care of money, would have the effect to produce a separation and individualization of interests among you — a sense of exclusive property therein, induces habits of economy and forethought; and that like your white brethren, every person among you would in consequence, become more or less imbued with the spirit of acquisition, which, is a spur to exertion, and when not abused, is a valuable element of personal and national character.

We hope you will be saving of your money when you receive it, and that you will spend it cautiously. We have taken care to provide that the whiskey dealer shall be kept far away from your new home — he will not be permitted to come with his poison within a hundred miles or more of even its borders.

Above all things, we want to caution you not to waste this money by committing depredations on the whites living among you. Having now money annuities, you will be enabled to buy what you need, and will have no necessity to take anything without permission. If you were after this to take or destroy white men's property, you would be obliged to pay more, probably, than it was worth; so that you had better have bought it in the first place. Among yourselves, and with the white men living among you, it is our desire you should be friendly and peaceful; and as you know your Great Father at Washington is the Father of all the red people, he desires they should act as friends and brothers towards each other, no matter of what name the nation may be.

We have the goods and provisions here, that we promised you after the treaty was over, and we will leave your agents to distribute them among you.

[The Commissioners were rising to leave the Council, when

The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux

they were requested to stay awhile, as the chiefs wish to speak about another matter.]

Curly Head came forward with his face blacked, and naked except his blanket, addressing Gov. Ramsey, said: "Father — I want you to tell me if you can, who has made me naked thus, and why I am in mourning. It is in consequence of listening to what you have said. Some persons have treated me very badly — knocked down and ill-treated my young men — all in consequence of listening to you, Father."

Governor Ramsey (to the Interpreter) "I suppose he wants to talk about the Chippewas." The Interpreter replied, that he so understood him. "Very well," said the Governor, "I will give them a few words on that score." Turning to Curly Head, he said:

"I am sorry with you, that you are under the necessity of blacking your face. Ever since I came into this country as the agent of your Great Father, I have labored with all tribes of Indians, to induce them to desist from taking the lives of each other, and especially of each other's women and children. I told them they both suffered and neither gained by this warfare. That generally the scalps were those of feeble women and helpless children, who could hurt no one, and would not if they could. That they thus made the Great Spirit above us angry, and their Great Father on earth to feel badly; and that the latter had determined that this evil thing must cease among his red children. You will recollect that I brought you Sioux and Chippewas together to Council last year, at Fort Snelling; and you recollect it was then agreed that this thing should cease, and that in future you would be at peace. But early last fall this agreement was first broken, by a war party of See-see-toan Sioux from Lake Traverse, who went over and killed four Chippewa children at Ottertail Lake; and in retaliation, the Chippewas during the past winter destroyed between here and Lac-qui-Parle, a lodge of Sioux; taking five scalps, three or whom were children. That is the way your face became blackened; your own people committed the first wrong. If you had heeded what I told you, as well as listened, you would not now be in mourning.

[To this the chief attempted no reply — the Governor's speech appearing to be a home thrust that he could not parry.]

The Commissioners having left the ground, Agent McLean, and Hugh Tyler, Esq., the special agent of purchases for the Com-

mission, distributed the presents among the multitude of red republicans to their huge gratification and delight.

[The day was pretty well spent ere the crowd dispersed; and orders were given to strike tent and be off early the next morning.]

*Traverse Des Sioux, and all
Along the Minnesota River,
July 24, 1851.*

“Strike your tents and march away” was the word this morning early. The oxen, corn, flour, and other provisions were turned over in bulk to the different bands of Indians; and our Durham boat being at length completely loaded, about 1 o’clock we started from the landing below Graham’s house, bidding farewell to the crowd of Indians witnessing our embarkation, and to Traverse des Sioux, by three old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon cheers, that were contrasted admirably immediately afterwards with the French chorus of a Canadian boat song, in which the voyageurs, as they sprang to their great oars, and the old pioneers of the Indian trade on board heartily joined, until the whole valley seemed to ring with their musical chantings. We took our meals as we could. A slice of fat cold ham in our fingers, or upon a section of hard pilot bread, with a tin cup full of river for our drink, or at best qualified by a little claret—formed the material and mode of serving up our dinner, supper and breakfast, for all hands without discrimination, Commissioners and all. Every man who was able, took turns at tugging the sweating oars or rather sweeps—Governor Ramsey and Delegate H. H. Sibley along with the rest. All night we were passing through the most dangerous part of the river even in daylight, the famous Hard Wood Forest, called by the French, *Bois Franc* (Boi Frong) which, for nearly 40 miles, lines the river; producing innumerable short turns and cross currents, that threatened at times to founder the boat by knocking her nose against snags in shore. Mr. Sibley acted as our Captain and Pilot during the night, and the most skillful steersmen were placed at the helm. The best men manned the oars, inspirited in their exertions against the strong cross current by the French airs of old Normandy continually chanted the entire night. We emerged from the forest and from night nearly simultaneously; and with a bright sun above us, and the beautiful plains of the Minnesota valley before and around us, we glided rapidly along,

The Treaty of Traverse des Sioux

passed Shakopee's village about six o'clock, without seeing anything of his begging majesty, (to his huge chagrin, we heard afterwards,) and about noon came in sight of Fort Snelling; when the American Flag was hoisted at our bow, and with a good vigorous song from all hands, swelling the home-breeze that blew out its folds as it welcomed us back, we swept around from the Minnesota into the Mississippi, bringing to and landing at our starting point, 27 days before, at the village and trading post of *Mendota*, at the "meeting of the waters;" having made the 110 miles from Traverse des Sioux, in a little over 23 hours, the shortest passage in such a boat ever known. — Well, here we are, and here too are the greatest portion of the Indians who are to meet the Commissioners in Council next week, as soon as all arrive. I trust they will be able to make shorter work of it than at Travers des Sioux. *Nous verrons.*

1862

*MY CAPTIVITY BY THE SIOUX**

Mary E. S. Schmidt

IN THE SPRING of 1862 my father, John Schwandt, decided to move from Fairwater, Fond du Lac Co., Wis., where we were living, to Minnesota, attracted there by the good rich land which was obtainable for very little money. We began the long journey of five hundred miles in the month of May, with two covered wagons and two teams of oxen, three cows and three calves. We were equipped with a cook stove, some trunks and some bedding. My father had about \$1000 in gold which he carried on his person in a linen bag. Occasionally he would take it out and count it while we were sitting around watching him. At times he would let us children play with it.

We rather enjoyed the long journey, and thought it great fun to drive the stock, and to pick the beautiful wild flowers which grew in such profusion along the wayside. After many days we came to Fort Ridgeley where we pitched our last camp. There we saw about fifty dark-skinned men with two-wheeled carts and oxen. We were very much afraid of them for we did not know

*Mary E. S. Schmidt's manuscript account in the Minnesota Historical Society.

TRAGEDY OF THE RED MAN

what kind of people they were. We discovered later that they were men from Hudson Bay who were bringing down their furs and hides to dispose of them in St. Paul.

We left Fort Ridgeley, and the next day arrived at our destination. It was now the middle. The journey had taken a long time for oxen are very slow travelers. When we arrived, my father's claim had already been marked out and held for him by a friend. It was situated in Renville County, town of Flora. A little creek ran through our land, and on this creek my father built his cabin. This consisted of but one room with two windows and one door. The material for it my father hauled all the way from New Ulm, a distance of forty miles, taking four days to make the trip and return.

Everything now would have seemed lovely indeed had it not been for three things which were pests to say the least, and which made life very miserable. The first pest was the wild and savage Indians. They came to our cabin six, eight and ten at a time and begged for something to eat. My mother had brought some hams and bacon from Wisconsin, and these were hung on the wall of the cabin. To these the Indians would point, and then wet their mouths, indicating in this way that they wanted meat as well as bread.

The second pest was the wild pigeons. There seemed to be millions of them in the trees that surrounded our cabin. They kept up a "caw-caw" from early dawn till dark, and we had no rest from them. It is a strange thing that these have now entirely disappeared and no one seems to know where.

The third pest was the wild mosquitoes. They were very savage biters, and their sting would leave a blister. We children were especially pestered by them, being so bitten by them that our legs were bandaged up to our knees. Mother's remedy was to apply some sweet cream in order to relieve the burning sensation.

After our cabin was built, some ground was broken and seeded, and then some hay was made. My sister and her husband took a claim on the prairie quite near us, and built their cabin on the top of a hill. This cabin was just in the process of being built when the great tragedy of this story occurred.

In the latter part of July a Mr. Davis came to our place and asked my mother to permit me to go over the river to a Mrs. Joseph Reynolds, who wanted a young girl to run errands, dust the

My Captivity by the Sioux

furniture and to make herself generally useful. Mary Anderson, an older girl, did the cooking, baking, etc. I was only fourteen years old, and my mother did not care to have me go as the people were perfect strangers to her, but Mr. Davis promised to take me back in two weeks if I was not satisfied there. As I was anxious to go my mother finally consented, and Mr. Davis put me in the buggy and drove away. Though more than half a century has passed since that day, I can see my dear mother yet as she stood and watched me until a bend in the road hid me from her sight. How little did I realize then that I had seen my mother for the last time on this earth.

At dusk we arrived at the Reynolds place. I found them to be middle-aged people without any children. They were kind to me and I liked it there very much. Not far from the Reynolds place Chief Shakopee had his village. Here I saw a great many Indians. A filthy and greasy looking lot they were indeed. Though I was destined to see many hundreds of Indians, they were the worst looking. I also saw many dead Indians lying on poles and covered with rags. This was a ghastly sight, for when the wind blew one could see the whitened bones and skulls, which seemed to grin at you and say, "Just wait, we will soon have our revenge", for the Indians bore a terrible hatred to the whites, one reason being that the white people had gotten the Indians' lands too cheaply.

When the fateful 18th of August dawned, it began an awful day of carnage and bloodshed. It was Monday, and we had just had breakfast at the Reynold's home. Mary Anderson had put the boiler on to do the family washing. All of a sudden up rushed a half-breed named John Moore, mounted on a horse, and told us to lose no time in getting away as quickly as possible as hundreds of Indians were on the north side of the Minnesota river and were going from house to house killing the settlers. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds got into a buggy and drove away. Mr. Patolle, a Frenchman hauling for the government and who had stopped at the Reynold's home, unloaded the big load of goods from his large lumber wagon and we all climbed in. In all there were six of us — three men and three girls, i.e. Miss Mattie Williams, Miss Mary Anderson and myself. Miss Williams, a niece of Mr. Reynolds, was a beautiful girl of twenty-two or three years, with a good education. She was up here on a visit to her uncle and aunt, and was going to help teach the Indians as soon as the government opened the school.

As Mrs. Moore had warned us not to drive in the road as the Indians would surely get us, Mr. Patolle drove onto the open prairie. All day we drove, and only once did we see Indians. They rode horses, and when within range of us shot at us with arrows, but as we lay in the bottom of the wagon box we were not harmed, although the arrows penetrated the box. Miss Williams thought that she would take some of these arrows as souvenirs back to Ohio with her, but alas, poor Miss Williams never took those arrows to Ohio.

It was our aim to get to Fort Ridgely, but when we arrived there we could not get over the river as the ferry was on the other side. Therefore the men decided to try to reach New Ulm. When we had driven about twenty miles from Fort Ridgely, and had reached a point about eight miles West of New Ulm, the men thought it would be safe to take the public road, for the horses were nearly exhausted having travelled all day over the rough ground. We had proceeded probably about half a mile on the country road, when what should we see in the distance but men coming over the hill and headed towards us. Some were on horses, others in wagons; some were blowing on brass horns, others were yelling like demons. In front of them the cattle were running as if they were possessed. It seemed as if Bedlam were turned loose. Before we could realize what it all meant they had surrounded us. We jumped from the wagon and ran, one here and another there, but they soon caught us and dragged us back to the wagons. By this time the Indians were killing the men. I saw the blood run from their wounds. I tried to turn my head and shut my eyes to the horrible sight as they beat them on the head with their tomahawks. How I have wished time and again that I might forget it, but I cannot. If I live to be a hundred years old the awful scene will still be before me.

When all was over we were ordered into the wagons. Mary Anderson had been shot in the back, and the bullet was still in her body. She kept saying that she was dying, but nevertheless the Indians made her climb into the wagon without any assistance whatever. Miss Williams was ordered to another wagon, and I to a third which was driven by a negro named Godfrey. The wagon was loaded with plunder, and I sat on the top of it. This negro was the only one left of his family, and he was married to a squaw[sic]. If there ever was a human demon he was one. He boasted that he

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had killed seventeen persons that day, and said that it was great fun to kill the whites for they made no resistance whatever. The dastardly coward that he was, how could the white people defend themselves when they were caught at their daily work without any weapons upon them, never thinking there was any danger lurking about. This demon in human form had eight watches dangling at his belt which he bragged that he had taken from the dead. The watches were all ticking, and it was just 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

After we got started I thought that I would be killed at any time. Every once in a while I would ask this negro if he intended to kill me and when. Only once did he say he would hurt me if I did not keep still. We drove about four miles until we came to a big hill and they stopped all the wagons with the plunder. Now I thought our time had come. But behind this hill about a dozen sqaws were in hiding, and now they came forward to divide the stuff. They would try on the white women's dresses, but they would go only half way around them for they were all fat and without any shape whatever. There was one red petticoat which they all wanted, but as it fitted one of the younger ones she got it. Then there was a beautiful brocaded shawl with many colors. This they took and cut into narrow strips and gave to the bucks to wind around their heads, for Indians take great pride in decorating their heads and faces.

It was getting dark when we resumed our journey. I do not know what time it was when we got to Wacouta's house, located somewhere near where Morton now stands. Wacouta was a sub-chief for whom the government had built a small house, and he had a small band of Indians with him. The negro, Godfrey, stopped before Wacouta's house and ordered me to jump off and go into the house. I was afraid to go for it was just swarming with Indians in there. So I begged this black man, in spite of my loathing for him, to take me with him to his house. By this time I had lost my other two white girl companions. When I would not get off the wagon they fairly pushed me off. I gave a loud scream and Wacouta opened the door and took me in. I found the two girls inside. Mary was lying partly over a table and was begging for someone to cut the bullet out of her stomach. Wacouta tried, but she grabbed the knife from his hand and made an incision herself, and the bullet fell out and rolled away. Then she dug a bunch of grass out of the wound. The Indians did not have paper with

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which to load their guns so they used grass instead. By this time Mary had a high fever and was much swollen. As her clothes were soaked with blood, Wacouta brought a black silk dress from a pile of plunder in the corner, but it would not fit her: Nevertheless we put it on her for it at least was dry. The Indians were coming into the house, but Wacouta chased them all out, and told us he would try and save us if we would crawl up into the loft, and we [*sic*] would bring us some bread and water in the morning, and then try to help us get away. We finally got up into the loft, and pulled Mary up with great difficulty. We stayed up there two days and two nights but Wacouta never came with the water he had promised. The roof was so low that we could not stand up, but had to sit. It was extremely hot up there and dusty, the dust lying an inch thick on the floor. What a place this was for poor suffering Mary. She lay on the bare boards in all that dust calling for water every minute, for she had a raging fever. In the night Miss Williams and I crawled down the ladder for we had seen through the cracks a field of green corn about two blocks away. We brought some of it to Mary, and as she sucked it was somewhat revived and became more quiet after that.

On the evening of the second day the Indians came with some wagons and told us to come down. How to get Mary down was a problem. But the Indians solved it and made short work of getting her down by pulling her through the opening. But probably inasmuch as Mary had only a few hours more to live she did not then realize how roughly she was handled. Mortification had already set in as her wound had not been cleansed or given any attention whatever because there was nothing to do anything with. After the Indians had dragged her from the loft they laid her in the wagon box, and Miss Williams sat beside her. I was ordered to climb onto a wagon where were five or six dead hogs which the Indians had just killed, for the hogs were still warm. As there was no other place to sit, I had to sit on top of the dead hogs. These experiences, as you can well imagine, were a severe shock to one who was scarcely more than a child, who had never been away from her parents before, and who was now plunged into the midst of all this wickedness. The dear Lord only knows how I lived through it all.

The Indians took us to Little Crow's village, which was situated four miles from Wacouta's. Here we were ordered into a

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tepee. Poor Mary was laid on the ground and we sat down beside her. A squaw brought us some hot tea and it tasted so good, for we had had nothing to eat since the morning we left Reynold's house. There were about a dozen squaws in the tepee making bullets all night so that the men could kill more settlers. The next day they had moulds and lead, and all things with which to do, and they knew just how it should be done too. They paid no attention to us at all but kept up a continual chatter all night. Towards morning as the dawn was breaking in the East, Miss Williams tied a handkerchief on Mary's jaw. I asked the purpose of that, and was told that Mary had passed away. She slipped out so quietly we hardly [*sic*] knew it. Being so young I had never seen anyone die before, and Miss Williams said that we must offer a prayer for poor Mary. So I said my little prayer in German which I was wont to say every night before going to sleep. The Indians wanted to throw Mary's body over the bluff amongst some brush and tall weeds. Finally one of the half-breeds said that he would be willing to bury her if the Indians would let him. So one of the squaws brought a tablecloth, red as fire, and we partly wrapped it around the body and buried it in a shallow grave. Mary was a pretty Swedish girl held in high esteem by her many friends. She was soon to have been married to a young blacksmith from Shakopee. Just before she became unconscious she took her engagement ring from her finger and handed it to Miss Williams with the request that she give it to him if she ever got free. Miss Williams did give him the ring, and he afterwards took the body of Mary and gave it a burial in Shakopee.

The captor of Miss Williams came and took her away to his tepee. He was a middle-aged Indian, ugly looking, and horribly pockmarked. He had a squaw and many papooses. The squaw did not like Miss Williams and made her do all kinds of rough work such as chopping wood and carrying water from the lakes and rivers wherever they happened to pitch their camps. In spite of her hardships I never heard Miss Williams complain, but she was always sweet and patient. She lived to old age in the state of Ohio, but never married.

After Miss Williams was gone I felt very lonely and forsaken. I could only think that they were going to kill me now as I had no one to care for me. But God was good, for that very minute my protector, Snona, was coming to care for me. Snona came in and

looked me over from head to foot, went away and in ten minutes returned and took me by the hand and pulled me along. Who should stand outside of the tepee but my captor holding a pony by the bridle. I drew back; my heart stood still. How I loathed that Indian, for had he not almost broken my arms pulling me back to the wagons, and didn't he jerk my pretty ear rings out of my ears, and pulled from my finger the gold ring with the two hearts, given to me by my sister for a birthday present. I saw him only that afternoon, but I should have known him again in the midst of a hundred Indians, for such was the horrible impression he had made upon my mind.

Now Snona had been told by her wicked uncle, one of the party who captured us, that there was a little white girl in camp whom they were going to take outside and stab and shoot to death. Snona asked Walking-the-Wind if he would give me to her, which he agreed to do if she would give him the pony. He did not want me for I could not work, and besides he had no tepee to put me in. Therefore, he did not want to bother with me and was going to kill me anyway. Thus Snona bought me with her pony and kept me until we were released by General Sibley. I always say "God Bless Snona", for she saved me from a most horrible death. She took me to her tepee and spoke to me in very good English saying, "You are my girl now and you must call me mother for I am going to keep you all your life". I began to cry as if my heart would break at the thought that I must always live with these terrible Indians and never see my loved ones again. Snona looked at me but said nothing. Probably she thought that I was very ungrateful, but she took me in hand and combed my hair and soaked it in melted tallow, and made two braids. When the tallow hardened they stuck right out straight. Next she painted a red streak down the middle of my head; then a red dab under each eye; then put on me the squaw skirt, a red calico waist, five rows of beads, a pretty pair of beaded moccasins, and lastly a lovely white blanket which she had stolen from the government warehouses. Now Snona had made out of the little German girl a typical Indian maiden. When she removed my own clothes we discovered that they were all shot to pieces. In the bottom of the skirt were seven bullet holes made by the Indians' guns when I attempted to evade capture. The thing that saved me was the hoop-skirt in fashion at that time which caused the skirt to stand out from my body. The

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bullets therefore went through my clothing but never touched me. I still have one of the skirts I wore. It was made of a heavy muslin from the cover of our wagon. I gave the skirt to the D.A.R. and they put it in the museum in the Sibley House in Mendota.

Now that Snona had adopted me as her child I must call her my Indian mother. She was a very good looking young squaw about 21 years old, and was married in Indian fashion to Good Thunder. The family consisted of two papooses. One of them was a baby nine months old. The other members were old Barley-Corn, the mother of Snona; and a half-breed sister by the name of Marion. Marion, about my own age, was in the last stages of Consumption and she coughed constantly. My Indian mother belonged to the Episcopal faith since she was eight years old. For three years she had been in Williamson's school. Williamson was one of the early missionaries, and while in his school she had learned to read and speak the English language very well. She would often read from the little prayer book she carried in her bosom when no one was looking. I do not think her husband, Good Thunder, could speak anything but Dakota at that time, for he never spoke to me while I was in his tepee. He was a very quiet Indian, and my Indian mother was the boss. In the latter years he got to be one of the great lights in the Indian church at Morton, and Bishop Whipple thought a great deal of him. I do not know if he ever killed any of the whites, but he took his run and went with the rest and brought home a great deal of plunder.

The Indians camped for about two weeks at Little Crow's camp. One morning about a half a dozen Indians on horses galloped through the camp shouting, "Pocachu, Pocachu." In a second all was commotion. Squaws were pulling down tepees and loading wagons. They also made packs to carry, placing papooses on top of them. When they had all formed in line the caravan was about twenty miles long. They had much trouble with the cattle which they had taken from the farmers. They seemed perfectly crazy and would run away from them and they could not control them. The Indians seemed to hate the cattle as much as they did the human captives and abused them shamefully. As the Indians do not use milk, the cows had not been milked for days, and they would froth at the mouth and paw the ground in agony. But I pitied the poor oxen most of all as they ran around with their yokes on them for weeks. As the Indians did not know how to

drive oxen they would almost whip them to death. I think the Sioux in their wild and savage state were the most cruel of all the tribes. I saw them take a young cow, tie it to a stake, and shoot it full of arrows until the poor critter would bawl and quiver all over, and finally sprawl out and die, and then they danced with delight. When they wanted meat they would shoot a steer, and all rush up and cut off a chunk while it was still kicking.

The Indians seemed to be eating all the time, and after meals they would stretch themselves out on the grass and sleep. When they awoke they would eat again. They were well supplied with provisions such as flour, sugar, tea, barrels of salt pork, and tobacco. This constituted generally their daily bill-of-fare. Then they also had Indian blankets which had been taken from the government warehouses. As they did not know how to take care of anything, most of the flour spoiled by getting wet.

In preparing a meal they took flour and made a dough, then took a chunk of it and rolled it on a flat stone and made a flat cake which they put in boiling tallow and fried it brown. My Indian mother would always spread a towel on the grass and give me a cake and a mug of tea with four tablespoons of brown sugar in it. That always constituted the meal, and it did taste very good. They would always take out the tallow when they killed a beef, blow up the bladder, pour in some tallow and hang it under the wagon. Every family had three or four such bags under their wagon.

One day I saw the squaws clean about six or seven dogs whose throats had been cut. They were busy singeing the hair off over a fire to get ready for a dog feast. They left the skin on the animal because they considered that the best part, and it made the stew rich and fat. I vowed that I would never eat dog even if I starved. One day my Indian mother took me to a feast. Twenty or thirty Indians sat in a circle in the tepee, while a squaw was cooking some soup in a large kettle. Presently it was dished up and each one got a bowl full. I was hungry and ate every bit of it. It was rather sweet. On the way home my Indian mother told me we had been to a dog feast and that it was dog stew that I had eaten. I felt badly, but what could I do?

One day Chief Little Crow gave orders to have all the prisoners killed as they were eating up the food and they would be short of provisions when the winter came. My Indian mother dug a shallow hole in one corner of the tepee and made me lie down in

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it, covering me with three or four buffalo robes, and then she sat down on top of them. When the Indians rushed around looking for the captives, they could not find me, but when she uncovered me I was more dead than alive for she had nearly smothered me. However, that was much better than being chopped up with a tomahawk. This was the second time she had saved my life.

About this time I met Augusta Lenz, a young girl who had been captured while trying to run away. She was in the family of Little Crow's brother, and as we were close together, we got a chance to speak to one another. While we thus could fellowship it did not seem quite so lonesome. However, when next we moved I lost Augusta, and did not see her any more. Oh, how I mourned for her. Now there was no one to speak to. Mrs. Good Thunder spoke only when she wanted me to do something, and then only when no one was around as she seemed to be ashamed to let anyone know that she could speak English. She made me take care of the little papoose all the time, and it seemed to be crazy about me, but I cannot say that I was so much in love with it. It was a cute little thing, but I hated everything that looked like an Indian.

We had now been nearly two months with the Indians. We moved camp again, and pitched at a place which later was called Camp Release, which was located where Montevideo now stands. This spot is called Camp Release to this day. The state has erected a monument on the very ground where the camp was at that time. This is where General Sibley demanded the white prisoners from the Indians. Every Indian who had a white captive brought her forward and released her. Again I was free. It was the grandest day of my life. My Indian mother wept when we parted, but I never shed a tear. I know that it was ungrateful of me, but I was so glad to get into civilization once more. Among the prisoners were 107 whites and 1062 half-breeds. Most of the white prisoners were women of education and refinement.

The prisoners were released September 26th in the afternoon when General Sibley marched up with his staff of officers and two companies of soldiers and demanded the prisoners from the Indians. As each prisoner was brought forward by the Indians General Sibley shook hands and welcomed him. There was great rejoicing on the part of the soldiers. Some embraced each other, some danced, some wept, and others threw their caps in the air and shouted hurrah for the prisoners as loud as they could. The pris-

oners were then escorted to the camp of General Sibley where a nice supper was prepared for them. We staid in Camp Release a week, and had to bear testimony to what we saw and knew. I told of the bad Indian who captured me, and that he was one of those who killed the men in our company. And I also told what I heard the negro Godfrey say. Walking-the-Wind was hanged at Mankato with thirty-eight others. Godfrey, the negro, turned state's evidence, and they did nothing to him. He lived to be an old man but was hated by Indians and white people alike. When the government was through with us we were sent down the river to our friends.

1862

*IN DEFENSE OF THE SIOUX**

Henry B. Whipple

THE LATE FEARFUL MASSACRE has brought sorrow to all our hearts. To see our beautiful state desolated, our homes broken up and our entire border stained with blood is a calamity which may well appal us. No wonder that deep indignation has been aroused and that our people cry for vengeance. If that vengeance is to be something better than a savage thirst for blood we must examine the causes which have brought this bloodshed that our condemnation may fall upon the guilty. No outburst of passion, no temporary expedience, no deed of revenge can excuse us from the duties which such days of sorrow thrust upon us. God is not blind. His eye can unravel the dark web which conceals iniquity. Our settlement of this terrible outbreak must be just, our condemnation fall on the guilty, we must redress all wrong or the blessing of God will never rest upon our state. At last we shall find that we have reaped exactly what we sowed.

As a Christian I take issue with anyone who claims that God has created any human being who is incapable of civilization or who cannot receive the gospel of Jesus Christ. Such an assertion is only worthy of infidelity. Admit this self evident truth, and then we are compelled to look for the causes which have brought degradation, sorrow & death to this heathen race. The North American

*Bishop Henry B. Whipple Letterbooks in the Minnesota Historical Society.

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Indian is a savage and like all other heathen men fierce, vindictive cruel and his animal passions are unrestrained by civilization & Christianity. And yet in his attachments to home, kindred and country, in his natural virtues, in his belief in a great Spirit he will compare favorably with any heathen race on earth. The testimony of Governor Sibley, the Rev. Dr. Gear and other citizens who have lived here for thirty years show that a fearfully rapid deterioration has taken place since they came in contact with the white man. Our earlier intercourse was marked by warm friendships and white men lived in peace & tranquility at a time when their only protection was the good faith of the Indian.

Our first dealing with them as a government was based upon a falsehood. We purchased their land as of an independent nation forgetting they were only our heathen wards. In all of our relations we have persistently carried out the idea that they were a sovereign people. If it is true that a nation cannot exist within a nation, that these heathen were to send no ambassadors to us & we none to them, that they had no power to compel us to observe a treaty & that we did not look to them for inherent power to observe it for themselves, then our first step was a fatal mistake. They did not possess one single element of sovereignty and had they possessed it we could not in justice to ourselves have permitted them to exercise it in the duties which are necessary to a nations self existence.

The second & more fatal error was a natural inference from the first. Because we had treated with them as an independent nation we left them without a government. Their rude patriarchal government was always weakened and often destroyed by the new treaty relations.

The chiefs lost all independance of action and sooner or later became the pliant tools of traders and agents powerful for mischief, but powerless for good. Nothing was given to supply the place of this defective tribal government. The only being in America who has no law to punish the guilty or protect the innocent is the treaty Indian. Thefts, murders, violence to women where death has followed, have been committed by white & red men and the law did not hold in check the evil passions of bad men. The only law administered by ourselves was to pay a premium for crime. The penalty of the theft was deducted from the annuity of the tribe, leaving the thief to profit by his ill gotten

gains. These evils have been encreased by every evil influence & even fostered by the careless unconcern of the government. We have taken no steps to restrain savage warfare among tribes at variance. They have murdered each other in our streets, fought beside our villages, even shaking their gory scalps in our faces and we did not know that we were nursing passions sure to break out in violence & blood. There was no mark of condemnation upon their pagan customs, for even high officials have paid them to hold heathen dances to amuse a crowd. The government instead of compelling these men to live by honest labor has fostered idleness & encouraged savage life by payments of money, by purchases of beads, trinkets, *scalping knives* and really given the weight of official influence on the side of savage life. The sale of the fire water has been most unblushing, when we knew that if it made drunkards of white men, it made red men devils. The system of trade was ruinous to honest traders and pernicious to the Indian. It prevented all efforts for personal independence & acquisition of property. The debts of the shiftless & indolent were paid out of the patrimony of the tribe. If an Indian abandoned his wild life, built himself a home & cultivated the soil he had no redress against* the lawlessness of wild men. The Government has promised him that his home shall be secured by a patent that he might feel something of manhood in owning it, but no patent has ever been issued. Every influence which could add to the degradation of this hapless race seemed to be the only inheritance for themselves & children an hundred fold worse by making the office of an Indian agent one simply of reward for political service. It has been sought not because it was one of the noblest trusts ever committed to men to try and redeem a heathen people and lead them out of their darkness to the light of a Christian civilization, but because upon a pittance of salary a fortune could be realized in four years. The voice of this whole nation has declared that the Indian Department was the most corrupt in our government. Citizens, editors, legislators, heads of departments & and President himself alike agree that it has been characterised by inefficiency & fraud. The Nation knowing this has winked at it. We have lacked the moral courage to stand up in the fear of God and demand a reform. Worse than all it was not our money. It was a sacred trust confided to us by man where common manliness should have

*In the advertisement for Indian supplies this fall are 100 dozen scalping knives.

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blushed for shame at theft. There have been noble instances of men who have tried to do their duty but no one man could withstand the tide of corruption which pervaded every department of Indian affairs. Too often government employees have been notorious for profanity, debauchery and dishonesty. School & civilization funds have been wasted, contracts for supplies conceived in fraud & even dead mens names placed on the pay rolls. It hardly needed any great act of wrong to excite savage natures to murderous cruelty. But such instances were not wanting. Four years ago the Sioux sold the government about eight hundred acres of land, being a part of their reservation. The plea for this sale was the need of more funds to aid them in civilization. This treaty provided that the chiefs should return home and hold an open council to decide what should be done with the money. Three of the principal chiefs the ones most deserving of credit, allege that they were not present at such council and did not know that it had been held. Of Ninety six thousand dollars due the Lower Sioux they have never received a cent.

All has been absorbed in claims except eight hundred & eighty dollars and fifty eight cents which is to their credit on the books in Washington. Of the portion belonging to the Upper Sioux eighty eight thousand three hundred & fifty one dollars 62/100 was also taken for claims. Of the large balance due the upper Sioux neither the agent or the Indians knew when or how it was to be paid. For two years the Indians have demanded to know what has become of their money and again and again they have threatened revenge unless they were satisfied. Early this last Spring the traders informed the Indians that the next payment would only be a half of the usual amount because the Indian debts had been paid at Washington. They were in some instances refused credits on this account. It caused deep & wide spread discontent. The agent was alarmed and as early as May he wrote to me that this new fraud must bring a harvest of sorrow, saying "God only knows what will be the result." In June at the time fixed by past custom, they came together for the payments. The agent could give no satisfactory reasons for the delay. There was none. The Indians waited at the Agencies two months, dissatisfied, turbulent, mad, hungry and then came the outbreak a tale of horrors to curdle ones blood. The money reached Fort Ridgely the day after the outbreak. A part of the annuity had been taken for claims and at the

eleventh hour as the warrant on the treasury shows it was made up from other funds to save an Indian war. It was too late. Who is guilty of the causes which have desolated our border? at whose door is the blood of those innocent victims? I believe God will hold the nation guilty. Even our own white race would not be proof against the corrupt influences which has clustered around these heathen. It would make a Sodam of any civilized community under heaven. The leaders in this massacre were men who have always been the pliant tools of white men. When such men as "Little Crow" and "Hole in the Day" desired to open their budget of griefs they could cite wrongs enough to stir savage blood to vengeance.

There is no man who does not feel that the savages who committed these deeds of violence must meet their doom. The law of God & man alike require it. The stern necessities of self protection demand it. If our inefficient system had not permitted the Spirit Lake murderers to go unpunished, if we had not refused to regard them as subjects of law, we should not have suffered as we have in this outbreak. But while we execute justice our own consciousness of wrong should lead us to the strictest scrutiny lest we punish the innocent. Punishment loses its lesson when it is the vengeance of a mob. The mistaken cry to take law into our own hands is the essence of rebellion itself. As citizens we have the clear right to ask our rulers to punish the cruelty, the state has also the right to arraign these murderers in her civil courts, but anything like mob violence is subversive of all law.

It is a question for the judge to weigh calmly how far any man who was driven into this by savage leaders & who committed no murder or violence himself shall be deemed guilty. Whatever that decision is we ought to bow before the majesty of law. There are others like Wabashaw, Taopi, Good Thunder & Other Day & Lapationer who have a peculiar claim to our protection. Conscious of wrongs suffered, they resisted the outbreak and to the last refused to join it. It is due to them that these captives were rescued and that the guilty were given up. In the face of death, they proved the white mans friend. Are we to reward their fidelity by a cry of extermination? I do not believe our citizens are capable of such wickedness. The examination of this awful history will show that the only gleam of light on its horrors is the influence of the Christian religion. Even farmer Indians for the most part

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stood aloof. A man is not civilized because a government official has cut his hair & put on him a white mans dress.

As one whose life must be spent in Minnesota, whose home cannot be changed at will, whose lot for good or ill must be identified with her weal or woe I feel a deep solicitude that our settlement of this war shall be such as will call down the blessing of Almighty God. The nation is passing through such trials that we cannot afford to be unjust. I stand aside for no man in my deep sympathy for the innocent victims of this massacre or in my deep indignation at the guilty actors in this bloody drama. It is because I would forever prevent such scenes that for three years I have plead with the government to reform a system whose perren[n]ial fruit is blood. Canada has not had an Indian war since the Revolution. We have hardly passed a year without one. The same tribes there are bound by ties of affection & interest to the English crown. We spend millions to suppress Indian wars.

Because we fear God let us fear to cover up iniquity, because we also hope in His mercy let us reform a system which has proved itself so pernicious. I have written briefly as I could of some of the causes of this massacre. My object has been to speak of a system which has developed like results under all administrations. I have waited hoping that an abler hand would take my place. My only excuse for thus obtruding my thoughts upon the attention of my fellow citizens is the fear lest passion shall usurp the place of reason and we fail to understand the lesson which has been written in such a sharp school of sorrow & suffering. Concerning the propriety & necessity of the removal of the Indian tribes of Minnesota, I will simply say that if this course is deemed the true policy for ourselves & them, it ought not to be done as it has often been without a thought of justice. As to any scheme of concentrating the thousands of Indians in one nation, I fear much it would only prove a larger powder magazine, that it would give bad men the power to organize a larger force to lay waste the border & that under any system like our present one prove itself only mischievous and wicked, alike destructive to them & to ourselves.

Many of these Indians have been removed again & again & each time solemnly pledged that this would forever be their home. If a removal now takes place we ought to see to it that our nation does its whole duty, that they shall have a strong gover[n]ment, an individual right to the soil, a just system of trade,

a wise system of civilization & just agents. It is due to ourselves & our children, to a nation which needs the favor of God that our Rulers shall no longer be foster parents to nurture savage violence & blood. Such reforms demand the calmest thought of the best men of the nation.

1862

*THIRTY-EIGHT INDIANS ARE HANGED**

Harriet E. Bishop

THE SPIRITUAL ADVISERS of the condemned Indians were all with them, early on the morning of the 26th December, and were now listened to with marked attention. They had gaily painted their faces, as if for grand display in the begging dance, and, frequently, their small pocket mirror was brought before the face, to see if they still retained the proper modicum of paint. They shook hands with the officers, bidding each a cheerful good bye, as if going on an ordinary journey. Then they chanted their monotonous, but very exciting death song.

The irons being knocked off, one by one, their arms were pinned with small cords, and the wrists fastened in front, leaving the hands free. Songs and conversation gave a cheerful appearance to the scene, while they moved around, shaking hands with each other, the soldiers and reporters bidding the frequent "good bye." This over, they arranged themselves in a row, and again sang the death song, after which they sat down for a last general smoke.

Father Ravoux, the Catholic priest, now addressed them, and then knelt in prayer, some of them responding, while they were even affected to tears. The long white caps, made from cloth, which had formed part of the spoils taken from murdered traders, were placed upon their heads, leaving their painted faces still visible. Their repugnance to this was very evident. Shame covered their faces, and they were humiliated by it, as chains and cords could not do. The singing ceased, and there was little smoking or talking now. The three half-breeds seemed most affected, and their sad countenances were pitiable to behold.

Crouched on the floor, they all awaited their doom, till precise-

*Harriet E. Bishop, *Dakota War Whoop*, 300-03 (St. Paul, 1864).

Thirty-Eight Indians Are Hanged

ly ten o'clock, when they were marched in procession, through a file of soldiers to the scaffold, crowding and jostling each other to get ahead, as a lot of hungry boarders rush to the dinner table in a hotel. At the scaffold they were delivered to the officer of the day, Capt. Burt.

As they commenced their ascent to the gallows, the air was made hideous by the repetition of their death song. It was a moment of most intense suspense — every breath in that immense throng seemed suspended, when one of the baser sort improvised an exhibition of his contempt of death, and the lookers on, in the most vile and indecent manner, accompanied by foul impromptu song, insulting to the spectators, and such only as the vilest could conceive or execute — a mockery to the triumph of that justice whose sword was suspended by a hair over his guilty head. One young fellow smoked a cigar after the cap was drawn over his face, he managing to keep his mouth uncovered. Another smoked a pipe till the noose was adjusted over his neck.

The general aspect of the scene was intensely solemn, though there were many little incidents which, under other circumstances, would have been ludicrous in the extreme. Thirty-eight men awaiting the moment when one blow would launch them into eternity! Did civilized world ever look upon the like before? All who looked, approved the sentence, and would, had it been ten times as large.

The silence was awfully intense — then came three, slow, measured and distinct beats on the drum, by the signal officer, Major J. R. Brown, when each of the condemned clasped hands with his next neighbor, which remained in firm grasp till taken down, and then the rope was cut by Mr. Dooley, who, with his family, were among the Lake Shetak sufferers.

One loud and prolonged cheer went up as the platform fell, and then all relapsed into silent gaze at the thirty-seven bodies which hung dangling in the air. One rope had broken, and the body it held was upon the ground. This incident created a nervous horror in the vast assemblage and complete satisfaction to the morbid curiosity which led them to be eye witnesses to such a spectacle. Though there was no sign of life remaining, the body was again suspended. There seemed to be but little suffering — the necks of nearly all were dislocated by the fall, and in just twenty minutes, life was declared extinct.

TRAGEDY OF THE RED MAN

The bodies were placed in four army wagons, and with Company K, under Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, of the Seventh, for a burial party, were deposited in the one grave, prepared for them, on the sand bar, nearly in front of the town.

The other condemned Indians were chained in their quarters, that they might not witness the execution, and when the death song of their associates in crime fell upon their ears, they crouched themselves down, with their blankets over their heads, and kept perfect silence, seeming to feel all the horrors of their situation, and that a like retribution to them was not long to be delayed. All day they were much dejected.

The disposition of the military force, amounting to 1,419 men, as also the entire arrangements for the execution, were most perfect and complete. Great credit is due Col. Miller for devising and carrying out so successfully his well directed plans, and for preserving the quiet, order and discipline which distinguished the day.

III.

The Bells Ring in a New State

MINNESOTA became a territory on March 3, 1849, but not until May 14, 1858, could the *St. Paul Daily Minnesotian* announce gleefully: "We are a State of the Union. No longer 'outside barbarians,' we are within the Chinese wall of the confederacy, and have donned our freedom suit. There are some patches needed over some of the rents, and resewing of some of the seams, in our gaberdine called the State Constitution — perhaps an entire new garment will be ere long required; but we are rejoiced that we occupy the position henceforth, in which we can wear what clothes we please, much or little, gay or grave, and Uncle Sam has no business to interfere, especially as we pay, or promise to pay, for them ourselves! It is a great responsibility we have assumed before the nations. . . ."

Neither territorial status nor statehood was easy to accomplish. Henry Hastings Sibley fought hard and long for the former, and Henry M. Rice wrote the Enabling Act that permitted the people of the Territory of Minnesota to form a state. The Enabling Act was signed on February 26, 1857, and the final bill for statehood was signed on May 11, 1858. Meanwhile, a constitutional convention had been held and St. Paul had been selected as the capital. Sibley's argument for territorial government is one of the most important speeches he ever made. The impassioned address of Senator John B. Thompson of Kentucky opposing statehood sets forth some of the reasons why certain sections of the nation did not want Minnesota to come into the Union.

From early times the North Star State, the thirty-second star on the flag, had been known as a land of opportunities. The edi-

torial from the Minnesota Democrat explains why Minnesota was considered a healthy place for invalids, and John W. Bond describes how Minnesota was "destined to assume a high rank among the states of the Union."

1848

*A PLEA FOR TERRITORIAL STATUS**

Henry H. Sibley

MR. CHAIRMAN: Having been elected by the people of Wisconsin Territory to represent their interests, as a Delegate in the Congress of the United States, I should consider myself as recreant to the trust reposed in me, by those who have honored me with their confidence, did I not take every proper means to secure my seat, and be thus placed in a position where I may render some service to my constituents. No question has been, or can be raised, with regard to the legality of the election. The certificate of the acting Governor is *prima facie* evidence of that fact. — It remains then only to show, if possible, that the residuum of Wisconsin Territory, after the admission of the State, remained in the possession of the same rights and immunities which were secured to the people of the whole Territory by the organic law. In doing this I shall be as brief as the nature of the case will admit; but being convinced that a favorable report from your honorable committee is vitally important, I must be permitted to present all the facts, bearing upon the case, and sustain by such arguments as I may, based upon the facts, the position assumed by those who sent me here.

The honorable gentleman from North Carolina, (Mr. Boyden.) at your previous meeting; attempted to show that the act for the admission of the State of Wisconsin, was, *ipso facto*, a repeal of the organic law of the Territory. To support this proposition, he supposed a case in which all the population of a Territory should be included within the limits of a State, except a few individuals, or one man, who might elect one of their number or himself, as a

*Henry H. Sibley, *Speech of Henry H. Sibley, of Minnesota, Before the Committee on Elections of the House of Representatives, December 22, 1848, in Annals of the Minnesota Historical Society, 58-62 (St. Paul, 1850).*

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delegate to Congress, and be entitled to admission, upon the principle assumed in the present case. Mr. Chairman, I meet this fairly, by another supposition by no means so improbable. It was seriously contemplated, by a respectable portion of the people, to ask Congress to make the Wisconsin river the northern boundary of the state of that name. If this had been done, some fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants would have been left in precisely the same situation in which the present population of Wisconsin Territory now find themselves. Would Congress have refused, under such circumstances, to receive a Delegate elected by the people, according to the provisions of the organic law? The case supposed is an extreme one. Congress has full power to prevent any abuse of such privileges. But when a large portion of a Territory is left without the boundaries of a State, and no provision is made for repealing or modifying the organic law, does not that very fact, taken in connection with the obligation of a Government to afford to all its citizens the protection of law, make it perfectly clear that the residuum remains under the full operation of the same organic law? To suppose otherwise would be to maintain that a Government has the right, at pleasure, to deprive its citizens of all civil rights, a hypothesis repugnant to the spirit of our institutions and of the age.

The imprescriptable, inalienable birthright of the subject is laid down as one of the national rights of citizenship, of which none can be deprived without their consent. (*Payley's Phil. B. VI. chap. 3, Judge Iredel in Talcot vs. Janson, 3 Dall. Rep. 133.*) Vattel, in his *Law of Nations*, B.I. chap. 2, thus lays down the rule: "If a nation is obliged to preserve itself, it is no less obliged carefully to preserve all its members." And, again: "The body of a nation cannot then abandon a province, a town, or even a single individual, who is a part of it, unless compelled to do it by necessity, or indispensably obliged to do it, for the strongest reasons, founded on the public safety."

Having thus shown that the point of international law, as received by all civilized countries, is clearly in our favor, I will merely quote a paragraph of the ordinance of 1787, as applicable to the country northwest of the Ohio river. This guarantees to all the inhabitants of that region the possession of "the benefits of habeas corpus, and trial by jury, of a proportionate representation in the Legislature, and of judicial proceedings, according to the

course of the common law.["] We are a part and parcel of the people to whom were secured these blessings, and a decision which would deprive us of the right to be represented on the floor of Congress would virtually annul all these guarantees, and reduce society into its original elements.

I come now, Mr. Chairman, to the precedents cited in support of my claim, and to which the gentleman from North Carolina so strongly objects, inasmuch as, in his opinion, they do not cover the present case. They are those of Paul Fearing and George W. Jones. It is admitted that the former, elected as Delegate from the Northwest Territory, appeared and took his seat months after the passage of the act of Congress admitting Ohio into the Union, and before any other new Territorial organization had been effected. So far, then, Ohio had a perfect right to send a Representative and Senators to Congress. That she did not do so, affects in no manner, the merits of the question. She only declined for good and sufficient reasons, to exercise her undoubted right. During this state of things, Mr. Fearing was in his seat, not as the Representative of the sovereign State of Ohio, but of the residuum of the Northwest Territory. This is a fact beyond contradiction or dispute. If Ohio had sent her Representatives, they would have been admitted without question. But it is said that Mr. Fearing's right to a seat was not formally passed upon by the House. But we know that the committee on elections reported favorably in his case, and the fact that he retained his station until the end of the session, is good evidence that the House concurred with the Committee in opinion.

In the case of the Hon. George W. Jones, now a United States Senator from Iowa, the circumstances, although not precisely similar, are sufficiently in point to give them authority as a precedent. Mr. Jones was elected the delegate from the Territory of Michigan, and the State had previously formed a Constitution and sent its Senators and Representatives here to demand admission. True, the act of Congress admitting the State not having been yet passed, they were not formally received; but it is nevertheless equally true that Mr. Jones was elected by the people residing out of the limits of the State, and that he represented the interests of the residuum only. The inhabitants of the State of Michigan took no part in the election of that gentleman. Surely, one or the other of the above cited cases must be allowed to be an exact precedent, if both are not to be so considered.

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Mr. Chairman, the *onus probandi* must rest upon those who deny the existence of a distinct Territorial Government in Wisconsin Territory. The fact that the organic law gave to that Territory certain privileges, among which was the right to elect a Delegate to Congress, is undeniable, and it is equally certain that no subsequent action of that body abrogated any portion of that law, or divested the people of any of these privileges. The conclusion is not to be controverted, that a law of Congress creating a temporary Government over a portion of the territory of the United States, must continue in force, unless repealed by the same legislative authority. The division of a Territory is not the destruction thereof. That portion formed into a State, and admitted as such, has commenced a new political existence; but the residuum not being in any wise affected thereby, remained under the operation of the old law. The sphere in which each moves is well defined, and there can be no collision between them. The very act establishing the Territorial Government of Wisconsin, provides that Congress shall have the right to divide it into two or more Territories at any time thereafter, if such a step should be deemed expedient or necessary. It did so virtually by the act admitting Wisconsin into the Union.

The honorable gentleman from North Carolina has fallen into a grievous error when he asserts that during the first grade of Territorial Government, that in which the legislative power was vested in the Government and Judges, the Government has not granted them a Delegate in Congress; for Michigan was entitled to and represented by a delegate, years before a legislative council was vouchsafed to her. This can be ascertained by a reference to the Journals of Congress. But, sir, I do not conceive this question to have any bearing upon the case before you. — The people of Wisconsin Territory are not present by their representative to argue any question of abstract right; but to appeal to this committee to protect them in the enjoyment of those immunities, which are secured to them by the solemn sanctions of law. The Government of the United States, when it invited its citizens to emigrate to the Territory of Wisconsin by the formation of a temporary government, must have intended to act in good faith towards them, by continuing over them the provisions of the organic law. Sixteen thousand acres of land have been purchased, for the most part, by *bona fide* settlers, the proceeds of which have

gone into your treasury. Taxed equally with other inhabitants of this Union for the support of the General Government, they are certainly entitled to equal privileges.

Sir, it is a fact that the inhabitants of the region I have the honor to represent, have always heretofore, since the establishment of a Territorial Government for Wisconsin, participated in the election of a delegate, and have enjoyed all the rights and immunities secured to them by the organic law. It is equally a fact, that they have a full county organization, and form part of a judicial circuit. Congress was by no means ignorant of the existing state of things, when the State of Wisconsin was admitted, for there were lying at that time upon the tables of both Houses, petitions signed by hundreds of citizens living north and west of the St. Croix river, praying that they might not be included within the limits of the State, but suffered to enjoy the benefits of the Territorial Government. The region north and west of Wisconsin contains an area of more than 20,000 square miles, with a population of nearly, if not quite, 6,000 souls. Can a proposition be seriously entertained to disfranchise and outlaw the people? sir, if it is determined that the Territory I have come here to represent has no claim to such representation on the floor of Congress, then will one branch of the law-making power have sanctioned a principle which will scatter all the restraints of law in that region to the winds. For either the Territorial organization is perfect and complete, or it has been entirely abrogated and annulled. The same authority which provides for the election of a Delegate, gives the power to choose other officers. All must stand or fall together. If we have no organization, as is contended by the honorable gentleman from North Carolina, then have our judicial and ministerial officers rendered themselves liable to future punishment for a usurpation of power. If a malefactor has been apprehended, or a debtor arrested, the officers serving the writ will be visited hereafter with an action for false imprisonment. Our beautiful country will become a place of refuge for depraved and desperate characters from the neighboring States. The vast and varied agricultural and commercial interests of the country will be involved in ruin, and all security for life and property will vanish. But, sir, I do not believe that this committee will consent to give a decision involving such a train of evils, and such utter absurdities. Not a single good reason can be assigned for perpetrating so gross an outrage

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upon several thousand citizens of the United States, as to divest them, at one fell stroke, of all those blessings of a legal jurisdiction which they have hitherto enjoyed, and that without any consent or agency of their own.

Sir, there are certain fixed principles of law which cannot be annulled by sophistry, or destroyed by any system of special pleading. By these eternal and immutable maxims, are the duties of Governments and their citizens or subjects defined, and their mutual and reciprocal obligations are not to be laid aside, or dispensed with by either. The action of all popular governments must be of a beneficial character to the governed. The one must protect, the other obey. The former is charged with the duty of throwing around its citizens the safeguards of law, while they on their part are bound to uphold the majesty of that law. Circumstances of extreme danger alone can for a moment absolve either from these imperative obligations. Whence then is derived the power of this government to cast aside any portion of its citizens at will? Sir, when disfranchisement is visited by despotic governments upon their people, it is to mete out to them the severest punishment which can be inflicted upon a community for political offences, short of actual extermination.

Sir, the case now before you for your action does certainly present some novel features. It is the first time since the foundation of this Government that several thousand citizens of the United States have been found supplicating and pleading, by their Representative, that they may not be deprived by Congress of all civil government, and thrust from its doors by a forced and constructive interpretation of a law of the land, which does not in fact bear even remotely upon the question. Appeals and petitions have often been made by those citizens who, having voluntarily removed from within the bounds of a legal jurisdiction, have been desirous that this blessing should be granted them; but not that what had been solemnly secured to them should not be violently withdrawn. Sir, the wants and wishes of those who sent me here have now no advocate on the floor of Congress. These people have emigrated to the remote region they now inhabit under many disadvantages.

They have not been attracted thither by the glitter of inexhaustible gold mines, but with the same spirit which has actuated all our pioneers of civilization. They have gone there to labor with the axe, the anvil, and the plough. They have elected a Delegate,

with the full assurance that they had a right to do so, and he presents himself here for admission. Sir, was this a question in which the consequences would be confined to me personally, the honorable members of this House would not find me here, day after day, wearying their patience by long appeals and explanations. But believing as I do, before God, that my case, and the question whether there is any law in the Territory of Wisconsin, are intimately and indissolubly blended together, I trust that the House of Representatives will, by its decision of the claim before it, establish the principle, which shall be as a landmark in all coming time, that citizens of this mighty Republic, upon whom the rights and immunities of a civil government have been once bestowed by an act of Congress, shall not be deprived of these without fault or agency of their own, unless under circumstances of grave and imperious necessity, involving the safety and well-being of the whole country.

1857

*SOUTHERN OPPOSITION TO STATEHOOD**

John B. Thompson

I DO NOT SAY, sir, that under no state of circumstances ought new States to be admitted into the Union; but I have been here long enough to see the effect of new States coming in. Whenever the State of Minnesota shall be admitted, we shall have in this body two additional voices against what I think are the best interests of the country. I am not, as a southern man, going to vote to help them to bludgeon us. I am not going to put in their hands the club with which to cleave down a brother. When they are admitted, they will, like all new States, be continually asking for public lands for schools, for alternate sections of land for roads, and we shall have propositions for light-houses, for harbors, and for lake defenses, and we shall be told about the adjacency of the Canada border and the necessity of protection. When a Minnesota Senator lands here with all the pomp and circumstances of a bashaw of three tails, with the aristocratic gravity of an English chancellor of the exchequer, he will open his budget, and unfold proposition

*Senator John B. Thompson of Kentucky in *Congressional Globe*, 34 cong., 3 sess., 849-51, (Washington, D. C., 1857).

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after proposition for roads, for canals, for light-houses, for improvements of various kinds. You will find, after admitting Minnesota, that like the name of many a Tommy in an old man's will, the name of Minnesota, the youngest child, will occur oftener on the statute-book and the proceedings of this body, than the name of the Lord God in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. Then Minnesota, like California, now the youngest State, will be the presiding genius and divinity of the proceedings of Congress. I do not want representatives here from Minnesota for their votes or their power, or what they will do after they get here.

I do not intend to say anything very harsh about the new States; but there sits my friend from California, [Mr. Weller,] the representative of a new State. If ever a man was constant, persistent, watchful, and vigilant, over the interests of his State, he has been of those of California. I knew him as a Representative in the other House from the State of Ohio; I knew him in the Mexican war; I have seen him here as a Senator from California. The State will lose more than he will by his retirement; but the moment they got a chance they struck him down. Then there is my venerable friend from Michigan, [Mr. Cass.] Thank God, when the instructions of his Legislature came here he had the manliness and force of character to stand up against them, and against the madness of the hour. He, rich in years, full of honors, ripe in experience, has gone over the dam. There is my other friend from Michigan, his colleague, who will soon go in the same way. Here is my friend from Iowa, not now in his seat, [Mr. Jones,] of the same class, although at the last session, by these land contrivances, he obtained, I believe, grants for four railroads athwart the State of Iowa. In this downward proclivity and steam-boat course with which the country goes in reference to these matters, and by the aid of southern gentlemen here, these results are brought about. It seems to be the progress of things, and it appears to be useless to complain. Like one of your large steamers down on the Mississippi, you may cry "There is a man overboard!" but the boat never stops to inquire about him. [Laughter.] These Minnesota men, when they get here, and see my friend from Michigan, and my friend from Iowa, struck down, will grapple up their bones from the sand, and make handles out of them for knife-blades to cut the throats of their southern brethren. I want no Minnesota Senators.

I am against the bill because we have enough of that influence in the councils of the nation already. I am aware that on the vote taken on Saturday I stood by myself on this bill. I represent my own personal independence and views, and I think I represent the good sense of the people of the State of Kentucky. I have often, heretofore, expressed my views in reference to the effect of the acquisition of territory. The telegraph conveys to us, in the morning papers, the information that another treaty has been made with Mexico for additional territory. Are we to have another territory annexed to us? I hope not; I thought the Gadsden purchase was to be the last. I know some men talk about annexing Canada and all New France; but I hope that, when they come in, we shall go out. I do not wish to have any more of Mexico annexed, unless you annex it by a treaty so controlling its regulations and municipal institutions as to erect it into a slave State. The equilibrium in the Senate is destroyed already. There is now an odd number of States, and the majority is against the slaveholding States. I want no hybrid, speckled, mongrels from Mexico, who are free-state people. It is bad enough to have them from New England, Christianized and civilized as they are. Our action in regard to purchasing territory is somewhat curious. We do not more than half pay the Indians for their land; in fact, we cheat them out of it; and they are disappearing as the snow fades before the face of day. After having done that, you are to get up Territories and new States, and by all sorts of artificial excitement force into them a population from all Europe — men that do not suit you or me, sir; and yet men to whom you propose to give land for nothing. More of these men land at the port of New York every year than the whole number of the population of the State of Florida or the State of Arkansas.

I am against giving power to such people in this way. My notion of governing the Territories is, that they ought to be governed by a pro-consul, and pay tribute to Caesar. I would not puff them up with Treasury pap or plunder in the way of public lands, like an Austrian horse that is sleek and bloated with puff, instead of real fat and strength, by putting arsenic in his food. Are you to stall-feed the people in these Territories? No, sir. I would treat them differently. Like boys that get too big for their breeches, they ought to have rigid discipline administered to them; they ought to be made to know their place, and constrained to keep it. We are

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told of there being two hundred thousand people in Minnesota. I do not care if there are five hundred thousand. They went there in the way I have stated, and I do not intend to go out of my way to give them power.

I have other reasons for opposing this bill, and they are reasons growing out of the geography and the law of the case. Minnesota is undoubtedly a portion of the Louisiana purchase. By reference to the laws of the United States, (Bioren & Duane's edition, vol. 1 pp. 435, 436, 437 *et seq.*,) it will be found that the eastern boundary established by the treaty of Paris of the 10th February, 1763, was "by a line drawn along the middle of the river Mississippi, from its source to the river Iberville." The southern boundary at this time was the Gulf of Mexico and Mexico. The northern and western boundary was not fixed by any definite line, but was governed entirely by the law of nations as to discovery and occupancy. This would have given the northern boundary as follows: "The highlands which separate the head waters of the streams bearing south and emptying into the Gulf of Mexico from the streams bearing north and emptying into the Hudson's Bay." The northern boundary line was never determined until the treaty of 1818, which fixed it at 49° north latitude to the Rocky Mountains. The western boundary was New Mexico and the Rocky Mountains, although we alleged that the boundary extended to the Pacific, so as to include Oregon. By the treaty of 1846 the boundary was continued west on the parallel of 49° from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. . . .

I have stated to the Senate my understanding of the boundaries of the Louisiana Territory as ceded by France. I have before me an extract from the introduction to the volume of land laws compiled in virtue of a resolution of Congress of 27th of April, 1810, in which it is stated:

"The United States, by the treaty of 1803, with France, acquired Louisiana, without any direct definition of its boundaries, but as fully, and in the same manner, as it had been acquired by France from Spain, in virtue of the treaty of St. Ildefonse, of the 1st of October, 1800. By this treaty Spain had retroceded Louisiana to France, 'with the same extent that it then had in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it, and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other States.'"

I shall not detain the Senate by going over the question, what were the boundaries of New Mexico as it ran out to the southwest? because that was sufficiently discussed when we talked about Chihuahua and Coahuila in the late Mexican controversy; nor do I desire to mix it up with our treaties with Great Britain in reference to the northwestern boundary. I say that here is a grant describing the ceded country, and it is the only definite description you can get. It is like an open line in a survey. That line makes the Louisiana cession include the Mississippi up to its head, with all the waters that run into it. Going up to the head of the Mississippi according to that grant, it runs up beyond the western end of Lake Superior. When you run up to the headwaters, you must take in the highlands, as in the country they take a dividing ridge as a boundary. Then you pass up the Platte and the Missouri, striking across to the Rocky Mountains. The Louisiana cession included all this vast country, and undoubtedly included Kansas and Nebraska, and a large portion of Minnesota. Taking this to be a fixed fact, as a geographical question, how does this case stand? This, it seems to me, under the treaty of Louisiana, is incontestably slave territory. I have voted for compromise lines. I voted for the Kansas bill, and I am sorry that I ever did so, for it seems nothing can ever be settled in this country unless it is making or breaking a compromise. The treaty of purchase negotiated by Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Monroe provided:

"The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the mean time they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess."

The Constitution of the United States and the treaties under it being the supreme law of the land, this stipulation gives the inhabitants of the ceded territory the right to be protected in their property until they come to be admitted as States. While they are Territories, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas are liable to have slaves taken there. This I regard as a plain proposition of law; and I would so decide if I were a member of the palladium of slavery as the Senator from New Hampshire [Mr. Hale] calls the Supreme Court. If I were there, I should decide that we made this stipula-

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tion by solemn compact with France, and we had no right to say that we would absolve ourselves from the obligation; but it was a right that attached to persons living in the Territories, like villeinage to the freehold. I believe, as a legal proposition under the Constitution and the treaty, slaves may be held in these Territories. . . .

There is, Mr. President, a common popular error upon the subject immediately before us. I allude to the notion that we are bound peremptorily to admit a new State. What are the provisions of the treaty of cession? That until the ceded territory be admitted as States, the inhabitants shall have the immunities and rights of other citizens. A majority of the States at that time owned negroes, and their people had as much right to own a negro as I have to own a black horse or a black dog — a right never to be affected until they came into the Union as sovereign States. Is not this territory, covered by that provision, slave territory to all intents and purposes? I do not believe in the notion that we are bound to admit a Territory as a State when ever it applies. I know that one or two members of Congress, to whom I have spoken, asked me whether, under the Constitution, we were not forced to admit them? I say no. The Constitution provides: "New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of Congress." The notion seems to be entertained that when a Territory contains a certain number of people you must admit it as a State anyhow. I say it does not depend on the numerical amount of people there. I do not know whether they are Canadians, or Dutch, or other refugees from Europe, vagrants and vagabonds and speculators from all parts of the earth. I know of no census which justifies the statement that there are two hundred thousand people in Minnesota. I suppose it is like every other new country which is settled up. A man goes there, seizes a favorable locality, lithographs a plan of a city, makes out harbors and roads, and sends a flying fraud all over the country; and then comes to Congress to get appropriations and get a new State made. The moment you admit a Senator from this State he will be — as most of these men are, (I say nothing about anybody personally,) arrogant, assuming, pretentious, Free-Soilish, and Democratic. [Laughter.] He will set himself up as the emblem of

representative wisdom, like Pallas from the brain of Jove, full-grown and panoplied for armor and public plunder. He will ask for all manner of appropriations you can imagine. The territorial Delegates annoy us enough in the lobbies now, and I do not want to have Senators here from these places.

I do not think the Senator from Illinois should be so anxious for the passage of this measure. I give him and the outgoing Administration great thanks for their general justice towards the South; and if there be any virtue in State rights, we have had the benefit of it under Franklin Pierce. But, if we admit this State, what will be the consequence? Under the exigencies of the case, it has got so now that I suppose we are to have none but northern Presidents. We have lately had none but northern Vice Presidents. At the next race the Senator from New York has told you his party are coming up to a new battle; and the Senator from Massachusetts says that if they can only get a part of Illinois, and Indiana, and New Jersey, which I hope will never happen, they will at last be able to batter down the Democratic party proper. I suppose the gentleman from Illinois is a candidate for the Presidency; and I do not want to have this State of Minnesota come in and cast its electoral vote against him or me. I know this is a reason which I cannot address to him personally so as to strike him; but I do not wish to have Senators here from this new State to settle the rights of other Senators to seats. I do not wish them here to vote on the bill of my friend from Tennessee, [Mr. Bell,] who has brought in a scheme resembling Clay's land distribution bill. It is a good bill, and I give him my thanks for introducing it. I think he had better try and stick it on to this bill, and attempt in that way to give some justice to the old States; God knows we get nothing now. As I remarked a few days ago, such are the avaricious and exorbitant demands of the new State people, that if General Washington were to die today, he being from an old State, the new States would not give a piece of land two feet by six in which to inter him.

I have said that I want no Minnesota Senators here. Minnesota is a Territory belonging to us, and we have the power to make all needful rules and regulations for it. Instead of taking into partnership and full fellowship all these outside Territories and lost people of God's earth, I would say let us take them, if we must do it, and rule them as Great Britain rules Affghanistan, Hindostan,

Southern Opposition to Statehood

and all through the Punjaub, making them work for you as you would work a negro on a cotton or sugar plantation. I do not like the business of buying land and paying for it out of our money, and then selling it out under price, or giving it away to these people.

1851

*SALUBRIOUS MINNESOTA**

Minnesota Democrat

A DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIAN of the West, who lately visited our Territory remarked, that in a very short time it would become the greatest resort in the United States for invalids. We have no doubt of this fact. In the first place, Minnesota can be reached by invalids from all points, in steamboat or railroad connection with the Mississippi river, avoiding thereby unpleasant modes of conveyance. In a short time, continuous lines of railroad will extend from the East and South to Galena, at which point the traveler may embark on a commodious and elegant steamboat, for St. Paul. The trip from Galena to St. Paul is always healthy. When sickness prevails to the most alarming extent on the Ohio river and the Mississippi, below St. Louis, or even as high up as Galena, steamboat passengers travel in health and safety this side of the latter place. This is an interesting and important fact, which powerfully illustrates the health-giving qualities of our climate and its invaluable superiority in this regard, the most important of all others, over the States of the West, situated in what are considered by many, more genial latitudes.

It is the constant remark of visitors among us, old and young, that there is something in our atmosphere, or climate — they know not what — which exhilarates the mind and sharpens the appetite. We have seen many persons this season, arrive here in feeble health, languid and depressed in spirits, and after a short stay, depart renewed and refreshed in body and mind.

It will no longer be unknown, or doubted, that Minnesota possesses, in a degree unsurpassed, the two great elements of health: — A climate in harmony with the most perfect condition of the human body, responsive to the demands of every physical neces-

*St. Paul *Minnesota Democrat*, August 5, 1851.

sity; the picturesque scenery, the topographical grandeur, and the charming variety of natural beauty, combined with allurements to active enjoyments—the ride, the walk, excursions by land or water, fishing in silvery lakes, the hunt, and the innumerable rational sports suggested by our climate and natural advantages. These unite to gratify and exhilarate the mind of the invalid, and are of all physic the most pleasant, soothing and curative for the body.

In addition to natural advantages, art will contribute by her handiwork, the appliances, elegant and useful, essential to the comfort and gratification of visiting invalids.—The accommodations of our hotels in St. Paul, St. Anthony, and Stillwater, are not surpassed, if equalled, in any towns of like extent in the West. But these establishments do not satisfy the luxurious wants of the wealthy classes, who fly from the heat of the South and the dust of thronged cities, to more healthy, pleasant, or sequestered summer retreats. The increasing demand will soon supply hotels of the first class, furnished in the most sumptuous style.

A commencement has already been made. Dr. Borup, & Co., are now engaged in erecting a large hotel, on an eligible site, at the lower end of town, which we learn is designed for the accommodation of visitors from abroad, and will be provided with all the appointments of a first class hotel. It will be completed and opened by next spring.—The erection of others on a grand scale will no doubt soon follow.

Besides the inducements of a healthy climate and beautiful scenery to make Minnesota a favorite resort for invalids, there are scattered over the Territory many mineral springs. We have heard of several near the mouth of Rice Creek and Elk River, which are very strongly impregnated with medicinal qualities, the value of which can be discovered only by chemical analysis.

1856

MINNESOTA, LAND OF OPPORTUNITY*

John W. Bond

MINNESOTA is destined to assume a high rank among the states of the Union. The high-toned character of the population, so differ-

*John W. Bond, *Minnesota and Its Resources*, 229-33 (Chicago, 1856).

Minnesota, Land of Opportunity

ent from that usually found upon the frontier — their obedience to law — the zeal manifested in the cause of education, the disposition universally shown to make every sacrifice to place the prosperity of the territory upon a sure basis — the aversion felt to all schemes which may in any wise entail embarrassment or debt upon the future state, and the general anxiety to maintain the character of the territory unblemished, afford a sure guaranty of the moral principles by which the people will always be guided, and upon which their government will be conducted. The munificent grants of land made by Congress for the university and for the maintenance of common schools, will be husbanded with great care, so that the benefits of education may be extended to every one who is desirous to avail himself of such privileges. The population of the territory has more than quadrupled since the census of 1854, and it is morally certain that there will be an addition to it of thirty thousand souls in the lapse of another year. The immigration to Minnesota is composed of men who come with the well-founded assurance that, in a land where Nature has lavished her choicest gifts — where sickness has no dwelling place — where the dreaded cholera has claimed no victims — their toil will be amply rewarded, while their persons and property are fully protected by the broad shield of law. The sun shines not upon a fairer region — one more desirable as a home for the mechanic, the farmer and the laborer, or where their industry will be more surely requited — than Minnesota territory.

We shall raise cattle for those states where they can not do it so well. Our beef and horses will be as much more valuable than the same products of the states below us, as are the agricultural products of New England superior in quality to those of the general west. Our meats will have a higher flavor, and our horses more activity. We shall grow wool to great advantage, all the way to Pembina, five hundred miles north. We shall grow flax, and prepare it for the eastern market at our numerous places for water power. We shall export potatoes, a source of income which of itself would sustain us, as it now nearly sustains Nova Scotia. But I believe that our chiefest reliance as an article of export, will be our manufactured lumber. We have facilities for this branch of business that can scarcely be found elsewhere. All the states on the Mississippi, two thousand miles to its mouth, and the West Indies and Mexico, would be our natural markets for this production. No

section of the world could compete with us. The pine may here be converted, and principally by machinery, into a thousand forms — from a meetinghouse to a noggin. St. Anthony will delight to fill orders.

In the order of things it can not be but the mines on our lake shore will be the foundation for wealthy towns, the lake itself the field of the most important fisheries, and as a consequence, there will be avenues of trade opened between the head of southern and northern navigation. The capital of distant cities emulous for this trade will be invested in these works. Labor will flow in at the call of capital, and population will increase in ratio with the profits of such investments. There are a hundred topics of intellectual speculation like these, that I might take up, but our chickens are so many that I will not attempt to count them, but ask the world to come and see them hatch.

We have the attractive country, and with these sources of population at our command, who can even approximate to a correct estimate of our future increase? I will certainly be safe to anticipate the proportional increase for the next five years, as equal to at least double that of any other portion of the west during the *past* five years.

I hope that thousands of immigration companies will be formed during the present year, and that those engaged in organizing them will not overlook the superior advantages of Minnesota. I sincerely believe that no other portion of the west presents so many attractions to the enterprising immigrant as our own territory. A large portion of it is situated upon the navigable headwaters and tributaries of the Mississippi, thus being in intimate communication with the richest and most thriving portion of the Union.

Most of the lands so situated are in the Sioux country, and may be taken possession of by actual settlers before they come into market, and fall into the hands of speculators. Those who enrich the soil by their labor ought to be its owners. Although we entertain this opinion, we condemn no man for speculating in land. While the system of land speculation continues, every one is justified in striving to share in its advantages.

No fact is more evident, than that both the settlers and the territory would be in a far more prosperous condition, if our lands were owned by none but those who occupy or improve them by their own labor and capital.

Minnesota, Land of Opportunity

The Sioux treaties having been ratified by the senate of the United States, more than twenty millions of acres of land are open for settlement, *before it can be surveyed* — BEFORE IT CAN BE MONOPOLISED BY SPECULATORS. The sun never shone upon a more beautiful or fertile land. A more salubrious country, old or new, exists not in the broad domain of the east or west.

Go to work, men, in the states — men of industry, enterprise, and intelligence. Organize your emigration companies, shake the dust from your feet, and hasten on to the wild lands of Minnesota, which bid you take them, without money and without price.

You will have nothing more to do than come and take possession of the lands. Your "claims" thus made will be a sufficient title till these lands shall have been surveyed and brought into market.

From the Iowa line to the Minnesota river — from the Mississippi reaching beyond the head-waters of the Blue-Earth, lays a broad scope of territory, unsurpassed in all the necessary qualities of a richly-favored agricultural country — rolling prairies, heavy timber, well watered, and quite exempt from malarious influences. So easy of access, that navigable rivers wash two sides for hundreds of miles in length. Those who settle upon the Minnesota will have steamboats at their doors, while those who fill up the more central portions will not wait long for the iron road.

No kind of evil conduct on the part of the press or individual writers, is more apprehensible, or should be condemned with more severity, than that of deliberately planning the inveigling and misleading of immigrants by false representations and exaggerated coloring to valueless property.

The majority of home-seekers from foreign parts have a nice little sum of gold carefully stowed away, the fruit of years of toil and saving, which, upon landing in a new and strange country, is their present dependence, and upon the wise disposal of which their future happiness and prosperity mainly depend.

While our newspapers and writers have said very much in favor of settling in Minnesota — have insisted strongly upon her agricultural, mercantile, and lumbering interests, they have dealt very little in exaggerated statements, or inflated inducements.

Much excitement prevails about this time on the subject of towns in the valley of the Minnesota river. Now, honestly speaking, there is not a city from its mouth to its source. That bustle, activity, and enterprise, are busy at many charming eligible points

is true, and it is not less true, that towns will grow up in the valley, which most of the older writers call a second Nile. But the towns are yet *in futuro*.

The offering of lots in these sites for sale at reasonable prices, can not be considered an illegitimate speculation. We all know that the Minnesota valley is unsurpassed in beauty and fertility, and as a charming place of residence, where industry will be rewarded by an overflowing abundance, which has but few places to equal it.

That a dense population will soon crowd the banks of the river, and that, at the favorable points, these people will congregate together, forming towns and cities, there can be no doubt; then, should the rise in property hold in any proportion to that in St. Paul, it is hard to say what lots really are worth in the best located town-plots at this moment.

It can not be expected that we shall feel as much interest in the creation of these towns as the settling of the agricultural portion of the country. It pains me to think that tens of thousands are toiling in the far East, upon a stingy, beggarly, wornout soil, yielding scarcely sufficient to keep soul and body together, while in that delicious valley the most luxuriant growths fall uncropped to the ground. With the voice of a Stentor, Minnesota might proclaim to all nations, "Come unto me all ye who are hungry and naked, and I will feed and clothe ye." But she should add, "Bring a good stock of industry, ambition, patience, and perseverance, and don't expect to find large cities, with marble palaces, but a rich, open soil, with plenty of wood and stone for building." Armed with fortitude and a small capital, we say come, and when you come, go to work, and blessings will rapidly multiply around you.

IV.

From Furs to Mighty Industry

THE STORY of Minnesota's economic progress runs like a bright thread through the history of the state. At first, in the French and British periods, the colorful trapper, working for some great fur company, ran his lines of death-claws. The endless search for pelts continued on, of course, into the American period, but by that time, when the wilderness slowly was being transformed into peaceful farms, other plans for profit were under way. Steamboating became big business. Before long, Minnesota became known for its waving wheat fields and its flour mills. The story of agriculture is continued by Peter M. Gideon, eccentric who developed the Wealthy apple, and in an account of Grimm alfalfa. The contributions of Joseph La Croix to the milling industry enabled America to process a finer flour than ever before. In the very early period, men from New England began to send lumberjacks, warm and fancy in checked shirts and with spikes in their boots, into camps along the Mississippi, St. Croix, and Rum rivers to hew down mighty white pines. From Minnesota came lumber with which the Middle West was built. Two articles from Harper's Magazine picture in dramatic fashion the lumbering and wheat industries.

The rise of mining — the "red gold" of Minnesota — is told by two of the state's earliest and most distinguished geologists. The Winchells, father and son, made many natural history surveys, but nowhere do they describe more adequately the search for ore than in the readable passage quoted.

Big business, of course, took other forms than fur companies, lumbering outfits, agriculture, and mining corporations. Railroad-

ing played a necessary role in the development of the state. As early as 1847, Increase A. Lapham had mapped the routes of two railroads, and three years later, a route was proposed to tap the Pacific Northwest. James J. Hill, "Empire Builder," tells in his own words of the part the Great Northern played in the settlement of a great region.

1789

ORGANIZATION OF THE FUR BUSINESS*

Alexander Mackenzie

THE AGENTS are obliged to order the necessary goods from England in the month of October, eighteen months before they can leave Montreal; that is, they are not shipped from London until the spring following, when they arrive in Canada in the summer. In the course of the following winter they are made up into such articles as are required for the savages; they are then packed into parcels of ninety pounds weight each, but cannot be sent from Montreal until the May following; so that they do not get to market until the ensuing winter, when they are exchanged for furs, which come to Montreal the next fall, and from thence are shipped, chiefly to London, where they are not sold or paid for before the succeeding spring, or even as late as June; which is forty-two months after the goods were ordered in Canada; thirty-six after they had been shipped from England, and twenty-four after they had been forwarded from Montreal; so that the merchant, allowing that he has twelve months' credit, does not receive a return to pay for those goods, and the necessary expenses attending them, which is about equal to the value of the goods themselves, till two years after they are considered as cash, which makes this a very heavy business. There is even a small proportion of it that requires twelve months longer to bring round the payment, going to the immense distance it is carried, and from the shortness of the seasons, which prevent the furs, even after they are collected, from coming out of the country for that period.

*Alexander Mackenzie, *Voyages from Montreal through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans in 1789 and 1793 with an Account of the Rise and State of the Fur Trade*, 1: xlix-lvi (Toronto, 1911).

Organization of the Fur Business

The articles necessary for this trade, are coarse woollen cloths of different kinds; milled blankets of different sizes; arms and ammunition; twist and carrot tobacco; Manchester goods; linens, and coarse sheetings; thread, lines, and twine; common hardware; cutlery and ironmongery of several descriptions; kettles of brass and copper, and sheetiron; silk and cotton handkerchiefs, hats, shoes, and hose; calicoes and printed cottons, etc., etc., etc. Spirituous liquors and provisions are purchased in Canada. These, and the expense of transport to and from the Indian country, including wages to clerks, interpreters, guides, and canoe-men, with the expense of making up the goods for the market, form about half the annual amount against the adventure.

This expenditure in Canada ultimately tends to the encouragement of British manufactory, for those who are employed in the different branches of this business, are enabled by their gains to purchase such British articles as they must otherwise forego.

The produce of the year of which I am now speaking, consisted of the following furs and peltries:

106,000 Beaver skins,	6,000 Lynx skins,
2,100 Bear skins,	600 Wolverine skins,
1,500 Fox skins,	1,650 Fisher skins,
4,000 Kitt Fox skins,	100 Rackoon skins,
4,600 Otter skins,	3,800 Wolf skins,
17,000 Musquash skins,	700 Elk skins,
32,000 Marten skins,	750 Deer skins,
1,800 Mink skins,	1,200 Deer skins dressed,
500 Buffalo robes, and a quantity of castorum.	

Of these were diverted from the British market, being sent through the United States to China, 13,364 skins, fine beaver, weighing 19,283 pounds; 1,250 fine otters, and 1,724 kitt foxes. They would have found their way to the China market at any rate, but this deviation from the British channel arose from the following circumstance:

An adventure of this kind was undertaken by a respectable house in London, half concerned with the North-West Company, in the year 1792. The furs were of the best kind, and suitable to the market; and the adventurers continued this connexion for five successive years, to the annual amount of forty thousand pounds.

At the winding up of the concern of 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, in the year 1797 (the adventure of 1796 not being included, as the furs were not sent to China, but disposed of in London), the North-West Company experienced a loss of upwards of £40,000 (their half), which was principally owing to the difficulty of getting home the produce procured in return for the furs from China, in the East India Company's ships, together with the duty payable, and the various restrictions of that company. Whereas, from America there are no impediments; they get immediately to market, and the produce of them is brought back, and perhaps sold in the course of twelve months. From such advantages, the furs of Canada will no doubt find their way to China by America, which would not be the case if British subjects had the same privileges that are allowed to foreigners, as London would then be found the best and safest market.

But to return to our principal subject. We shall now proceed [*sic*] to consider the number of men employed in the concern: viz., fifty clerks, seventy-one interpreters and clerks, one thousand one hundred and twenty canoe-men, and thirty-five guides. Of these, five clerks, eighteen guides, and three hundred and fifty canoe-men, were employed for the summer season in going from Montreal to the Grande Portage, in canoes, part of whom proceeded from thence to Rainy Lake, as will be hereafter explained, and are called Porkeaters, or Goers and Comers. These were hired in Canada or Montreal, and were absent from the 1st of May till the latter end of September. For this trip the guides had from eight hundred to a thousand livres, and a suitable equipment; the foreman and steersman from four to six hundred livres; the middle-men from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty livres, with an equipment of one blanket, one shirt, and one pair of trowsers; and were maintained during that period at the expense of their employers. Independent of their wages, they were allowed to traffic, and many of them earned to the amount of their wages. About one-third of these went to winter, and had more than double the above wages and equipment. All the winterers were hired by the year, and sometimes for three years; and of the clerks many were apprentices, who were generally engaged for five or seven years, for which they had only one hundred pounds, provision and clothing. Such of them who could not be provided for as partners, at the expiration of this time, were allowed from

Organization of the Fur Business

one hundred pounds to three hundred pounds per annum, with all necessities, till provision was made for them. Those who acted in the two-fold capacity of clerk and interpreter, or were so denominated, had no other expectation than the payment of wages to the amount of from one thousand to four thousand livres per annum, with clothing and provisions. The guides, who are a very useful set of men, acted also in the additional capacity of interpreters, and had a stated quantity of goods, considered as sufficient for their wants, their wages being from one to three thousand livres. The canoe-men are of two descriptions, foremen and steersmen, and middlemen. The two first were allowed annually one thousand two hundred, and the latter eight hundred, livres each. The first class had what is called an equipment, consisting of two blankets, two shirts, two pair of trowsers, two handkerchiefs, fourteen pounds of carrot tobacco, and some trifling articles. The latter had ten pounds of tobacco, and all the other articles: those are called North Men, or Winterers; and to the last class of people were attached upwards of seven hundred Indian women and children, victualled at the expence of the company.

The first class of people are hired in Montreal five months before they set out, and receive their equipments, and one-third of their wages in advance; and an adequate idea of the labour they undergo may be formed from the following account of the country through which they pass, and their manner of proceeding.

The necessary number of canoes being purchased, at about three hundred livres each, the goods formed into packages, and the lakes and rivers free of ice, which they usually are in the beginning of May, they are then despatched from La Chine, eight miles above Montreal, with eight or ten men in each canoe, and their baggage; and sixty-five packages of goods, six hundred weight of biscuit, two hundred weight of pork, three bushels of pease, for the men's provision; two oil-cloths to cover the goods, a sail, etc., an axe, a towing-line, a kettle, and a sponge to bail out the water, with a quantity of gum, bark, and watape, to repair the vessel. An European on seeing one of these slender vessels thus laden, heaped up, and sunk with her gunwale within six inches of the water, would think his fate inevitable in such a boat, when he reflected on the nature of the voyage; but the Canadians are so expert that few accidents happen.

1816-1834

*HOW THE AMERICAN FUR COMPANY
CONDUCTED ITS AFFAIRS**

Robert Stuart

ROBERT STUART, of Detroit, being sworn, deposes:

Question. How long have you resided in this country?

Answer. I have been engaged in the trade since 1816, and conducted the affairs of the American Fur Company, at Mackinac, from that time to 1834; from which place the goods have been distributed through all this country. Before this time, as far back as 1810, I went beyond the Rocky Mountains, engaged in this trade, in partnership with J. J. Astor, and returned to the United States in 1813.

Question. Have you or not any, and if yea, what knowledge of the Indian trade?

Answer. I have a general knowledge of its economy, and of the mode of carrying it on, both by the Indians with the traders, and *vice versa*.

Question. Have you or have you not ever been engaged in Indian trade with the tribe inhabiting the State of Michigan and the Territories of Wisconsin and Iowa; and if yea, how long and to what extent?

Answer. From the year 1817 to 1834, as agent for the American Fur Company, and generally as extensively as there was trade with the Indian tribes. We either sold goods to traders, where we had not a post, or sent out traders and goods ourselves.

Question. Do you or do you not know that it is the universal custom of those engaged in the Indian trade to credit a large proportion of their goods to Indians every year?

Answer. Yes, sir; it is the custom to credit a large proportion of the capital, from one half to one third.

Question. If a trader should refuse to give credits to Indians, when they require it, what would be the consequence both to the trader and to the Indians?

Answer. The consequence to the Indians would be that they

*Robert Stuart, "Testimony upon Usages of Indian Trade," in *House Executive Documents*, Serial 349, No. 229, pp. 36-42 (Washington, D. C., 1838).

How the American Fur Company Conducted Its Affairs

would be unable to prosecute their hunt. From their improvidence, when the trader goes to them in the fall with his goods, he has to equip them with all the necessities, else they would not only be unable to prosecute the hunt, but would starve or perish. The consequence, of course, to the trader, would be the destruction of his trade, since the Indians would be unable to hunt; and, in many cases, the Indians would take the goods by force. I have heard, in two or three instances, from our traders, that such has been the fact. In some cases they were forced to credit, and in others the goods have been actually taken from them.

Question. Do you or do you not believe that the Indian trade could be carried on to any extent without credit being given to them?

Answer. I do not believe it could.

Question. What amount or proportion of capital, according to your experience and knowledge, do you believe a trader must necessarily credit the Indians during each year?

Answer. This is a point which has always caused me much trouble, consideration, and consultation with the traders, because it was almost the only source of loss in the trade. By the best information I could collect from various sections of the country and the different traders, from one half to one third of the amount they trusted the Indians was annually lost; and this experience was confirmed in several cases where books of credit were correctly kept, and the amounts of capital ascertained; a few exceptions more, a few less. Thus, the trader, in trusting the Indians, added to the original cost of his goods, on the average, one hundred per cent., to cover expenses and yield him his profit on the trade. In our frontier towns and villages, where the expenses are small, the advance would probably be seventy-five per cent.; but far in the interior it would probably be two hundred per cent.; but, on the average, with the Winnebagoes, it was about one hundred per cent.; therefore, the trader lost by bad debts say one third of his original capital, or one sixth of the amount he sells at one hundred per cent. advance. The trader charges, in general, about the same on credit and in furs, if the opposition (in trade) is not strong; then the trader trades as he can, sometimes even at first cost, and at times for much less, even as low as one half, (but this is rare,) from ambition to get the furs and favor of the Indians, &c.

Question. What amount or proportion of the goods credited by

traders, according to your best knowledge or experience, remains unpaid and entirely lost to the trader each year?

Answer. From one third to one half, with but few exceptions.

Question. What is the custom amongst the Indians, as respects the payment of their debts to their traders, after the lapse of two or three years after contracting the debts.

Answer. I have never known an instance of their paying, individually, after two or three years, and they seldom pay after the year's hunt in which the credit is made; but I have heard of instances in which some individuals paid out of the ensuing year's hunt, if very successful. It is seldom they can pay, and most have not the disposition to do so; and the trader has no means of compelling them. Most of them, after the lapse of a year, will not even acknowledge the debt; this is partly (I believe) owing to some instances in which they acknowledged their debts, and were put in jail, which has made them very wary.

Question. Do or do not the Indians consider that after a debt is due for several years it becomes a national debt, and is not a debt against the individuals?

Answer. The traders have no hope of receiving payment after a few years from the individual; but I cannot exactly say in what light they consider the debt. I have heard them accuse the tribe of owing them large debts, and having thereby ruined them; and I have known the Indians acknowledge it, and make them donations at treaties; for instance, those of Chicago in 1833, and Mackinac in 1836. Since treaties have been made, and the United States have agreed to pay Indian debts under them, the debts have, as far as I know, been considered national, and not individual; but prior to that period the trader considered the debt as lost, for the Indians had no means of paying; hence their carelessness about their credit books.

Question. Were these individual debts considered as national when contracted; or has not that character been given to them within the last few years? If yea, how long?

Answer. They were not; they have only been considered such since the Government has agreed to pay said debts under treaties.

Question. Do or do not traders with the Indians keep and preserve regular accounts and books? Why do not the traders preserve the books of Indian trade?

Answer. Most of the traders have been illiterate men; some

How the American Fur Company Conducted Its Affairs

could not write at all, and could not afford to keep clerks. Such kept their accounts of credits by hieroglyphics, or by notches on a stick, with some mark to designate the Indian, &c. Most of those who could write kept a rough book or sketch of accounts for a year or two, when they were considered of no value, and often destroyed, used as waste paper, or thrown aside. I myself had many of them thrown away. Few of the traders, even of the present day, do or can keep books; most of them continued careless, in consequence of the manner in which payments have generally been made heretofore, under treaties: that is, by allowing so much to individuals by treaty, or admitting and asking for no other evidence than the amount of capital, and reasonable testimony of the probable loss, where no books were produced.

Question. What profits do Indian traders, on an average, charge upon their goods?

Answer. When they keep store in a frontier town or village, generally about 75 per cent.; when they go to a great distance, say to the head of lake Superior, upper St. Peter's, &c., from 150 to 200 per cent.; with the Winnebagoes, who are not very far in the interior, about 100 per cent., I believe, will be near the average.

Question. Is it or not the custom of Indian traders to add costs and charges to invoice prices, and charge a profit upon the aggregate amount?

Answer. The trader must, of course, add cost, charges, and profit on his original invoice. The American Fur Company at Mackinac, in making out their invoices, charged on the original cost of goods at New York and in England the charges to Mackinac, and on this cost the trader added his advance.

Question. What difference is usually made in the price of goods sold in the Indian country and at the settlement from whence the outfit is sent?

Answered in 14. [Previous question.]

Question. What are the expenses of an outfit or adventure of goods to the remote trading posts among the Winnebagoes?

Answer. In general, on the watercourses, I believe about 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent.; in parts of the Rock river country, where horses had to be employed to transport the goods and carry back the furs, about 40 per cent.

Question. Is or is not a trader at a remote trading post obliged to credit a greater proportion of his goods than he who trades at a

large settlement or town; and is not the loss of the former much greater than that of the latter, in proportion to his capital?

Answer. The trader who goes inland is obliged to give much more on credit, because in frontier towns there are many stores where an Indian can get credit; and the trader is obliged to make large credits, at times, inland, else he might be robbed — and there have been instances where they have. The risk is greater inland, because he cannot compel the Indians to pay; but the trader in a town, on the contrary, has the Indian in his power, if he return there.

Question. Has or has not the trade of the American Fur Company been profitable in each of the series of years in which you have acted as their agent, from 1816 to 1834? If yea, in what years has it been unprofitable; to what extent, and to what cause do you attribute it?

Answer. The American Fur Company, from 1817 to 1824, lost about \$45,000; since that period, they have made money some years, and lost others; deponent cannot recollect the particular years, but, on the whole, they have made some money; but with the exception of a very few years, on the trade, their main sources of profit were from selling their goods to individuals, and in purchasing furs from traders and others, which they shipped, principally, to China, Turkey, Germany, France, England, &c.; and, even with this advantage, they would, perhaps, have made little profit, had not the wealth of Mr. Astor enabled them to keep furs on hand, at times for years, when the market was low, and still furnish means to carry on the trade. The chief source of loss in the trade is by bad debts to the Indians, which the traders cannot avoid. Sometimes there is a loss by fall of furs; but then there is a gain by the rise, which will equal the loss in a series of years.

Question. Has or has not the trade, from 1816 to 1834, been profitable to individual traders? If yea, in what years has it been most disastrous?

Answer. I know of but three individual traders who made money; I think one of them left us with about \$12,000, one with about \$6,000, and one with about \$3,000 or \$4,000; and this was in a long series of years. Most of the traders owed us largely; some of them gave us land, others compromised for a trifle, and have since paid through money got by treaties or half-breed claims; to many we gave up all. I may safely say that nine traders out of ten have

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been ruined by the trade; some begin, now, to see better days, by securing favorable locations of land; others have got something through treaties and half-breed claims, which enable them to live.

Question. Have or have not the profits upon goods sold to the Indians, by traders fitted out by the American Fur Company, been uniform, or have they varied in different years? If yea, in what years and to what extent?

Answer. I believe the traders vary their profits but little, if any; nor do I know that they did at all. This would give great discontent to the Indians, and incline them to cheat the traders out of their credits. There may have been some trifling variations with some traders, when opposition was strong; but if so, small and seldom; for a regular trader must keep up his character for truth, integrity, and fair dealing, else they will soon despise him.

Question. What capital was employed by the American Fur Company in the trade in the year 1816, and what has been the capital employed in each succeeding year to 1834?

Answer. The capital of the American Fur Company, by charter was \$300,000; but the capital employed in the trade was annually from say \$600,000 to \$800,000, exclusive of large sums, lying sometimes dormant for years, in unsold furs.

Question. What has been the aggregate profit of the American Fur Company, from 1816 to 1834?

Answer. I have not a correct knowledge of the transactions of the company in general, as an agency was established at St. Louis for the trade of Missouri, &c., one at Detroit for that region, and the parent concern at New York. At Mackinac agency there was a loss from 1817 to 1824, of about \$45,000; from 1824 to 1834, a gain, I think, of about \$362,000, exclusive of annual interest, including the profits on furs bought, goods sold, &c.

Gain from 1824 to 1827	-	-	-	-	-	\$167,000
Gain from 1827 to 1834	-	-	-	-	-	195,000
						<hr/> 362,000
Deduct loss from 1817 to 1824	-	-	-	-	-	45,000
Gain from 1817 to 1834	-	-	-	-	-	<hr/> \$317,000

I do not mean on our trade with the Indians alone, nor can I state to be presented before you by Mr. Dousman. We probably had a small profit in 1825, 1826, 1827, and 1828, on the Winnebago trade

the proportion. There was a profit on our trade with the Sioux of upper Mississippi, a profit on the lake Superior trade, a profit on the Pottawatamie trade; since 1825 to 1830, a profit on the Ottawa trade of lake Michigan, a loss on the Menomonie trade, and the Chippewas about Mackinac and St. Mary's; I think a small loss on the Winnebago trade here, as will appear by the company's books, of the Chicago trade, as muskrats were then plenty; but a loss before and after those years, but not heavy.

Question. What number of traders with the Indians were generally employed by the branch of the fur company at Mackinac, what was the usual yearly outfit for each, and what proportion of the traders dealt with the Winnebagoes?

Answer. The trade from Mackinac was carried on in three different modes: to some we sold the goods; to some we paid salary, who traded exclusively on our account; and with others we were interested in profit or loss. I think there were, in all concerned with us in these various ways, eighty to one hundred traders, *great* and small, who received outfits, say \$2,000 to \$80,000 or \$90,000; for instance, Mr. Rolette got, sometimes, this last amount, and divided it among ten to fifteen under traders. Others got \$20,000 or \$30,000, who acted in a similar manner.

There were employed by the company with the Winnebagoes, I think, three in the Chicago country, with a capital of about \$5,000; how many Mr. Rolette employed here I am not certain, but believe three. I do not know the amount of their outfits; Mr. Dousman does. We had no direct dealing with those near Green Bay, except one outfit, in 1818, of about \$2,000. The people there got the goods from us, and traded with them.

Question. Where did the American Fur Company purchase their goods, and where did the traders?

Answer. The American Fur Company purchased their goods mostly in Europe and New York — part in China. Other traders purchased generally in New York, Detroit, Mackinac, Green Bay, St. Louis, and Montreal.

Question. What was the ————— or aggregate capital of the traders with the Winnebago Indians not in the employment of the company, so far as you know; and what the average outfit of Indian traders not in the employment of the company?

Answer. This question I cannot answer with certainty, but think others than those employed by the company had an aggre-

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gate capital per annum of \$22,000 or \$25,000; to which add 100 per cent., the price at which they were sold to the Indians, \$44,000 to \$50,000; this includes those we furnished with goods on their own account at Green Bay, &c. The American Fur Company had on the Mississippi, say \$8,000, and in the Chicago country \$6,000 or \$7,000, making, with the addition of the 100 per cent., \$28,000; in all, \$78,000.

I think there were generally from twenty-five to thirty traders, their outfits ranging from \$1,000 to \$6,000, as sold to the Indians. There may be some exceptions, where some few had more or less than stated. I am inclined to think the above calculation is short of the amount annually traded, as it is only about \$13 per head, or about \$65 for a family of five, where it ought to be about \$100, or \$20 per head, on the average — certainly not less than \$80 per family, or \$16 per head.

Question. What inducements, so far as you know, had the company or other traders to prosecute a trade apparently so unprofitable?

Answer. Previous to the late war with Great Britain, in 1810, Mr. Astor embarked largely in the fur trade, and sent, in connexion with several of us, who afterwards became interested in the American Fur Company, an expedition of about one hundred and twenty men, with ships, goods, &c., to establish a colony and the fur trade on the Columbia river, having a promise of protection and aid from the Government, (Mr. Jefferson in particular;) but during the war the British captured the place, and most of our people returned home across the continent. At the close of the war it was supposed that fur would be very plenty within our limits, as most of the Indians had joined the British army, and neglected their hunts for several years. This induced Mr. Astor and company to associate themselves with a few gentlemen of Canada, who were conversant with the Indian trade within the United States — for previous to that period the trade was principally carried on by British traders. In 1815 or 1816 it proved that game was, as anticipated, very plenty, and the trade profitable.

At that period Congress passed a law prohibiting foreign traders from coming within our limits, and Mr. Astor and company were induced to buy out the interest of the Canada gentlemen, expecting the trade to continue lucrative; but no sooner was it restricted to American citizens only, than numbers engaged, so that

opposition soon became strong and numerous; the game also soon began to diminish, and, consequently, the Indians were unable to pay their debts, which were too freely made, partly owing to the excitement caused by so much opposition, as well as from an old established habit of the British and French traders to trust largely, which was encouraged by their Governments, to keep up their influence with them; and this the traders (previous to the war) were enabled to do, as they paid our Government pretty much what duties they chose on the Northwestern frontier. This may account principally for the company's continued losses from 1817 to 1824; about which time, several more formidable opposing houses failed, or gave up the trade; which gave the company some hope of doing better. Before this, however, some of its members would willingly have retired, but could not without great sacrifice, having every year large inventories of disassorted goods, horses, boats, trading establishments, &c., at Mackinac, and scattered all over the Indian country, amounting at times to about \$200,000, which could not be disposed of nor turned to account otherwise. Mr. Astor had also a very great partiality for the Indian trade, and prided himself, somewhat, on not failing in his undertaking.

After 1824, you will perceive that the company made some profit, and we were always in hopes of making more; but opposition continued too strong to enable any person or company to make the trade really lucrative, as the United States Government can testify; for the Government carried on the trade against us for a number of years, and lost, I think, about half a million, as the reports before Congress will show; they were then satisfied, and wisely retired, leaving the traders to fight each other.

Several of the principal traders, previous to the war, had made some money; for then there was less opposition, and game was more plenty. Most of these continued after the war, for various reasons, viz; future hopes of less opposition, better hunts, or better prices for furs. They also had inventories of goods, houses, cattle, boats, &c., which they could not dispose of. The losses of many fell, nominally, on themselves; but, in reality, on those from whom they procured goods. So long as such could purchase supplies on credit, they continued a mode of life which, above all others, suited their tastes and habits; and, while it held out vague prospects of future gain, afforded the means of present support; gradually

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assimilating to those among us whom their life was spent, they looked not beyond the present hour. Many of them had, also, taken Indian women for wives; had families by them; besides, they felt themselves unfit to return to the pursuits and habits of civilized life. In 1818, and subsequently, the company brought into the Indian country a number of young men, as clerks; and most of these soon took wives, and got attached to that mode of life; for *it* has its pleasantness as well as privations. A man is at liberty to live and act pretty much as he pleases; he has fishing and hunting in abundance, and commands all around him, unless "*the grey mare should prove the better horse.*"

In a few years he has a family of half-breed children to take care of; which, if nothing else would, are sufficient to prevent his return to former friends or family. He soon aspires, also, to become a *bourgeois* or trader, not believing, however many have failed of making money before him, but he *must* succeed. Flushed with this *youthful* hope, and that of being as great a man as any in the country, (except, perhaps, General Jackson,) he invests in an outfit the few hundred or thousand dollars he may have saved as clerk, and soon after you have him on the treaty grounds, telling you his melancholy story of depredations and lost credits, with many other mishaps, the half of which a stranger can hardly credit, nor conceive of the motives which could induce a man to continue in such a situation; and I can give none that are more satisfactory than the above, and the constant expectation that the Indians will make a better hunt the ensuing years; the furs sell to greater profit, &c.; just as the West India merchant hopes his next voyage will be profitable; and thus ventures on until he is ruined, (against all experience,) as is the case with most of those who engage in that hazardous business; but now and then a great voyage is made, which keeps up the infatuation. I fear that I have trespassed on your time and patience.

1823 - 1850

*STEAMBOATS ON THE MINNESOTA**

Thomas Hughes

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT to enter the Minnesota river was the Virginia on May 10th, 1823. She was not a large vessel, being only 118 feet long by 22 feet wide, and she only ascended as far as Mendota and Fort Snelling, which during the period between the years 1820 and 1848 were about the only points of importance in the territory now embraced within our state. Hence all the boats navigating the upper Mississippi in those days had to enter the Minnesota to reach these terminal points.

Except for these landings at its mouth, and save that in 1842 a small steamer with a party of excursionists on board ascended it as far as the old Indian village near Shakopee, no real attempt was made to navigate the Minnesota with steamboats until 1850. Prior to this time it was not seriously thought that the river was navigable to any great distance for any larger craft than a keel boat, and the demonstration to the contrary, then witnessed, has made that year notable in the history of the state.

In June, 1850, the Anthony Wayne, a Mississippi river boat in charge of Captain Daniel Able, arrived at St. Paul with a party of St. Louis people. They were a jolly crowd, and to enliven their trip had brought with them a small band of music from Quincy, Illinois. Just then there was quite a freshet in the Minnesota, and it was suggested to Captain Able that to entertain his guests he take his boat on an excursion up this river, then little known, to see the country. The people of St. Paul were soon enlisted in the project, and a purse of \$225 was raised to defray the expense.

On the day set, Friday, the 28th of June, early in the morning the Anthony Wayne, with her decks crowded with one hundred and fourteen of St. Paul's prominent citizens and the seventy St. Louis people, started on her memorable journey up the Minnesota. All nature seemed propitious. The day clear and balmy, the luxuriant vegetation freshened by recent showers, and the river full to the brim, glistening like silver between its winding avenues of

*Thomas Hughes, "History of Steamboating on the Minnesota," in *Minnesota Historical Collections*, vol. 10, pt. 1, pp. 133-37 (St. Paul, 1905).

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trees gaily decked and festooned in varied green, all combined to make a glorious paradise of this most charming of valleys. Louis Pelon and Thomas J. Odell, because of their acquaintance with the river, acted as pilots.

At Fort Snelling our excursionists found Captain Monroe with only fifty men in charge and expecting every moment to be summoned to Sauk Rapids to quell a disturbance by the Winnebagoes, which happened the next day. Here the military band, under the lead of Mr. Jackson, joined the excursion.

The first point of note above the fort, and at a distance of about three miles by land from it, was Black Dog's village, comprising a row of huts and tepees ranged on the brow of the north bluff. The intervening ground between the bluff and the river was covered with patches of corn and beans, which the squaws were busily hoeing. Near by on the same side of the river, but close to its banks, they passed Man Cloud's village.

Five or six miles beyond (by land measure), Good Road's village stood on the south bank. About ten miles farther, and on the same side of the river, lay Six's village, where Samuel Pond had his mission station. Nearly opposite the present village of Chaska was a village of Wahpahton Sioux, where Louis Robert had a trading post, for which the boat unloaded some goods. At the foot of the rapids near Carver our steamer overtook a keel boat bearing the name "Rocky Mountains," whose crew were engaged in the arduous task of forcing their boat up the rushing waters by dragging it with a long rope passed around a tree above and by pushing it with their long poles. The Wayne concluded not to attempt the rapids, and turned her prow homeward.

The fuel having given out, the boat crew made a raid on an Indian cemetery close at hand, and replenished their stock from the dry poles and pickets there found. This vandalism was probably excused on the ground of necessity, no other dry wood being available. Be that as it may, it is certain that the steam generated by this funereal fuel soon carried the Wayne and her happy burden home. The voyage had proven eminently successful, and the people were wild with their praise of the river and the beautiful country it drained.

Emulous of the Wayne's achievement, the Nominee, a rival boat in command of Captain Orren Smith, got up another excursion party, and on the 12th of July sailed up the river, and passing

the formidable rapids planted her shingle three miles above, and then returned home in triumph.

The Wayne, not to be thus outdone by a rival, on the 18th of the same month, with a third excursion on board, ascended again the now famous river. The Fort Snelling band participated also in this journey. Passing the rapids and the shingle of the Nominee on the first day, the Wayne spent her second night at Traverse des Sioux. Here the missionaries, Messrs. Hopkins and Huggins and their families, extended generous hospitality; and the next morning they joined the party in their further progress up the river. After partaking of a picnic dinner at the bend in the river two or three miles below the present city of Mankato, our excursionists turned the prow of the Wayne homeward, whence arriving they swelled the praise of the beautiful valley of the Minnesota more than ever.

Incited by the success of these boats, the Yankee, a steamer belonging to the Harris line, determined to outdo them all. Accordingly a big excursion, comprising most of the prominent officials and business men of St. Paul, was organized, and on Monday, the 22nd day of July, this ambitious little boat steamed into the mouth of the Minnesota. She was officered by M. K. Harris, captain, J. S. Armstrong, pilot, G. W. Scott, first engineer, and G. L. Sargent, second engineer. The Fort Snelling band was again in requisition. Late on the afternoon of the second day the boat passed Traverse des Sioux, where the missionaries had just harvested a small field of wheat, probably the first ever raised in the valley. It certainly was fitting that this first year of steamboating in the valley should also be the first year to grow that commodity which was to play so important a part in the river's traffic.

The second night was spent at the upper end of Kasota prairie. It was a charming moonlight night, and a number of the Yankee's party held a dance on the grassy floor of this level plateau. The band furnished music (some of the dancers said that several mosquito bands were out too.)

Early Wednesday the Yankee started up stream again, soon passing the sign the Anthony Wayne had fastened to a neighboring tree the week before. On the mound at the mouth of the Blue Earth our travelers found a small Indian trading post, belonging to H. H. Sibley, in charge of a Frenchman. Discovering here in the sand what seemed to be pieces of cannel coal, they were told

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by the Frenchman that two or three miles up the Blue Earth there was a solid bed of coal four feet thick in a bluff. This must have been the same wonderful bluff in which Le Sueur found his copper mine, but as no such bluff was ever afterward known in that locality, and as the Frenchman also mysteriously disappeared, there may be some ground for the report that he stole it, or it may have been all "bluff," a French "bluff."

By the third evening the boat reached a point a little above the present village of Judson in Blue Earth county. Even thus late in the season (July 24th), the stage of water in the river was excellent, and no difficulty so far had been incurred in its navigation. It was voted that evening to proceed again on the morrow, but the intense heat (which had been 104 degrees in the shade that day) and the swarms of mosquitoes prevented both crew and passengers from sleeping. For that reason, and because provisions were nearly exhausted, the vote was reconsidered in the morning, and the fourth night found them again at Traverse des Sioux.

On the next day they spent an hour at Six's village. The old chief, with about a hundred of his braves, came down to the landing to meet them, and there he made a speech claiming big damages because the excursionists had tramped down his corn. True, the corn had been drowned out and washed away by the high water long before the whites landed; but then, the Great Spirit was angry because they had taken those big fire canoes up the river, and that was why the freshet came, so they ought to pay for the corn. How Six (or "Half a Dozen," as James Goodhue of the "Pioneer" called him) succeeded with his damage suit is not stated, but our travelers reached St. Paul all safe by night.

Never did they forget the beautiful country they had seen, and the delightful journey they had taken on its most picturesque highway. Nearly all the prominent people of the Territory, and scores of visitors from the East, had participated in one or more of these excursions. The navigability of the Minnesota by steamboat was now a demonstrated fact, and the desirability for settlement of the fertile country it drained was by these eye witnesses everywhere enthusiastically heralded. This focusing of the public eye on the valley contributed in no small degree to the making of the great treaty with the Sioux in the following summer, whereby this magnificent country was thrown open to civilization.

1858—

GRIMM ALFALFA IN THE NORTHWEST*

Charles J. Brand

WENDELIN GRIMM, who introduced alfalfa into Minnesota in 1857, was born in October, 1818, in the little village of Külsheim, in the northern part of the Grand Duchy of Baden. This little German settlement is located in a splendid agricultural section about midway between Wertheim on the Main and Bischofsheim on the Tauber. Grimm lived at Külsheim until the spring of 1857, when he was in the fortieth year of his age. Like so many sturdy German farmers, he looked to America as the land of great opportunities and decided to seek his fortune there. In May, 1857, he left Baden, determined to go to Minnesota, a State in which many of his countrymen had made new homes. He reached Chaska, Carver County, Minn., about September 1, and located on the northwest quarter of section 4, township 116 north, range 24 west, in Laketown. The substantial home that he built there is still standing, though now under different ownership.

The old farm contained only 137 acres, but under Grimm's thrifty management it yielded a good living and sufficient profit so that in 1876 a more desirable place near town was purchased. On the new farm, which is now owned by his son-in-law, Mr. Grimm spent the remainder of his days. He died in December, 1891, at the age of 73 years. At this time his alfalfa had not yet attracted more than neighborhood attention, hence exact details as to his experience are lacking. The account given here has been secured from his sons Frank and Joseph and from a number of his neighbors. His sons agree that the original lot of seed brought from Germany did not weigh more than 15 or 20 pounds. This seed was sown in the spring of 1858.

Joseph Grimm, the elder son, says: "Six years after planting this clover my father built a barn on this place about 12 feet above level ground. We had to dig a driveway 10 feet deep to get into this barn, and we found the roots of this clover had penetrated more than 10 feet deep through the clay soil. My father said this

*Charles J. Brand, *Grimm Alfalfa and Its Utilization in the Northwest*, 7-11 (Washington, D. C., 1911). U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Plant Industry, *Bulletin*, No. 209.

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clover needed drained soil and would not do well on sandy or low ground."

Mr. George Du Toit, of Chaska, Minn., who became acquainted with Mr. Grimm over thirty-five years ago and sold him many of his garden and field seeds, states that he was not an educated man, though he had the rudiments of a good German education. Mr. Du Toit says: "He was a splendid farmer, full of common sense, and determined in what he undertook."

Another old settler and neighbor to Mr. Grimm, Mr. Henry Gerdson who is himself an excellent farmer, characterizes Mr. Grimm in a very similar manner. Mr. Gerdson, who located in Carver County even earlier than Grimm, recounts some interesting stories of how Mr. Grimm's alfalfa proved its value in the early days. One of these stories deserves telling in this connection. The summers of 1863 and 1864 had been unusually dry, but in the spring of 1865 Grimm, on his way to market, drove past Gerdson's place a small bunch of fat cattle. As feed was very scarce and his own and other neighbors' cattle were lean, Mr. Gerdson expressed his surprise and asked how the stock had been fattened, saying, "You must have grown corn." Mr. Grimm, who was even in that early day an alfalfa enthusiast, having become familiar with the great value of the crop in his German home, straightened up and answered proudly, "Kein Körnchen, nur ewiger Klee" (Not one kernel, only everlasting clover.).

The section of Baden from which Mr. Grimm came is known as the Bauland (farmland). It extends, in general, from the valley of the Neckar to the valley of the Tauber and is one of the most intensively cultivated portions of Germany. Its soil is of Jurassic origin and is rich in shell lime.

To the casual observer Grimm alfalfa looks very much like all other alfalfas, but on closer examination it is found to be considerably more diverse than most kinds, showing individuals of upright and decumbent growth next to one another and showing a greater diversity in flower color than prevails in common alfalfa. All alfalfa has a certain range of flower color, but the Grimm has more than most cultivated sorts. The origin of this diversity can probably be traced to crossing in middle Europe between cultivated fields to true alfalfa (*Medicago sativa*) and neighboring isolated wild plants of the yellow-flowered sickle lucern (*Medicago falcata*). These two species intercross with considerable freedom. The

percentage of crossing that has taken place is necessarily very small because of the scarcity of plants of the wild parents. It is more or less evident in practically all European alfalfa, but especially in that which is imported from Germany, Austria, Roumania, and the Piedmont region of Italy. The Provence and Poitou alfalfas of France also show this kind of diversity to a large extent.

Recently there has been considerable interesting discussion among alfalfa breeders as to the importance of the presence of this exceedingly small percentage of *falcata* blood in Grimm and other European alfalfas, and a belief has grown that the proportion of *falcata* blood determines directly the degree of hardiness of this strain of alfalfa. On this basis the greater the proportion of *falcata* in a strain the harder it should be. Experiments by the writer have not borne out this view, as other strains which give evidence of a higher percentage of *falcata* blood have proved to be far less hardy than Grimm alfalfa. Still other varieties that show no indication whatever of the presence of *falcata* influence, such as Mongolian alfalfa and Wheeler's acclimatized Turkestan alfalfa (S. Dak. No. 240), which was developed from Hansen's original importation, were much harder than any except the Grimm that showed evidence of this cross. It seems possible, therefore, that the effect of occasional crossing with *M. falcata* has not been to transmit hardiness directly, but by producing diversity to give greater opportunity for the environment to develop a strain of greater hardiness. The value of diversity in this respect has recently been discussed by Mr. O. F. Cook.

Inasmuch as *Medicago falcata* is a species which has extraordinarily wide distribution it must vary greatly in hardiness. It ranges north and south from Italy to middle Norway in Europe and from India to Siberia in Asia, and ranges east and west from England almost to Korea. The strain that has perpetuated itself in the mild climate of Baden, where some of the choicest of the Rhine wines are produced and where the almond and walnut flourish, would probably not be able to transmit any noteworthy degree of hardiness, but would by reason of cross-fertilization with *Medicago sativa* be extremely valuable in producing diversity. Hence it appears that Grimm alfalfa as it exists today is a direct product of diversity and selection due to environment. Through a period of 50 years lines of descent unfit to endure severe winter conditions have been eliminated, while fit lines have been perpetu-

Grimm Alfalfa in the Northwest

ated. The term "selective acclimatization" has been applied to this process.

In another place attention has been called to the fact that cultivated alfalfa is composed of numerous diverse strains, some of them being sufficiently distinct to constitute varieties or possibly even subspecies. These different races have very different forage and seed-producing values. The diversity of Grimm alfalfa as to certain characters is greater than that of our common western alfalfa. This is not so true of its habit of growth, leafage, etc., as it is of the color of the flower heads. In respect to this Grimm alfalfa is more diverse than any of our ordinary American or Chilean alfalfa. It is no more diverse than some and but little more diverse than other strains of common alfalfa grown in middle Europe, such as the "altdeutsche fränkische," the Eifeler, the Pfalzer, and certain other kinds including notably the Provence and Poitou alfalfas of France and the strain secured from the Piedmont region of Italy.

The usual range of flower color in our common alfalfa includes violet, lavender, purple, light indigo blue with tinges of purple and violet, and sometimes in older flower heads a tendency to paleness, resembling cream color. These colors are given in the order of their frequency of occurrence. In Grimm alfalfa these same color types predominate, but there is present a small percentage of at least three other elements which are as follows:

(1) Heads of variegated colors, generally light lavender or Nile blue, with a malachite-green tinge and indigo-blue veins on the standard; the basal flowers cream colored or whitish, with a tinge of pale green.

(2) The characteristic blackish or smoky-colored flowers that occur in such profusion when the wild, yellow-flowered (*Medicago falcata*) (sickle lucern) is crossed with the cultivated alfalfa (*Medicago sativa*). This flower color is very uncommon in Grimm and traces its presence to the next color element mentioned below.

(3) Light yellow-colored flower heads. These are of extremely rare occurrence and the number varies somewhat with the different cuttings, depending upon the character of weather that prevails. During the summer of 1909 a field of about 30 acres was carefully examined and only about 15 yellow-flowered plants were discovered.

The occasional crossing at some time with the yellow-flowered

plants explains the rest of the diversity in color that Grimm and European alfalfas show as compared to our ordinary form from South America. This diversity in color probably arose from chance crossing in Europe between wild plants of the sickle lucern growing near fields of cultivated alfalfa. The percentage of procumbent plants present in the Grimm strain does not exceed that which occurs in many of our other cultivated alfalfas and is probably much less than that of most Turkestan alfalfas, large quantities of which are now used yearly by American farmers.

1867

*TIMBER! AN EXPEDITION
TO THE LUMBER WOODS**

J. M. Tuttle

WHEN A MINNEAPOLIS or St. Anthony lumberman contemplates a business visit to the pine regions of Northern Minnesota he expresses his intention by saying that he is "going up river." The appropriateness of such language is apparent enough when we learn that the portions of country referred to lie on the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries. One of the most important of these tributaries, especially in connection with the pineries of which we speak, is Rum River; and thus, when one of the lords of the Minneapolis lumber-mills invited me, in the early part of March, 1867, to go with him "up river," I knew at once that it signified a journey to the lumber camps on one of the above streams, a hundred miles or more from home, and well into those forests which stretch their unbroken solitudes far toward the shores of Hudson's Bay. I was more than willing to accept the invitation, for I had long cherished a desire to see those famous forests, to go over the old Indian hunting-grounds, and, not the least of all, to snuff the pure native odor of freshly-cut pine logs.

This time "up river" meant up Rum River, a stream which joins the Mississippi on the east, at Anoka, eighteen miles above St. Anthony Falls. How or when it received its anti-temperance name is not known, at least to the writer, but, like most of certain beverages common nowadays, it contains more water than rum —

*J. M. Tuttle, "The Minnesota Pineries," in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 36: 409-23 (February, 1868).

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and the more water the better in both cases. It is a singular coincidence that either the river itself or one of its principal branches has its source in Sugar Lake.

Although the place of our destination lay near the sources of Rum River, we found it more convenient to go by rail some twelve miles above the junction of this river with the Mississippi to Elk River, and thence across by a shorter route. Our friend had taken the precaution to send up on the previous day his own sleigh and horses, which were nearly ready for us as we alighted, about twelve o'clock, from the cars. Taking a hurried dinner at the very unpretentious Elk River Hotel, we prepared for a trip of twenty miles or more over the prairie, and in an atmosphere that was driving the mercury below zero. We toasted the bottoms of our boots, strapped on our cloth overshoes, slipped into our beaver coats (my friend added a wolf-robe), wrapped our shoulders with shawls, pulled our caps down over our ears, then, jumping into the sleigh, and covering our limbs with a well-lined buffalo-skin, started off, feeling as though we could safely defy the blasts of Spitzbergen. George and Kate, our noble steeds, dashed on at a splendid rate. The latter animal was once a rebel, or probably was, as she was owned by one. She was captured by a distinguished Federal officer, near the close of the late war, and brought North; instead of returning to champ the Southern bit again she remained to obey the reconstructive reins of her Minneapolis owner, who provides her with plenty of loyal hay and oats, and who is as proud of her as though she had her birth in sight of Bunker Hill. She trotted so handsomely and seemed such a willing beast that I soon forgot her Confederate tricks, and would gladly have recommended her for unconditional pardon. The former animal was not as young and smooth-limbed as his chestnut-colored companion, but he strove hard to keep an even whiffletree. Both appeared to feel an extra exhilaration from the frosty air, for they shot along the beaten snow-path with such astonishing swiftness that our movement might almost have compared to a railroad train, the smoke of my friend's cigar, ascending in glorious white clouds, making the figure more complete. We rode over a wild, undulating tract of country, broken by a few scattered oaks, and here and there a bold knoll or narrow ridge, but showing few houses. We saw not more than three or four dwellings in a distance of fifteen miles.

Our horses stopped, after two or three hours of smart trotting, before a small frame building, which, by a rude sign that hung from a still ruder pole, surmounted by a martin-box, we learned was the American House. The few houses scattered about constituted the village of Princeton, an unpretending, honest-looking place, and buttoned on to the dark skirts of the big woods. A man appeared at the door of the hotel in his shirt-sleeves, and with his gray head uncovered, whom my friend addressed as "Brother Golden," and invited us in. We complied readily, for I, at least, was a good deal chilled. The prairie blast, which the hyperborean fiends had that afternoon whetted to an uncommon sharpness, pierced even my extra garments, making me sigh for some hospitable fire. "Brother Golden" appreciated our want. With true landlordly cheer he filled the long, high stove, which stood knee-deep in a box of sand, with dry wood, and, as the flames roared their welcome to the shivering travelers from "down river," he made many inquiries, the last of which was, "Have you brought me a paper?" My friend, remembering our good-natured landlord's fondness for the latest news, and also that Uncle Sam can hardly afford to send a mail-coach so near the big woods every day, had filled his pockets with St. Paul and Minneapolis dailies, which the old man accepted, and commenced devouring with a singular relish.

As soon as the frost was thoroughly melted out of us we donned our outer garments again and started on. Leaving the village, we immediately crossed the "West Branch" (of Rum River), and then struck into the woods, my friend remarking that we should see no more signs of civilization, except in the lumber-camps, until our return.

Until a comparatively recent period the vast forest before us had remained undisturbed, save by the savage tribes who were here when Columbus discovered America, and who still linger around the old trails, reluctant to give them over to the devouring march of the white man. A few years ago several enterprising citizens of Maine found out by some means that extensive tracts of pine lands were hid away here, and thus, aided by the knowledge they had gained in connection with the lumber business in their native State, they hastened to purchase these lands, content to wait until the increasing population of Iowa, Southern Minnesota, and other portions of the Mississippi Valley should, by their almost

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limitless demand for building material, demonstrate the wisdom of such a business course. Saw-mills were soon erected on the St. Croix, at St. Anthony Falls, Minneapolis, and other points; the lumber trade increased from year to year, until at last it has grown into an importance which few can realize who have not made a personal inspection. In addition to the Minnesota pineries we need not mention those of Michigan and Wisconsin. Beginning at well-known points in the latter States, the pine regions stretch along the Chippewa and St. Croix, the shores of Lake Superior, and across to the Mississippi below and above St. Cloud. Altogether they form perhaps the most extensive pine forests in North America. They have already become the sources of fabulous wealth, and afford a theatre for the lumber business excelling any thing ever witnessed in Maine or New Brunswick. To say nothing of how Chicago outstrips Bangor as a lumber mart, it may be observed that the scenes once witnessed on the banks of the Penobscot, Kennebec, Androscoggin, Saco, and Passamaquoddy, and in the palmiest days of these rivers, have been transferred to the Mississippi, Chippewa, St. Croix, and Rum River. The saw-mills at Minneapolis and St. Anthony turn out annually over one hundred millions of feet of boards, and are pushing the figures higher and higher every year; and thus the same process which has demolished the forests of Maine, which has scared the elk, and moose, and beaver, and their elder brother, the Indian, away from their Eastern haunts, is already far advanced in the West.

Impressed with all of the above facts — remembering how brief a period had elapsed since silence held undisputed sway in the unpeopled shades before us, since a journey here seemed more impossible to accomplish than a trip to Kane's Open Sea does now, since I put my ten-year-old finger down on the map at a point called St. Anthony Falls and thought it far enough away to be included in the dimmest regions of romance, and yet, that peoples from the other side of the Atlantic had already found this spot, yea, were coming in annual thousands and selecting homes hundreds of miles still nearer the setting sun — that an army of sturdy emigrants from beyond the Baltic Sea, from the foot of the Alps, and from the land of Erin, were waiting here, with axes in hand, to hew down all these forests — remembering all this, the feelings which crept over me as we left the open prairie and plunged into the dark thick wilderness were strange and startling enough. And

our imagination at this moment was rendered more intense because the night was coming on, and because we were riding under the first pine-trees we had seen, whose leafy tops, swept by a strong northwest wind, struck up a doleful music. We fancied that the continual jingle of Kate's girdle of bells, the frosty murmur of the sleigh-runners, and the occasional striking of the outer ends of the whiffletrees against some trunk or bush that crowded too near the road, must awaken unwelcome echoes in the dusky depths about us, and that the lingering ghosts of some Dakota savage might possibly start up and defy our further intrusion upon his old hunting-grounds.

After a couple of hours' ride we came to a fork in the road, and, for the first time, my friend was in doubt which way to go. He stopped his horses, and we held a council. We looked about for a finger-board, but found none. One road we knew led to Tidd's Camp — the camp we were in search of — and the other to somebody's else camp. The full moon peered out from a rift in the clouds, and sprinkled its beams down through the oaks, poplars, and pines, but not a ray of light penetrated our doubts. The trees seemed to say, with provoking indifference, as we looked up at them inquiringly, "We know how to stand up here and grow; we know how and when to open our buds and shed our leaves, and which way to fall when we get old and rotten, or when the woodmen cut us down; but we do not know the way to Tidd's Camp." George and Kate threw their ears backward and forward, looked up one road, then up the other, and finally, turning their heads round at us, apparently confessed that their horse sense was as much puzzled as our human sense; that although they would obey the reins and go either way, they would rather not take the responsibility of offering advice. The manner, however, in which they champed their bits and pawed the snow showed that they were getting impatient for a decision. We, too, desired to have the matter settled, for we began to ache with cold, and felt a pressing need of shelter. Our horses, in the mean time, had moved about half their length toward the right, and for this reason, as much as any, we concluded to take that direction, and started on. We had gone only two or three miles before we learned our mistake — that the *right* road was the *wrong* road, or again, that the *right* road was the *left* road. We turned about, went back to the fork, took the left road, and in half an hour came to a small circular opening,

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containing in its centre a clump of log-buildings, which we at once pronounced to be Tidd's Camp. A column of smoke with frequent sparks of fire pointed out the location of the lodgers' building, and driving up before it, as we would have done before a country hotel, my friend cried "Whoa!" in a tone which he evidently intended the lodgers should hear as well as the horses. Immediately a small door was partially opened, its wooden hinges creaking with frost, when a man in a brown woolen shirt thrust out his bushy head and exclaimed, "Hallo!" My friend answered with a "Hallo!" This salutatory term, as used by the first speaker, meant, when fully interpreted, "I am one of the lodgers in Tidd's Camp; who are you?" As used by the second speaker it meant, "I am one of the owners of these pine forests, and have come up to see how my loggers are getting on." The man in the door and the man in the sleigh understood each other at once, and while the former put on his hat and came out to take charge of the horses, the latter and I went into the camp. Many of the sights which met my eyes on entering were novel enough to one unacquainted with life in the pineries. The thing I was most glad to see just then was the huge fire in the centre of the camp, consuming a great pile of logs, and sending its smoke through a large, square wooden chimney. I stood before the hot, roaring flames, turned myself about, melting first one side, then the other, and in the mean time took frequent surveys of the apartment.

The camp was about thirty feet long and twenty feet wide. Its ends and sides were constructed of pine logs, notched at the ends, to enable them to lie closely, and chinked with moss; the roof was made of pine splints, thatched with mud, grass, etc. A small projection at the end opposite the door, with a stove and pantry in it, was used as a cook-room. Across the same end, next to the cook-room, but without any partition, was a long space containing a rough table, hewed from a pine log, set apart for the dining-room. The beds, or rather bed, for there was no division in either the under or upper portion, was stretched along on two sides of the fire, and so arranged that the sleepers' heads nearly touched the opposite walls. I had heard the saying, "thick as three in a bed," but here it was literally as thick as a dozen in a bed. At the foot of the bed, between the lodgers' feet and the fire, was a long, flat beam, called the "Deacon's Seat." This Deacon's Seat is one of the representative places in a lumberman's camp. It is a

synonym for a variety of scenes and memories. It is here that the logmen mount themselves in the morning, after crawling from their bed of pine boughs; here they sit and dress their feet and from here they drop off to their rest at night; here they arrange themselves in a jolly row before the blazing fire, to make the long winter evenings merry with their stories and jokes; here the visitor at the camp is invited to sit and rest himself; here the men make their bargains with the "boss," and receive their pay; from this spot the logmen take their leave in the spring. And thus the Deacon's Seat is associated with the whole interior life of the camp, and is the magic word by which in after years one logman reminds another of the events which transpired around the log-fire in the distant pine woods.

The loggers had all retired except the cook and two or three others; but none of them were asleep. Their long rows of heads under the low, slanting roof almost startled me, for each pair of eyes, reflecting the flames that shot up from the middle of the camp, glared at me like so many balls of fire. The men watched my rotary motions before the burning logs as though they thought I might be a piece of meat, and was trying to roast myself. They lay on their sides, all facing one way, and packed as closely as a bundle of spoons. If one turned, all turned. Now and then some restless wit among them would effect a joke, and I could hear the laugh roll around the whole camp, gathering extra force at those points where it found the deepest appreciation. Now and then one whose supper of salt pork and beans had left his mouth parched would crawl out of his place, go straight to a barrel in the corner of the camp, pour a dipper of ice-water down his throat, then return, and after wedging himself in bed again, would shut his eyes, as if ready now to be taken in charge by the fair, gentle goddess who alike bends over the pillow of pine boughs in a lumberman's camp and the downy couch of a king. I could imagine only two things to prevent perfect sleep — a too hearty supper and too little space for the body. The arrangement for ventilation was ample. No "modern house with modern conveniences" I ever saw can equal a logger's camp in this respect. The big, square, open chimney, aided by a constant fire underneath, keeps up an immense draught, and renders the air as pure as the outdoor atmosphere itself. I recommend such a place as a hospital for consumptives. Oh ye pulmonary sufferers, throw away your bottles of quackery,

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your "Cod Liver Oil," etc., and spend a winter with the happy logmen in a camp; try a tonic of pine boughs.

After a half hour or so the cook, a tall, dark-haired, rather intelligent-looking Frenchman, announced that our supper was ready. We took our seats on a rude bench, and at a table which never came from a cabinet shop and never saw a table cloth, but which had on it now a dish of smoking-hot beans, two tin basins of warm tea, some excellent raised biscuits, etc. There was no milk for the tea, and no butter for the biscuits, but the long, cold ride had sharpened our appetites so much that extras were not needed to give what was before us the desired relish. As we drank our tea and ate heartily of the pork and beans my friends described to me the process of cooking the latter. Pointing to a spot at the end of the log-fire and near us, he showed me a huge iron pot filled with beans and covered tightly, and which is buried every night in the hot ashes, where the cooking operation goes on, and during the hours in which the consumers of these staple edibles are snoring off the effects of yesterday's meals. Good judges say that this manner of preparing beans for the table is much superior to any other. I am ready to testify to the excellent quality of those I ate — a little too rich they were for my dyspeptic stomach — at least they were somewhat too highly seasoned with pork fat. But a lumberman's stomach can digest three meals a day of them, fat and all, and without fear of the nightmare. Nothing can swing an axe, or move a saw, or roll logs, like baked beans. No logger who has free access to that iron pot in the ashes complains of exhaustion. A Connecticut preacher, in the olden times, tried to compute the number of bushels of baked beans he had preached to on Sunday during a ministry of forty years. I wonder how many bushels are carried into the pineries every winter!

Our repast being ended, we began to think of retiring; but where shall we sleep? we asked ourselves dubiously. There were two beds only, and these were full. The problem was solved when our cook laid down a buffalo-robe on the uneven floor and asked us to stretch ourselves there. With another buffalo-robe for our covering, and with our shawls folded for pillows, the prospect for a good night's rest was quite encouraging. My friend took the side next the fire, where his danger of being burned was about equal to mine of being frozen; but neither of us suffered much. If I dreamed of anything, it must have been of stockings, socks, and

moccasins, as not less than a hundred pairs of these pedal coverings were hanging against the roof, partially over the fire, and exactly in range of my eyes as I had fixed myself for sleep; and being a little nervous from my long ride and late supper, I was obliged to lie awake an hour or more and study this singular sight. Calling my friend's attention to the matter, I asked if we were not in a stocking-factory or a moccasin-store instead of a lumberman's forest-house. He replied that "the loggers are obliged to take good care of their feet; that one of them often wears three or four pairs of socks, with a pair of moccasins over them; that the moccasins, because they give the feet more freedom, rendering them less liable to freeze, are generally preferred to coarse leather boots. Those you see hanging there will disappear in the morning, because they will all be pulled on to their owners' feet and walked off into the woods. To-morrow night they will be hung up in the same places to dry again; although, as the snow in this northern latitude is generally very dry, they seldom get wet much." I listened to my friend's explanation with deep interest, suggesting to myself that if all persons would take as much pains to protect their feet against the cold and wet, consumption would be cheated of a majority of its victims.

A feeling of drowsiness seized me at last, and as the camp was still, save the occasional snoring of the loggers and the falling of a fire-brand now and then, the hundred pairs of stockings faded slowly from my vision, and I dropped off to sleep, wondering at the latest point of consciousness if St. Nicholas ever visits a lumberman's camp, and if so, if he feels himself bound to stuff every woolen leg he finds there with Christmas gifts!

We rose in the morning soon after daylight. The workmen had already cleared the line over the fire of its burden of stockings, and were walking about the camp with muffled feet, preparing for breakfast. The fire, which had been allowed to smoulder and go partially out during the night, had received a fresh supply of logs, and brought the room into such a comfortable degree of warmth we could hardly believe the statement made by one of the men that the thermometer, hanging against the log-barn, showed the mercury to be twenty-four degrees below zero. The cook disentombed the iron pot, dished out a quantity of beans, and putting them on the table, with a few other eatables, announced that breakfast was ready. The men ate rapidly, and with an appetite

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that is enjoyed only by those who gain their bread by the sweat of the face. Very little was said during the meal, and each one, as soon as he had finished, rose and departed to his day's work.

About ten o'clock our horses were harnessed, and we started for Moses's Camp, on Tibbet's Brook, forty miles distant. The air was quite still low down in the woods, but the souging pine-tops told plainly that a furious gale was raging out on the unsheltered prairie. Notwithstanding the protection which the forest afforded, we found it necessary to seek still further aid of all our extra clothing to keep out the intense cold; and whenever we came to the bank of a stream, or some other opening where the wind had a fair chance at us, our faces tingled with frost, and we wept tears of ice. Our horses bounded forward as gayly as reindeers, while the frost hung their nostrils full of stalactites, and ornamented parts of their bodies with silver-tipped hairs.

We reached Lowell's Camp, on the "East Branch," at twelve o'clock, and Moses's Camp a little before dark. The air of comfort and welcome which greeted us on entering the latter forest home seemed all the more agreeable on account of the extremely inhospitable day we had braved to get there.

The interior of this camp differed from Tidd's Camp in some respects. It was warmed by a large stove instead of an open fire, and thus it dispensed with that splendid ventilator, the big chimney. Then it had the addition of a cellar; of more complete cooking arrangements; in short, it was a more stylish, aristocratic establishment than the first. It evidently belonged to the Fifth Avenue of the pineries. Two clocks, one an alarm-clock, stood side by side on a shelf; the pantry displayed a fine assortment of tin dishes; and the Deacon's Seat was smooth and nice. Over the window, at the east end of the camp, and on the kitchen walls, was a large advertisement, telling the woods people that Beecher and Spurgeon are the "two greatest preachers in the world," and that "their sermons are published every week in the *Examiner and Chronicle!*" Who can doubt the peerless ability of these pulpit orators, or the wonderful enterprise of their publishers, after seeing such an advertisement posted on the walls of a forester's cabin in the far off Minnesota Pineries?

The cook at this camp I soon discovered was to the "manner born." He moved about in his white apron with an educated air, and seemed as cleanly and genteel and affable as though he had

just been transferred from the Astor House. He had nothing but the tin dishes to set off his table with, but these were kept bright and clean; and the food, well cooked, was brought on with as much precision and style as his humble *cuisine* would allow. His biscuits were light and palatable; his gingerbread was excellent; his tea was delicious. Besides these he gave the men nice boiled beef, the everlasting dish of beans (though these were not baked in the ground), and stewed cranberries. He gave them butter and milk also — the latter luxury they owed to a good cow kept in one of the log-stables, and which was driven into the woods at the beginning of winter.

Thirty fine-looking, healthy, robust, well-behaved men sat down at the supper-table, and who, when their appetites were sated, broke up the evening in various ways. Some mended their clothes, some darned their socks, some, using the sinews of the deer, obtained of the Indians, for thread, repaired their moccasins, while others employed their time in reading. The hours were relieved, too, by a little entertainment in the shape of music and dancing. One young man, who had swung the axe all day, rosined up his bow and gave us a few lively airs on his fiddle, while two other logmen, who had tramped in twelve inches of snow since the early morn, engaged in a "double shuffle," or something of the kind, on one of the planks of the floor. A pleasant-voiced son of Erin sang two or three songs, substituting simple musical sounds where he was unable to recall the words. Others still filled the intervals between the music with conversation on a variety of topics, breaking out now and then in loud, hearty laughter. One Scandinavian youth, busily patching his pants, which had suffered by their contact with pine-knots, interested several listeners with some neighborhood gossip he had treasured up with singular minuteness, concerning a hidden pot of gold, and a ghost which kept watch over it, frightening those who came to dig for the treasure.

Of course a camp full of woodmen could hardly be expected to pass a whole evening on the "Deacon's Seat," around the big stove, without more or less indulgence in tobacco. A large number puffed away at their meerschaums, or their short, black, clay pipes, looking a kind of quiet content, and as if the weariness they brought in from their day's work were really taking flight in clouds of smoke. No stimulants stronger than tobacco and tea were allowed

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in the pineries; the woods had not yet received enough of the influence of civilization to admit a bar within their hallowed shades.

At ten o'clock the signal for retiring was given. A half hour later and most of the logmen were snoring — perhaps dreaming of friends “down the river.” At half past five in the morning the alarm-clock put an end to snoring and dreaming, and called the men from their beds again.

As soon as breakfast was dispatched the workmen divided themselves into separate squads, according to their respective charges, and went to their labors: one squad to drive the teams; another, the “choppers,” to fell the trees; another, the “swampers,” to prepare the roads; another, the “sawyers,” to saw the trees into logs. Notwithstanding the mercury was still at a frightful distance below zero my friend and I followed on — he to see how his men had got along, how many logs had been hauled, etc.; I to obtain a little information concerning the logging business. We had gone but a few rods when we made the discovery, by some tracks in the snow, that a couple of wolves had been prowling about our camp during the night. Why they did not come nearer, give us their usual lupine serenade, and even thrust their noses into the door, we did not understand. This was the nearest we came to seeing any wild beasts during our stay in the woods. We hoped to meet some deer, as their tracks were plenty every where, but we did not happen to see one. Very much to our disappointment, we saw only one wild Indian. This one, as he stepped out of the road to let us pass, frightened our horses terribly with the great white blanket thrown over his head. It is said that horses dislike the peculiar scent that Indians carry about their persons and clothes.

Within a quarter of a mile of the camp we came where the pines stood thick and tall, and handsome enough to delight any lumberman's eyes. Hundreds of splendid symmetrical trunks might have been counted without changing our position; and one could almost fancy, as he looked out among them, that they were the columns of some old and endless temple, their dark and shaggy tops forming the lofty roof, and the snow beneath the white marble floor. Often three or four trees of about equal size were seen standing close together in a cluster, as though they sprang from kindred germs, and had cherished a common sympathy through their hundred years of growth; generally, however, those

large enough for use were a half a dozen yards apart — sometimes as many rods. Scattered between them were a few oaks, iron-wood, and birch — the latter ornamented with the usual fringes and curls. All the timber here, except the pine is valueless. Although wood is worth, when cut, from \$6 to \$10 a cord in Minneapolis and St. Paul, it is not worth ten cents a cord on Tiber's Brook, because there is no means for transporting it to places where it is wanted. Even the land itself will, in many cases, be abandoned to the tax claims as soon as it is cleared of pine.

Notwithstanding the general excellence of the pines which stretched away in grand perspective on every side, there were many, of course, unfit for use. Some were short and scraggy; some were "shaky;" and some were old and rotten. Marsh, in his article on the "Quality of Timber," says: "The white pine, *Pinus Strobus*, for instance, and other trees of similar character and uses, require for their perfect growth a density of forest vegetation around them, which protects them from too much agitation by the winds, and from the persistence of the lateral branches, which fill the wood with knots. A pine which has grown under these conditions possesses a tall, straight stem, admirably fitted for masts and spars; and at the same time its wood is almost wholly free from knots, is regular in its annular structure, soft and uniform in texture, and consequently superior to almost all other timber for joinery. If, while a large pine is spared, the broad-leaved or smaller trees around it are felled, the swaying of the tree from the action of the wind mechanically produces separation between the layers of annual growth, and greatly diminishes the value of the timber. The same defect is often observed in pines which, from accident of growth, have overtopped their fellows in the virgin forest. The white pine growing in the fields or open glades in the woods is totally different from the true forest tree, both in general aspect and quality of wood. Its stem is much shorter, its top is less tapering, its foliage is denser and more inclined to gather into tufts, its branches more numerous and of larger diameter, its wood shows much more distinctly the divisions of annular growth, is of coarser grain, harder, and more difficult to work into mitre joints. Intermixed with the most valuable pines in the American forest are many trees of the character I have just described. The lumberman call them 'saplings,' and generally regard them as different in species from the true white pine, but botanists are unable to estab-

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lish a distinction between them, and as they agree in almost all respects with trees grown in the open grounds from white pine seedlings, I believe their peculiar character is due to unfavorable circumstances in their early growth. The pine, then, is an exception to the general rule as to the inferiority of the forest to the open-ground tree."

The truth of much, if not all, of this quotation was verified wherever we made an observation. The tallest, straightest, finest pines we saw, those freest from limbs and knots, among which the logmen seemed to revel like a herd of oxen just let loose in a full-grown field of Illinois corn, were found in the densest portions of the woods, where the shade was so great and the atmosphere so dank that a ray of sunlight could hardly penetrate there. The low, scraggy growths, whose unmannered trunks gave them immunity from the ruthless axe, were generally situated in more open places, and at greater distances from each other. The thicker the neighborhood the statelier and loftier grew each individual tree, as though it took a kind of pride in outdoing its fellows. Sometimes a tree which had a fair outside, like the hypocrite among men, was shaky and hollow within; and as we have certain methods of testing the virtue of human pretensions, so the chopper had a way of sounding his tree, determining its internal condition often by the first stroke of the axe; besides, he could detect the lumber qualities of a tree by his experienced eye, to which patches of lichens and certain colored fungi attached to the bark as surely revealed a concealed rottenness as the scarlet excrescences on a drunkard's nose divulge the fact of an unsound life.

Following close upon the "choppers," who did nothing but fell the trees and trim them, came the "sawyers." Two men standing on opposite sides of a prostrate tree, a few feet apart, and facing each other, one with his right and the other with his left foot advanced, grasp the upright handles of a cross-cut saw, and drawing it backward and forward with an easy, regular motion, expelling the saw-dust, whose piny odor is pleasant to a lumberman's nostrils, into a heap on either side of the tree, they sever the trunk into logs of various lengths. Next came the "swampers," who prepared the roads for the teams which were waiting to draw the logs away to the landing.

I watched the "loading" process with a deep interest, as I saw here how intellect, as every where else, has triumphed over mere

brute force. The time was, and not many years ago, when logmen had little to aid them in getting their logs on to a sled besides their own hands. There was then no alternative but the hardest kind of lugging and lifting; but all that has changed. Using a log-chain, which is attached to the middle of the log in such a way as to get a purchase on the latter, and cause it to roll when the chain is pulled, the logman now makes the oxen do the lifting, while he superintends the operation and applies a little brain work. Six large logs were piled on to one sled in a few moments of time, two or three men assisting with their "cant-dogs," the whole costing as little manual effort as the laying together of an equal number of common fence-rails. The sleds used were at least one-third wider than common sleds, and hence they made a very wide path. Along this "broad gauge" we followed the teams to see where the logs were deposited. After a few minutes' walk we emerged from the thick timber into an opening through which ran Tibbet's Brook. Here was what was called the "landing." Standing on the banks of that winter-bound brook we could see thousands of logs which had been cut and hauled from the surrounding forests. Counted in feet the logs we saw at a single view numbered between four and five millions! It was a splendid sight. My friend, who owned them all, and as many more besides, whose mill at Minneapolis, a hundred miles below, was ready to convert these logs into sawed lumber, worth on an average twenty dollars per thousand feet, must have enjoyed the spectacle even more than I.

In order for the reader to gain any adequate idea of the lumber interests carried on in these woods it should be observed that there were a great many other landings scattered about in different sections and on various streams, perhaps fifty in all, similar to the one I have mentioned — some smaller and some larger. Nearly or quite an equal number might have been found on the Upper Mississippi itself above St. Cloud. In both pineries, the Upper Mississippi and Rum River, from eight hundred to a thousand men were employed, and not far from one hundred millions of feet of logs were secured during the winter.

The streams spoken of, on which "landings" are made, are numerous, and traverse an extensive tract of country, intersecting every where rich pine regions and serving as outlets to the thousands of logs that are rolled over their banks. Although many of these streams, at certain seasons of the year, are so shallow and

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muddy that an Indian can not navigate them in his birch canoe, yea, that a common teal duck can not find enough depth of water to swim there, yet when swollen by the spring thaws each one bears away on its bosom great argosies of wealth, and becomes in the lumberman's eyes a modern Pactolus. In some instances the pines grow very near the streams, and the trouble of hauling the logs is slight; but often they are brought three or four miles. The hauling distance, for obvious reasons, will increase from year to year.

The process of moving the logs from their winter "landings" down the streams to Minneapolis and St. Anthony is called the "drive." The operation begins as soon as the snows are melted and the streams, augmented by the spring freshets, are high enough to float the logs. In those instances where the stream is too shallow and feeble to lift the logs, even with the help referred to, a dam is built across it, and from the waters thus temporarily deepened the logs are pushed forward a considerable distance to a point where they must wait, it may be, for the erection of another dam. By repeating this slow, tedious, and expensive work the logs are moved along into the river, where they float with less trouble. Some of the brooks are deep enough at the start without any dam. It is a magnificent sight to see the thousands of logs as they come down out of the forest, swimming along singly or in large masses, into the main body of Rum River at Princeton. The surface of the river below this point is sometimes entirely covered for a distance of twenty-five miles.

The men employed on the "drive," and who, for the most part, are men who spent the winter in the woods, and who consent to engage in this business at considerably increased wages, divide themselves into separate squads, and proceeding along the river, urge the logs forward as rapidly as possible.

Behind the whole line of operations, or behind each regiment of logs, follows the "waugan" — a small boat or barge with a canvas awning stretched over it, and carrying the cook, cooking utensils, and supplies for the men. At the meal-hour, which occurs four times a day, the "waugan" hauls up to the bank, fastens her bow to a tree, when the cook spreads his table on the shore and blows his horn — the echoes of which, as they sound along the winding stream, call the weary men to their ample repast of hot tea and baked beans. At each sun-set the captain of the "waugan,"

having moored his craft to the shore again, selects a proper spot and erects a tent, under which the men spend the night. A big, hot fire in front of the tent keeps off the night chill.

The men by long practice on the "drive" become very expert in their business. They balance themselves on floating logs and leap from one to another of these precarious footings with the agility and skill of circus-riders, while green hands would be sure of a ducking every few minutes, if they did not meet with the worse fate of breaking their necks. If a log lodges on a rock in the middle of the stream, the nearest man plunges into the water, often waist-deep, and wading out to it catches hold of the refractory member with his "cant-dog" — a short hand-spike with an adjustable iron hook attached to the end — and hurls it quickly into the channel again, when it darts forward after its fellows. If the water is too deep for wading, an experienced oarsman puts off toward the points of obstruction in a "batteau" — a long, slim, red boat, which shoots over the waves with the ease and swiftness of an Indian's arrow. This boat is handled by a single oar, is not easily upset, will stand any amount of jamming against stones, can swim in the shallowest places, and ride safely down the most dangerous rapids. Sometimes several men may be seen in it, standing, and pushing it about with long poles. Whether it is moored under the banks, or left to float at will on some circumfluous wave along the margin of the river, or making its diagonal trips from shore to shore, or running in and out of the spaces between the floating logs, the "batteau" forms one of the most novel, picturesque, and stirring things which one will encounter in a "drive."

Often, while making a turn in the river, the immense mass of logs crowd so close upon each other that they fill the whole space between the shores, and form a vast wedge, or, in the vernacular of lumbermen, a "jam," and which, until it is broken, prevents any further progress of the logs; as soon, therefore, as this "jam" happens a score of men, with their "cant-dogs" in hand, rush on to the obstructed logs, and loosening a few of the front ones, put the whole in motion once more.

Another frequent and laborious part of the "drive" is "sacking." This takes place when the logs, by means of a rapid current at a bend in the river, or from some other cause, have been thrown up and lodged upon the shore. To get them back again into the river, three or four, often half a dozen, men seize each log with

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their "cant-dogs," and absolutely lift it or drag it along the mud and sand a considerable distance.

And thus, by "sacking," breaking "jams," wading and dislodging stragglers, pushing the shore logs toward the middle of the current, rowing here and there in the batteau, and tumbling such pines as had perched themselves high and dry on some projecting bank or stone — by all these processes, repeated day by day, the whole "drive" is advanced until, after a few weeks, it reaches the "booms" prepared for it at the mouth of the Rum River, and at other points on the Mississippi near the Minneapolis and St. Anthony mills. Passing down Tibbet's Brook a short distance we came to Moses's lower "landing," which differed from the other in no important particular except that it contained a few logs of enormous size. On the butt end of the largest one we counted two hundred and fifty *annular rings*! Thus the tree from which it was taken was born about the year that William Shakespeare died and Oliver Cromwell matriculated at Sussex College. It was four or five years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock; and was a flourishing youth of fifty when John Milton went quietly to sleep in his house at Bunhill Fields; it had stretched its green top up to a magnificent height, and was able to boast of an experience of nearly one hundred and fifty years when the famous and infamous "Stamp Act" was passed, and before Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan claimed even a territorial government; its two-hundredth birthday had passed before a single white man had come to admire its giant trunk, and before its "topmost branches," peering over the shoulders of younger pines, could see beyond the "Land of the Dakotas." How cruel that a civilization so long waited for should signal its approach by ordering her first hardy skirmishers to cut this patriarch of the forest down, and to bring in its dismembered parts as a trophy of the ever-widening circle of her conquests! Two centuries and a half of patient growing to be torn asunder in a moment by irreverent saws, and to serve the cupidity of a race that turns all the natural waterfalls into milldams, and the forests into lumber-yards!

To what degree of longevity this tree might have attained if it had been left to its natural course is uncertain, but we could discover no signs of decay, internal or external. Dr. Williams, who is quoted by Mr. Marsh, says he found "pines four hundred years old," and that a friend of his discovered some "much older." So

it is probable that our tree might have survived another term of two hundred years. In that case what other changes would it have witnessed in this country before its branches rotted and its heart became worm-eaten and dead?

At twelve o'clock all the men returned to the camp for "nooning." The horses and oxen were unloosed from the sleds, driven into the log-barn, and fed with hay and oats, while the workmen sat down with huge appetites to their savory dishes of beans. My friend and I, dreading to encounter the stinging air again, spent the afternoon on the Deacon's Seat, close by the camp stove. The following morning we bade adieu to our camp friends, who had entertained us so generously, and started for home by way of St. Cloud. Our road, which struck off in a westerly course, led us in a little while across the "West Branch" of Rum River, and along by the door of Brown's Camp. The sun shone clear in the cold March sky, dropping a beam now and then through the dense boughs upon the quiet snow, which was spread like a white carpet on the floor of the woods. The air, although a little more pungent than one might wish, was brisk and healthy, causing our frames to tingle with inexpressible delight. A more charming, inspiring, invigorating morning's ride than this can hardly be imagined. The road, much of the time, wound through a majestic collonnade of pines, whose branches formed splendid arches over our heads, and threw down the most welcome odor. Altogether we seemed to be riding through an enchanted forest. The scene was mightily changed however, the moment we emerged from the woods and began to cross the open prairie east of St. Cloud. The wind, seeming to seek revenge for our temporary escape from its power, swept upon us with merciless fury, and we were obliged to cover our faces to keep them from instant freezing.

We at last reached St. Cloud at two o'clock. After a rest of two hours we drove to Clear Water, where we spent the night. The next day about five o'clock p.m. we arrived in Minneapolis, having ridden two hundred miles during the five days of our absence, and all but thirty miles of the distance in a sleigh, the thermometer keeping far enough below zero all the while to make it one of the coldest weeks ever experienced by Minnesotans in the month of March.

The Wheat Fields of Minnesota

1868

*THE WHEAT FIELDS OF MINNESOTA**

G. W. Schatzel

MINNESOTA is pre-eminently the wheat growing State of the Union. Almost the youngest of the political sisterhood. With a settlement and town history of hardly more than a decade, she now boasts of a quarter of a million of inhabitants, and contributes largely to the wheat-markets of the East. Owing to the peculiarity of her climate and soil, she is the best adapted of any of the States to the raising of this staple. Wheat is in fact almost her exclusive object of production. None farm here except for this. Her dry, clear, and, for the most part, cool atmosphere makes Minnesota the very paradise of wheat-growers. As one stands on the boundless rolling prairies of this country, and looks around him on every side, and sees the interminable reach of slightly undulating soil, clad with golden-rod, fire-weed, and a vast variety of other flowering plants, intermixed with prairie-grass, and notices the almost utter absence of forest, and catches the onward rush of the fresh, cool southern breeze that sweeps by with a voluminous force, he involuntarily thinks of the wide expanse of the ocean, and snuffs the wind as he would the sea-breeze itself. Wide and measureless, indeed, is the rush of these unseen steeds of the air. You hear them approaching, with a distant, subdued murmur; you feel them pass you on either side, uttering their breezy calls, and lashing the atmosphere with their whistling manes; you recoil from them — airy charges as they are — dashing at your chest, and dividing with mysterious spirit-essence about your head, threatening to carry away, Indian fashion, your hair with the tingling scalp. If they did, nothing would be more natural, not perhaps to you, but to those primeval war-paths of the recently-departed Sioux. For this only yesterday was the delightful land of the Dacotah, the hunting-ground of Wabasha, and the scene of Wirona's love and tragical end.

But dreams and imagination can not last long in this intensely practical country, as it is to-day. You have only to cast your eye across the prairie, and you see farms yellow with the golden grain

*G. W. Schatzel, "Among the Wheat-Fields of Minnesota," in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 36: 190-201 (January, 1868).

which forms the wealth of this rapidly-growing young State. The illusion fades away; civilized life, with all its rush and bustle, comes before you, and you see the farmer guiding his reaper through the standing wheat, followed by his "hands," stooping over and binding their bosomfuls of swaths. And who, although poetry suffers, can regret the change?

When one recalls the distress and poverty of the last two years, owing to disastrous seasons and blighted crops, and remembers how anxiously our Northwestern farmers have all this summer been hoping for a "fair average yield" that would place them in funds, and enable them to pay off their twelve-months' indebtedness, the sight of a broad and bountiful harvest in these fields of Minnesota comes like a vision of heaven, and every quarter-section thus ripening to the reaper is welcomed with as much joy by the spectator, as the oasis in the desert, with its palm-trees and wells of water, are hailed by the thirsty, foot-sore traveler.

Like all new countries Minnesota is much subject to changes of climate, aberrations in the distribution of heat and cold, dryness and moisture, every few years apart, and these necessarily have their effect on the crops. To give an example: The writer came here in the spring of 1863. Shortly after his arrival, in April, it rained for two days—an inconstant, fine drizzle. After that it cleared off cool and bracing; and no more rain fell from that time forward till late in the fall. It absolutely did not rain one single day. Some said a few showers fell in the night; but if so, most people, and the writer among them, never saw it. Men grew at last anxious about their crops—that is, their wheat. Day after day, week after week, month after month, slipped by—and still no rain. The sky appeared to be literally of brass, so far as moisture was concerned. Meanwhile the soil got dryer and dryer; there was a sensible diminution in the quantity and luxuriance of the herbs and weeds of the valleys and prairies; many of the smaller streams became exhausted, and left hollow and arid channels, with disconsolate-looking white stones in their beds, to mark the courses they once had taken in their race to the Great River and the sea. The Mississippi, too, was compelled to contract his shores and lower his face. Sand-bars became numerous, and more than one new-born island awoke to an unexpected existence in his blue bosom. Never before, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, had the stage of water in the Mississippi been so low. The larger boats

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were withdrawn, and their places supplied with smaller ones of light draught. But these stern wheels, small as they were, could hardly do better; and, what with stranding or partially concealed sand-bars, and being pushed off by long oars, and other obstacles, they made sad and perilous voyages up to the "head of navigation," as St. Paul in those days was called. Of course, anything like regularity in making trips was out of the question. Whole days would intervene, and the arrival of a steamer was like that of a message from China or the dead. St. Paul felt nervous that horrible summer; she was isolated and solitary; she sat indeed like a queen, gayly attired, and shining with youth, beauty, and wealth, but she sat widow-like, alone. Her lovers were in Milwaukee, Chicago, and St. Louis; and the terrible river which ought to have connected her by a true marriage-tie to these, although not broken, separated her almost as effectually as if it had not been there at all.

Men had begun to prognosticate all manner of evils; the country was slowly drying up; it was merely following in this fixed tendency of the region. Parallels began to be drawn between the Northwest and other sections on this point. Some had read Humboldt, who declared that when the forests of a country are proportionately cut down the rivers and streams dry up and rain ceases to fall in the usual quantity. I recall a gentleman who happened that summer to stumble over an article in a back volume of *Harper's Magazine* on this very subject, proving the same thing by historical facts connected with the Madeira Islands and the city of Mexico.

At this period, and for a long time previous, immense quantities of lumber had been annually sawn on the head-waters of the Chippewa and St. Croix rivers, and the other tributaries of the Mississippi, which was now grown so sick, and weak, and attenuated. As men looked on the wasted countenance of the Father of Waters and noticed his ribs of sand protruding out of his breast, which in the rotundity of plump health are always concealed, and felt his faltering pulse, the enfeebled little ripples, whose pulsations crept languidly up to the shore; and as they witnessed in many instances the festering green scum which bordered his coves and retired reaches of beach, like the diseased froth and foam of one who is weary of life and wandering in his frenzied mind—they felt a strange pity for the patient, and heaved sighs of sorrow and condolence.

Such was the summer of 1863, and that of 1864 was not much better; and yet, notwithstanding all these discouraging prospects, the crop turned out a good average both years. How, no one seemed to know; but the secret seems to have lain in the heavy dews which nature, like a kind and considerate mother, sent to us in our need. Every morning it lay on the ground, clear, sparkling, and lustrous, abundant in quantity, generous and fertilizing in quality; like mercy, which the poet likened unto it, but to which in reverse order I take the liberty of comparing it, this supply of gentle dew was not strained; it dropped into the valleys and hills; every dawn it was there, just as the manna of the Israelites was, and every acre, like every one of the stiff-necked race, got all it needed and no more. And when the sun was up it vanished, having fulfilled its errand of mercy.

An indiscriminating stranger, coming to Minnesota that summer of 1863, would have been likely to form the settled opinion that the country was one where it seldom or never rained, as in Chili and other parts of the globe. No mistake, however, would have been greater. What would he have said had he come in the year of grace 1867? Let us imagine him landing from the boat at any of our river towns, about the first of last May.

"The stage of water" was decently high and rising. The invalid whom we have lately seen so sick has recovered his strength and fullness of form. In a few weeks he will grow so fast as to overflow his banks, while his head-waters will burst and demolish dams and lumber-booms near St. Anthony's Falls, and carry off millions of feet of logs in their destructive course. Our traveler leaves the river and pushes inland. He finds the soil every where moist, the streams muddy and full, frequent sloughs of the veriest despond, and a cloudy sky overhead, piled up with sombre-looking reservoirs of water, discharging or threatening soon to discharge their contents.

Despondency, weariness, and a moody sort of fretfulness appear on the faces and in the words and actions of all he meets. A long, tedious winter had just passed; trade had been dull; every one was poor; and all the farmers were in debt. A common remark, heard almost every day, was, that "If the crops fail this year the country will go up;" that is, not heavenward, but in a destructive direction. The farmers had had a light crop in 1866, owing to the blighting of the wheat, and they had hardly any-

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thing to live upon in the winter that ensued. Many tried to borrow money on their lands, and paid two and three per cent a month. Others could effect no loans, and run up long bills at the stores. Many felt gloomy, all felt dull. But as the winter wore slowly away, and as they went deeper and deeper into debt, both they and their creditors looked forward to the next year's harvest as the Good Fairy which was to bring them all out of their difficulties.

Now every body looked forward to the coming harvest with anxious expectation as the means by which all things were to be set right. The "winter of our discontent" was hopefully exchanged for the "glorious summer" that was to be. But after a while men began to say to one another, "How it rains!" On the 28th of February there was a heavy thunder-storm: loud peals of thunder and vivid bursts of lightning filled the whole heaven and lit up the black darkness, making the night as light as day. The rain fell in torrents. This was the commencement. During April the floods came down from the north where the snow melted, and the rivers were soon on a "rampage." It continued to rain through May, June, and into July; five days out of seven. At first nothing was thought of it; next it attracted attention; then men began to grow astonished; and lastly they became anxious and alarmed for the prospects of farming. Rain — it was nothing but rain — through most of the week. It hindered all kinds of business; it delayed the coming on of spring and warm weather; impeded travel, and kept back visitors from the State; bred a damp, melancholic kind of desperation of the future in many minds; and gave rise to the "blues" generally. Corn had to be repeatedly sown, being washed out or rotted by the wet soil. Wheat could not be sown, and it is every thing in this country to get wheat early into the ground. The rains "reigned supreme" till the middle of July.

What has all this to do with the Wheat-fields of Minnesota? the reader may possibly ask. Well, considerable. Wheat don't grow in standing water; besides that the more settlers the more wheat cultivated. So we'll go on and see how the rains affected the immigrants who came here to locate and open out farms, and woo Ceres generally. In May and early June these people came up from Iowa and Illinois in companies with their teams. It was the world-wide-renowned emigrant train; canvas-covered wagons, with the women and children piled up inside against the household stuff; half-grown boys walking now alongside, now mounted

on two-year-old colts, the men seated on the backs of horses, and the cattle straggling after with more or less of attempts at herding.

The writer was in Fillmore County, in the southern part of the State, at this period. Numbers of these trains passed through Preston and Chatfield, in this county, from Dacotah and the neighboring parts of Iowa. Chatfield, one of the most beautiful towns in Minnesota, possesses that rare advantage[,] a heavy body of timber, covering, as far as the eye can reach, the beautiful slopes of the Root River — the Hokah of the Sioux — on whose northern bank it is built. Graceful forests embosom on one side the pretty village. It was noon one day when the writer came by and saw three or four emigrant wagons, with their two dozen horses and their "mixed company," deploying through the main street.

It was a curious sight as we passed by and saw them thus picnicking in the grove. Hard-working fellows they were, and women toughened with toil. Health and fortitude appeared in their faces. They were the far-famed bone and sinew of the land; the founders of new States; builders of civilization on Far Western borders. It was a picture to study. Barefooted and without coats, the boys ran hither and thither to recall vagrant cows and restore wandering horses to their appointed limits. Some ran off to the stream with pails for water. Rapid fragments of conversation — sudden jets of sparkling outcry and jests — merry rills of bubbling young female laughter — were heard.

Where were these emigrants going? To the far western counties of Minnesota, and they will take Rochester and Owatonna on their way. It was the region of low lands and partial inundations. In a few hours they were gone. No one expected to see them again, when suddenly, a few weeks later, back they came, the same long, straggling procession of wagons, horses, and cattle, wending their way to their old homes in the South. They had got mired up near Owatonna, and the wet weather continuing, and no one having a ghost of an idea when it would cease, the dampness settled down upon their spirits, when they considered how the year was slipping by and their funds were oozing away, and they grew disheartened and returned.

Such was the character of the first half of 1867 in our State; and if the visitor of four years ago had been inclined to pronounce it an intolerably dry country, he who came here this year would have been as strongly disposed to say it was intolerably wet.

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Wheat is planted in Minnesota as early as the weather and ground will permit. In April the plow is put to the soil and the seed sown, or earlier if possible; they plow deep, and allow one and a half or two bushels of seed to the acre. Wheat requires a dry soil and cool temperature. A good average yield is sixteen or twenty bushels to the acre, although many acres yield twenty-five or thirty bushels. By sowing early the grain has full opportunity to ripen slowly and surely; by sowing late the berry is "in the milk" when the hot, scorching days of August come, and the excessive heat blights it, drying and withering it up. In the best quality the berries are large, plump, and full.

As one goes over the country in the fall of the year he sees vast tracts of "new breaking," where the virgin soil, black as ink, and rich almost to glutinousness, has been broken by the plow, and the soil turned bottom upward in long, dark bands or layers as far as the eye can reach. Here it is exposed for months to the wind and weather till it decomposes and becomes fit for agricultural purposes. Every year vast tracts of prairie are thus turned over, or "broken," and with the next the loam is leveled and the seed is cast in; and thus large additions are annually made to the aggregate amount of acres of wheat.

Take your stand on one of these "new breaking-pieces," and look perhaps in any direction, and you will find yourself inclosed by its dreary strips of black loam; not a blade of grass nor a single leaf will appear. It is a picture of desolation and vacancy; nature and life are in their embryo; not a glimpse can be seen of their future creations. Nothing can exceed the contrast between this and what these same fields will present a year or two afterward, when they stand yellow with the harvest, an emblem of cheerfulness and prosperity.

Farms are generally 160 acres in extent — a "quarter section" being usually the quantity bought and worked. Under the Homestead Law lands are constantly taken up, the cost being a mere trifle for fees, etc. The settler is required to locate on it, put up a small house, do some fencing and "breaking," and pass a night on it at least once every six months.

Many amusing stories are told how persons of ingenious habits of mind and India-rubber consciences manage to conform to the letter, while they evade the more burdensome intents of the law. The merest apology for a house, and the least possible amount of

residence and "improvements" are done. Still this dodging of the law works no serious violation of its contemplated objects. Lands are opened, destitute families are provided with a farm and means of attaining independence and prosperity, and the State is settled up. Sometimes a family is so constituted as to be able to take four quarters, or a full square mile of land. No single applicant can take out papers for more than one quarter section, and a man and his wife and young children are viewed as one party. But if he has a widowed mother and two unmarried sisters grown up living with him, each is regarded as a legal applicant; and they arrange it often thus: They select four quarter sections lying contiguous to each other, and put up a house right upon the center where the four quarter sections touch, so that each quarter of the building stands on a different quarter section. Partitions divide the interior into rooms to correspond; and each party then fulfills his obligations to the law at one-fourth the expense he or she would otherwise incur. They are supposed to form four distinct families, dwelling apart, although practically they still form but one household as before.

These wild lands thus entered are worth about \$5 per acre, and when "improved" rise to \$15 or \$25 according to circumstances. At the end of five years' residence Government gives a clean deed of the property. Many, however, having the means, prefer to buy the land outright at the start, paying the Government price, \$1.25 per acre.

Wheat matures from about the beginning to the middle of August. The whole country then awakens from its long slothfulness. Business revives. Interest, energy, and happiness every where appear. No one who has never witnessed the dullness pervading all departments of business during the winter and spring can comprehend the great and sudden transformation which the incoming crop produces. Mechanics, tradesmen, wheat-buyers, railroads, steamboats — all seem to be indued with new life and vigor; every where is activity, bustle and confusion. Wheat, owing to the prolonged rains, was planted quite late this year, and consequently was not so soon in getting to market as usual.

In the beginning of August the writer was stopping at St. Charles, a brisk little town on the Winona and St. Peter Railroad, 28 miles from the Mississippi River. All these railroad stations are "wheat outlets," whither the grain flows in steady streams from the

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outlying country. And so, too, are the different towns and steamboat landings on the Mississippi. Often the visitor sailing up the river is astonished to see the boat stop at some bluff so precipitous that it seems foolhardy to attempt to ascend it; on the slope of which, however, he discovers one or two stores and saloons, and towering far above them the tall form of the inevitable "grain-elevator," with its brownish red front and vans for catching the wind. This certainly can not be a city, even in infancy, for there is no chance on these steep hillsides for the most modest town to grow. But the traveler sees the propriety of it all when he is informed that this apparently impracticable and insignificant spot is an outlet for immense quantities of wheat, which is received in the tall elevator, and delivered below into barges to be carried to the markets at the East. Wheat thus delivered in "bulk" occupies many hours in loading, and often the down steamboat is delayed all this time, much to the yawning weariness of the impatient passengers.

At St. Charles there is a comfortable hotel, whose veranda commands a full view of the depot and railroad and the grain-elevator. All these are objects of absorbing interest to those vagabond tourists whose time hangs heavy on their hands. I was lounging in my chair on the long stoop of the hotel when the morning train (8 a.m.) came in from Winona. First we heard the whistle, and then the rush and heavy breathings of the iron monster. The landlord starts from his seat and hurries to the depot — it is but a step — to receive his possible guests from the train. In a few moments he returns, surrounded by a rough-looking set of fellows, each armed with a bundle or valise. They were laborers come from Iowa and Missouri to work in the harvest. Able-bodied, hardy, of all shapes and sizes, they looked like a detachment of Goths and Vandals on a marauding expedition to our peaceful hills and vales. They were the first installment of "field-hands" from below, come to assist our farmers to gather in their crops. Starting from the vicinity of St. Louis they had worked in field after field. When one section of country was harvested migrating farther north, till they had gradually toiled their way through to Minnesota; and now they had come to offer us the benefit of their toughened frames and experienced labors, for an equivalent. But they were fully determined that this equivalent should be something decent.

It was now the second week in August. Wheat was fast ripen-

ing; some was ready for the reaper, and an immense quantity had been cultivated, which would all in a few days have to be gathered in.

Our invoice of "field-hands" enter their names in all sorts of caligraphy and orthography on the book of the hotel. Then they lounge about, looking here and looking there, putting questions and taking observations.

"Landlord, have there been any farmers in yet wanting hands?"

"Well, gentlemen, not as I've seen; but they'll be coming in now pretty fast. Turner, I heard, was around yesterday looking for some help."

"What are they paying here now?" asks another of the gang. He uttered his question in a hard, resolute way, as if he had made up his mind what he would get, and didn't care much what was paid.

"Well, the price isn't fixed yet," replied the landlord, "but the farmers' talk about not giving more'n two dollars a day."

"They'll pay more than that before the week's out," rejoined the other, sententiously.

"What are they paying down below?"

"Three dollars; and they'll have to come to it here. There's a big pile of wheat this season — half agin as much as last."

"I know it; but there will be men enough. Every boat will bring up its crowd."

"Well, you'll find yourself mistaken — you see. Bet you, we don't bind for any two dollars — no, nor any two and a half — will we boys?"

The others grunt their determination to stick to three dollars without flinching. . . .

But how is it now, this bright Monday morning, with the farmers? The train has just arrived with a fresh batch of hands; early as it is, there are a dozen wagons in, ready to grab them all up. They are a little coy, the modest youths, at first, but three dollars makes the courting very easy. Each farmer affectionately stows away his gang in the wagon. He treats them very cordially now, almost deferentially, for he fears he may possibly lose them even yet, should more than three dollars be offered by some desperate fellow who has failed to secure any. And so, whipping up

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his team, he drives away in hot haste, till the fear of danger is past. The terms then are at last three dollars a day and found. The boys are not at all satisfied if the fare is not plentiful and of the best.

"The trouble of these field-hands is," growled a farmer one day in my hearing, "that they want every day a regular Thanksgiving dinner, and breakfast and supper to match. They don't get a decent meal at home all the rest of the year, and then they come and curse and swear if they don't have a dinner fit for a New York alderman."

As for the beds, the boys are not particular; they can turn in anywhere, two or three bundled together on mattresses spread on the floor, in the garret, on the landings of stairs, and in the barns on fresh hay, with a quilt for a covering. But they are natural-born epicures. If they have to starve at home, here they will regale at any rate, and woe to that man who fails to meet their requisitions. They leave him all with a stampede, and, as he ruefully calculates the balance of profit and loss, he wisely comes to the conclusion that he had done better to have lost a little on his table than in his suffering fields.

What shall we say of the farmer's poor wife? She — distressed dame — and another woman whom she generally has on these occasions to assist her, are nearly worked to death to supply their demands. Just imagine a dozen hearty men, ravenous as wolves with their toil in the hot sun, needing to be fed three times a day for as many weeks, and then judge whether the farmer's wife is not rather badly worked. But she keeps up her spirits (is not her "man" working as hard as she is?), is constantly occupied, always has a smile of courage and strength, answers questions cheerily, perhaps contributes her small quota to the running repartee and laughter which her boisterous "family" — as she loves to call her guests — send volleying through the room, and withal seems so patient, and willing, and obliging, that you hardly suspect sometimes how great the strain of that harvest month must be to her system. If she has any little irritations and impatiences she cleverly bottles them up, and never lets them off, unless possibly when night drops its pall over nature, and she has her inferior half all snugly to herself in bed, that delicious couch which comes so grateful to them both after their day of distraction and toil.

At one of these farms a dozen hands were hired. Like all of

their class, they were rough, unwieldy, obstreperous fellows, accustomed to hard work and scorching in the sun, and inclined when evening came round to offset the burdens of the day with fun and song. The "boys" fortunately were satisfied with their fare, and also with their beds. But after going up stairs to the two or three good-sized apartments where they were to sleep, slumber that night was slow in sealing their restless eyelids. Remarks were constantly passing from one to the other; and if here and there one or two, more successful than the rest, got half-asleep, their tormenters pelted them with such a storm of cries, shouts, and laughter as effectually banished all slumber. Now, in these cases it will never do to grow angry and quarrel, for you will inevitably get the worst of it; but you must lie and laugh with the rest, and show how good a fellow you are, and how you can "keep the ball a-going" with the best of them. Of course it is rather irritating, but that is no matter. You can sleep after midnight as well as before, and your hope is to await till the uproar gradually moderates and ceases of itself.

In the mean time it seemed as yet only to increase in intensity. Finding the war and frolic — for both seemed strangely mingled — of words to be rather tame at last, one and another of them sprang out of bed and began dancing around in their nether garments, singing desperate catches, and sending forth unearthly yells. . . .

At this moment two or three seize on the lower limbs of a would-be sleeper, and drag him sprawling on the floor. He rises and laughs his injured dignity away with two or three boisterous outbursts. And now six or eight are on their feet, and a dance is at once improvised. Snatches of song, yells and outcries, heavy jouncing and tumbling. How the floor bends under them, and the window-sashes rattle!

"Hallo, boys! we'll have the ceiling down below if we don't take care."

"What if we do? Keep a-moving — keep a-moving until the old house comes tumbling down all together."

"Tom, you're rather hard on the old man."

"Better say on the old woman," cries another. "I heard her say to him through the crack of the stair-door that she was afraid to lie still for fear the ceiling would give way."

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. . . The next day at dinner they were at it again. The family were Methodists and pious people. The long table accommodated a dozen; the farmer sat at the head. When they had taken their seats he paused to say grace. He had done it before in the morning at breakfast, and so on, but now they were prepared for him. Hardly had he commenced before from the middle of the table along down to the farther end a volley of oaths flew from mouth to mouth, drowning every word their host said. The habit of swearing is very common in the Northwest. An oath at every ten words is perhaps a fair average. We omit them in our report. If any reader has a taste that way he may supply them at pleasure. When the grace came to a close the oaths ceased with singular unanimity. The old farmer looked shocked and indignant, but the boys didn't care, laughing on as furiously as ever. It is proper to say that his good dame remained in a side-room while the profanities flew around. . . .

But three dollars was destined not to be the limit of wages this year. A large amount of land had been sown and labor was scarce. The "hands" were right in their forecast of the future. And even when they were absorbed all up, at their price of three dollars, hundreds of farms, all over the State, still lay untouched by the scythe. And now the husbandmen grew really frightened. In their eager, almost frenzied efforts to secure hands and save their crops (for now it had come to this), they went excitedly into the towns to buy up work at any price. At Eycota and Rochester at this time many were engaged at three, three and a half, four, and even four and a half, dollars a day. Soon the anxiety spread from the farmers to the other classes of the community. Merchants, wheat-buyers, mechanics, persons of all interests and ranks began to feel concerned. Was there to be a repetition of last year's failure and distress? Every one knew his prosperity, his exemption from poverty and suffering, depended directly or indirectly on the success of the farmers. They were the mighty Atlas who bore upon their huge shoulders the well-being and safety of the whole country. Labor was scarce; what was to be done? Every one not busily engaged in other occupations felt a call almost as strong as that of patriotism to go into the fields; and fortunately numbers in different branches of business were sufficiently at leisure to give a few days to this object. A farmer came into a town in Southern Minnesota

and grabbed up a tailor, a shoemaker, a harnessmaker, and a blacksmith, for three dollars a day each. The next morning another came, and a hotel-keeper was seduced by his gentle appeals and went off in company with his brother and partner, for the agricultural Siren had tempted them with an offer of four dollars a day. The hotel in the mean time was left to the tender mercies of the boy hostler. And so it went on. Lawyers without cases, doctors where the neighborhood was rather too healthy, preachers of the Gospel whose flocks preferred not to part with their wool, men of all trades and professions, prompted by the concern and fear all felt, and by the tempting offers of three and four dollars, went pell-mell into the wheat-fields of Minnesota. When the adventurers returned, after a few weeks, with their frames knit and toughened with toil, their muscles strong as iron, their health invigorated, and their brains clear and powerful, they felt they were in these things more fully paid than by the fifty or seventy-five dollars with which their pockets were lined.

Shall he confess it? the writer also felt the prevailing anxiety for the common welfare, and like a good citizen shared deeply in the enthusiasm. He floated along with the tide, which one evening stranded him near a farm-house in the vicinity of St. Charles. As he glanced over the fence (fences in this country are of the usual kind — two upright posts and three horizontal bars), he saw an acquaintance hard at work binding wheat. The latter shouted a hearty note of welcome.

"Come in and lend a hand; Bristow needs laborers. I'm the only man he has got. Come in; you can just as well earn your three dollars a day as not."

"Well," said I, yielding like any coy damsel, "I'll go in and see what I can do. But it is too late this evening to do much, so I'll present myself indoors."

"Bristow's not at home — he's away to St. Charles, looking for help."

"It's all the same," said I, "Mrs. B. will do quite as well."

And with that I left him and entered the house, a little frame-building, painted white, and containing four or five rooms. . . .

The farmer returned quite late, and his empty wagon showed he had been unsuccessful. Poor fellow! he was dull and discour-

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aged. Of course he was glad to get my help, small as it might be. "If you can't do much," he said, "it will be something, and I'll pay what is fair. In a day or two it will be handier."

His farm consisted of about seventy acres of wheat and ten of oats. A little had been cut and shocked. To gather in the balance there were Bristow, Jones, myself, and a neighbor, whose name was Dixon. We needed six or eight hands, and here we were, all told, only three and a half, for I considered myself no more than half a hand.

The first thing to do was to rake together and bind the numerous detached swaths of grain, with which, at regular intervals, the field (of about eight acres) was covered.

"Binding and shocking" — is the reader acquainted with their mysteries? The standing grain is cut by the reaper, and is raked off the machine by the machine itself, or else by the farmer, armed with a rake, in swaths every four or five feet apart. These are immediately seized upon by the "binders," and made into "bundles." Stooping over each swath, the binder draws from it a handful of long even grain, of which he forms a band, and encompasses with it the swath, tying the ends together, and making the bundle compact and tight. It is then thrown to one side, and the binder, without a moment's loss of time, proceeds to do the same with another. The making of the "bands" requires skill and dexterity, which only practice can give. First, the handful of even-cut grain is drawn from the swath, as just noticed; the top ends, containing the berries of the wheat, are firmly grasped by one hand, while with the other the straw is separated and by a rapid and peculiar overhand movement and management of the fingers a sort of knot is formed in the berry end; and then the binder, still keeping his finger firmly fixed on the knot, stoops on the swath, grasps it up all clean in his arms, surrounds it with the band, squeezes it tightly together till it forms the smallest possible compass, and then joins the two detached ends of his hand in a knot by a quick circular movement and the insertion of his thumb.

"Shocking" comes next in order. After all the wheat is "bound" you see the field strewn with an infinity of bundles. These must all be set up into "shocks." Ordinarily a dozen go to one shock. The "shocker" glances at a spot as nearly in the centre of the twelve nearest bundles as he can find, and fixes upon it as the site for his building — for it is customary to talk of "building" these

shocks. Then he starts out to gather in his materials; here he seizes one bundle, there he grasps another, two more are rolled up under his arms, and perhaps two more are tugged along, half dragged on the ground, and all are thus borne to the place designated. Here, dropping all save two, he plants these latter firmly on the ground, with the ends containing the ears of wheat uppermost, and at the same time presses them firmly against each other, so that they will stand secure, and mutually support each other. Two more such couples as these are set up, forming a row two deep and three long. Against this row, on opposite sides, four other bundles find their places, all firmly planted and pressed together, and all having the wheat ends upward. Ten bundles have thus been made to do service. And now the shock is capped by putting on the two final bundles, called "caps" in the vernacular of the field. They are laid crosswise on top, having both their ends flattened out and bent downward, so as more fully to cover the bundles underneath and protect them from the rain should a shower arise. By being spread out and flattened in this manner they lie more securely on the pile, and are less liable to be whisked off by a sudden gust of wind. You can shock more rapidly, of course, than you can bind. Harvest-hands bind about two and a half — sometimes three — acres a day each, and "set up" or shock eight or ten acres in the same time. Generally four or five binders "follow" a reaper, and bind as fast as it can cut. An intense rivalry exists between the various reapers, and agents are in the field constantly during the season, advocating the merits of their different machines.

And it is the same with the other implements of husbandry. As the whole trade and life of the country are connected with and founded upon the farming interest, the West is overrun with agents, representing all branches of business connected with the farmer. Step into any of the stores or hotels, and the chances are ten to one that you will find a seller for some manufacturer of plows, reapers, threshing-machines, etc. Husbandry, in all its various departments, forms a kind of staple subject for conversation; and the result is, every body knows nearly as much of farming and its appliances as if they were farmers themselves. And, indeed, most of them are. It is seldom the case that storekeepers and mechanics, while running their legitimate business, do not also possess their "eighties" or "one hundred and sixties," which they partly work at intervals, and partly sub-let to others interested jointly

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with themselves in the crops. In fact, not to waste words, the whole community here, more or less, has "wheat on the brain."

I do not propose to give my special experience as a "farm hand." Suffice it to say that I found it hard work at first, but in a couple of days I got used to it; and soon I had awakened in my astonished frame a new and unexpected amount of strength. A feeling of physical endurance and power came over me which struck me as being peculiarly noble. I was pleased and triumphant. I felt a fresh life and increased tension and vigor in every fibre of my body. And far from my mind suffering from this unusual predominance of her physical companion, it was quite the opposite — it seemed to expand in its strength and assume a serener, because more powerful, empire over my body. When I went to bed I enjoyed the mood and thoughts of a conquerer. "I have tested the thing and have succeeded," I said to myself; "I can do a day's work as well as the best man. Farewell now to old weaknesses and inefficiencies, to lifelong doubts and despondencies. Labor, that grand old inheritance from Eden, Adam's best legacy to his posterity, is the prime means of building up men and women, and preserving souls pure, great, and strong, like Cincinnatus at his plow, who smiled from a superior eminence on the Roman domination laid at his agricultural soil-stained feet in the day of Rome's distress."

Now, rhapsody aside, the reader can see that I got inured to hard labor; and in my case various things had made it seem a hopeless undertaking. I have written, therefore, to encourage others to do likewise, who possibly may be wishing they had the strength, and fearing they have not. I am sure they need have no alarm. Given a sound constitution and general good health, and I care not how small and fragile a man may be, in a couple of days he will toughen out and work along quite comfortably.

When the wheat is all shocked the next thing is to stack it. A wagon goes around from shock to shock, with men armed with pitchforks following it, and the grain is all taken in and carried to the stackers. These arrange the bundles on the ground in an immense circle, filling in with others. Some of these stacks are quite large, reaching 20 or 30 feet from the ground. Here it is that the wheat is finally threshed out. Those farmers who have threshing-machines set about immediately to thresh. Others have to wait till those in the business come around to do it for them. The machine is moved by horse-power; eight or ten of these animals

going round a circle, and turning a central axis, which imparts its motion to the machinery. A couple of men, constantly feed it with bundles of wheat, which it soon digests into pure wheat and separated straw. Those who make it a business to go over the country from farm to farm with their threshing-machines, charge for their work a regulated price, say about six or seven cents per bushel. One of these machines costs about \$700 or \$800; a year or two's work will pay for its cost; and as they are expected to last several years they leave a good margin of profit. From 300 to 400 bushels are threshed out in a day. After this the wheat is bagged in sacks of two bushels each; each sack being marked with its owner's name; and then it is put into wagons and hauled to the nearest market. These loads vary from 2000 to 3000 pounds' weight according to the distance they have to go. At 60 pounds to the bushel, 21 sacks (an ordinary load) will weigh 2500 pounds. The distance to market is usually about 6 to 10 miles, in the more settled districts, nowadays, since our railroads are running; before they were laid loads had to go one or two days to get to the river markets. In some localities they have still to go 15 or 20 miles.

Every railroad station and steamboat landing is a wheat outlet, and boasts its elevator. As one will stand for all, a few words about that at St. Charles, where I am now writing, will answer for the rest. It is a building 100 feet by 30, and, perhaps, 50 feet high. Over-tall to be proportionate, its beauty is not enhanced by its color, a dull reddish brown. Within it are two elevators which give it its name. These are broad bands, provided with a number of "buckets" or "baskets," which are constantly ascending and descending like a very long narrow ellipse, over two pivots or axes, from the bottom to the top of the building. As the band goes up its baskets are filled with wheat, which is consequently carried aloft, where it is emptied into large bins. At each end of the building are two places for receiving the wheat, called "hoppers," such as are seen in any flour-mill. To these the wheat wagons draw up, the sacks are untied, and the wheat is poured down the aperture of the hopper into a large box which rests on a platform scales. Here it is weighed, and then, by a contrivance, the bottom of the box is let out and the grain precipitated into a cavity below, where it comes into contact at once with the lower end of the elevator, armed with its baskets, and these scoop it up, carrying their full measure aloft to the bins.

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On the other side of the building the railroad is laid in close proximity; and here there are several spouts, through which the grain is passed down from the bins into the freight-cars, which are brought here alongside. A car-load is about 300 bushels, or 9 tons. When wheat comes in rapidly these cars have to be loaded frequently, to leave space in the building to receive from the wagons without delay. An elevator will contain about 30,000 to 40,000 bushels; the capacity of one at Rochester is 38,000 bushels. As 150 to 200 teams with wheat often come into a town in one day, with from 6000 to 8000 bushels, and all has to be taken into the elevator, it will be seen at once that the outgo must be in like ratio. It was a busy day in St. Charles on the 18th of September; 150 wagon-loads of wheat came in and were received. It was then the rush fairly set in, and it has been going on from day to day ever since till now (October 1), and will for many weeks more, till the close of navigation — about the middle of November.

Every thing has two sides and two halves. The opposite side of a farmer, who sells wheat, is the wheat buyer, who purchases it from him. These wheat buyers are a class by themselves. At all the wheat outlets a few houses do all the business of buying it. These hire their buyers, who stand on the street from morning till night, bidding for the grain as fast as the wagons come in. They are furnished with tickets, on which are stated the date, price, buyer's name, and a blank space where the farmer's name is written. Another blank is left to put the number of bushels on. The day's business is commenced with a price regularly agreed upon, which is adhered to as long as possible, until the heat of competition forces it up higher, or else some unfavorable news from the East causes it to decline. A system of rotation, too, is in vogue, so that the buyers, one after the other, can take their turn with the loads as they come in; but often a few hours will suffice to destroy this harmony, and then all make a dash at the farmer, who, of course, tries to take advantage of this rivalry and get as big a price as he can.

Three grades of wheat are recognized. As the grain is bought by measurement it is, of course, important to get as much weight to the bushel as possible. No. 1, or best wheat, is fixed to weigh 58 pounds — that is the standard; No. 2 to weigh 56, and No. 3, 53 pounds. A difference of 10 cents in price is made between No. 1 and No. 2, and the same (sometimes — for the rule varies — 20

cents) between No. 2 and No. 3. These are the weights to test the grade or quality by; but in order to get at the quantity the wheat is weighed in bulk, and divided by 60 to give the number of bushels; or, which is the same thing, the scales are made to weigh so many sixties, and save the trouble of division. Every wagon-load, therefore, is taken to the elevator and tested; a small brass kettle, holding about a quart, is filled evenly, and weighed by a small hand-steelyard; on the arm is a graduation, and it is regulated that just that quantity will balance at No. 58, on the graduated scale, if it be No. 1 wheat, or at 56 if No. 2, or at 53 if No. 3. The grain is tested from the hopper, as it pours into the box, in which it is then weighed in bulk to get at its quantity.

It is a very animating spectacle, this business of buying wheat. The open space between me — where I am sitting now in the hotel — and the elevator is covered with wagons to the number of forty or fifty. Some are going off, having just deposited their loads at the hopper; others are arriving to replenish the ranks. Some have oxen before them, others have horses. All are white to the view, with their rows of sacks filled out plump with the grain. There is shouting and running and confusion. As soon as the farmer gets his pay for his wheat he hastens to the various stores to execute some little commission for his wife or daughter, or it may be, if he is unmarried, for some sweet-heart, who is thinking that, now he is in funds, the "day" is not far off. Most of them, also, have long arrears of debts to settle up. And so the stores are all kept as busy as bee-hives with their customers. The blacksmith, too, is hard at work shoeing horses, the cobbler is getting the pedal coverings for men in readiness, and the harnessmaker in selling a new set or repairing an old one. I shall say nothing of the hotel, which is filled with comers and goers, and is a perfect pandemonium at the hours of meals. Among the strangers you notice all nationalities; the heavy, hard-working Norwegian, the stolid German, the lean, dry Yankee, the quick-eyed Gaul, the broad-faced Englishman, the excited Hibernian, and the shrewd Scotchman — all are here; and all are, by constant association, rapidly fusing into one common race.

The yield of wheat has varied considerably. A week or two ago I visited a farm of seventy acres which averaged 20 bushels to the acre. Another one, of 40 acres, is reported to have yielded 29½ to the acre; a few "banner acres" giving 33 to 34 bushels. Elsewhere

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you hear likewise of from 20 to 22 to the acre. In other places, however, it is very different, many farms averaging only 10 to 12 bushels. This is where the ground, as before remarked, was low, and remained wet till late in the season.

Farmers say that a fair average yield, at present prices for wheat and other things, costs 65 to 70 cents to the bushel to raise. Thus they make, at the current price of wheat (\$1.55), a profit of 85 to 90 cents a bushel. So a farm of 100 acres giving, at an average of 16 bushels, 1600 bushels, will pay a profit of \$1400. But it does not always turn out so. The farmers are, many of them, often in debt. They are poor economizers. The shiftlessness of Western farmers is proverbial. Honest, hard-working they are almost to a man; but they lack prudence, forecast, and thrift. Something of this, no doubt, is owing to the vast size of the farms they work and the boundlessness of the country. Every thing here is on an immense scale. Land is so plenty and cheap, that men's ideas outgrow the restrictions of sober economy, and the details of prudence seem to be contemptible. Thus errors are committed and waste engendered. It is a slovenly habit farmers have got into to take no care of their implements. A reaper or threshing-machine is left to lie uncovered just where it was last used, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather for a whole year. Of course, when wanted again and dragged forth, it is stiff and rheumatic in its joints, it wheezes asthmatic cries as it is attempted to be put into service, it is half worn-out with premature decay, and repairs become necessary; and after a repetition or two of this it at last entirely succumbs, and has to be replaced by another. A reaper cost \$200, and a threshing-machine \$700 to \$800. With proper care and housing over winter they are expected to last a number of years. This is one way profits vanish. A plow is left to lie in the last furrow it has made till another season demands its services. And so it goes on. Five or ten dollars would put up a straw-thatched shed, tight and water-proof, which would protect all the machinery a farm needs; but then they won't do it, or don't think of it.

In the fall thousands of straw-stacks are burnt up ruthlessly which would furnish good feeding for cattle and horses; and yet all this is wasted blindly. Last winter they would have given any thing to have had it. Oats had proved a failure, and very little had been saved. They were scarce, high, and the farmers out of money. By February the cattle were destitute of food. Numbers of them

starved in the southern counties of the State. If a man had several cows he took care of one or two — it was all he could feed — and left the rest to live on what they could find. The poor creatures nosed along in the deep snow, searching for food, till they died. Even the favored ones fared badly; and to this day, notwithstanding overabundant grass in the prairies, they have not recovered fairly from the hard times of last winter. A little forethought last fall would have prevented all this.

But there are many honorable exceptions; and with all their mistakes the farmers, as a body, are steadily increasing in wealth, and building up the prosperity of this young State. With her boundless resources and energetic children, Minnesota has a glorious future.

1871-1890

*TOWARDS FINER FLOUR:
THE MIDLINGS PURIFIER**

Joseph La Croix

MANY will remember that before 1871 and 1872 farming in Minnesota hardly paid. Wheat cost farmers nearly as much to raise as they could get for it. What has caused it to nearly double its market value all of a sudden since 1871 and 1872? To show this shall be the purpose of the following lines.

Some ten years before that time a French gentleman was called from the east by Alex. Faribault, the founder of the prosperous little city that bears his name, to build a flour mill for him on Straight river, a small stream running through that city. This gentleman was N. La Croix, who came and undertook to build this small mill on a system of as high grinding as he dared then, that system being entirely new and unknown to this country and even much neglected in Europe, where it had never been universally adopted as it is now.

The mill was of small capacity with but two runs of stones, dressed and speeded for the purpose of making middlings. The end of the last reel was so clothed as to allow the middlings, after being sufficiently dusted, to run through and the bran to tail off

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Towards Finer Flour: The Middlings Purifier

dry. These middlings passed then over a sieve which tailed off impurities. The sifted middlings were reground by themselves and flour made therefrom which [*sic*] soon became appreciated by customers and which retailed at the mill at 50 cents per 50 lb paper sack above the other flour.

In 1866 N. La Croix built a mill for himself in partnership with his brother, E. N. La Croix, and his son, Joseph La Croix, a little lower down on the same stream, under the firm name of N. La Croix, Bro. & Son.

There some further improvements were made in the purification of middlings which was then, as it is now, the soul of the system. A light current of air was made to pass under and through the sieve, causing the less pure middlings to fall the farthest off until they were sufficiently poor to tail off. This proved to be a great improvement and the La Croixs became then fully convinced that from the Minnesota spring wheat the best of flour could and would be made. They set their minds at work to improve the system as much as lay in their limited power. Seeing the trouble there was in keeping the middlings sieve clean, it having to be brushed occasionally by hand, N. La Croix got up a zigzag machine with a series of sieves on top of one another, with a reciprocating brush under each sieve, carried on the same frame and moved by a double right and left reciprocating screw. But before the screw could be applied a freshet came which carried away the dam of the mill and the bridge leading to it.

The La Croixs then had to give up the mill. E. N. La Croix went to Minneapolis to build some water wheels. While there he went around to all the mills of the city and told the millers how the best flour could be made out of spring wheat. None would believe him and some went even so far as to think him rather cranky. In Faribault some of the expert millers of the neighborhood were also calling N. La Croix "the shaker miller," because they could not understand why he had so many shaking sieves in his mill. In Minneapolis, however, one man listened to E. N. La Croix and thought there might be something in what he said. This was Geo. H. Christian. He listened to the description of his system of grinding and of purifying the middlings and he concluded to try it.

The first thing necessary was to build a purifier, and one was built under E. N. La Croix's direction. This was not done as easily

then as now. Nobody knew anything about it, and patterns for every iron part had to be made. At last the machine was put in the Washburn mill, the grinding made to suit the machine and to make middlings, which after being purified made flour of a quality unknown to this country till then. It soon brought \$2 above the other flour. This made millers believe in the La Croix system, and it fell into able hands, capable of carrying it to perfection.

Thus the Minnesota spring wheat nearly doubled its value, farming became prosperous and the country and the whole northwest was improved with greater speed. The finest of mills were built in Minneapolis and all over the country. Minnesota became one of the most prosperous states, and Minneapolis the greatest milling center of the world.

Once properly started these ideas spread all over the United States and American milling drew the attention of the whole world. Before this, much American wheat was shipped to Europe, but there was not much demand for American flour except St. Louis brands and some other winter wheat flour which has always stood high. But after the adoption of the new system American flour found its way to European markets more easily. English millers opened their eyes with astonishment and looked toward the United States for instruction and knowledge, that they might improve their system and be able to compete with American millers. Many of them came to this country to learn the secret of the success and some Americans were even unpatriotic enough to go over to England to show them about milling what they never would have found out by themselves. It is only the truly scientific millers, who by dint of experimenting and studying in their own mills at their own cost and who thus have achieved something toward the advancement of good milling, that know how difficult good milling is, and what it costs in time, money and brains.

After the wonderful start thus given by American milling, millers and experts went to work to invent and bring into operation every possible device to perfect the system now fairly inaugurated. To that system of gradual reduction it was soon found possible to adapt the roller system which otherwise could never have been adopted. In France they have been slower to adopt the American system, being less exposed to its competition than in England, and strange to say, no effort has ever been made to open the French market to American flour, though Paris is one of the best

Towards Finer Flour: The Middlings Purifier

markets of the world for fine flour, the French people wanting good bread and much of it. The United States can satisfy them and their trade will be welcome and profitable. There being a duty to pay on flour does not matter, since the same duty is on wheat in proportion and more flour must be imported to that country than is generally thought by those who get their information only through English channels. This, however, will be the subject of an article by itself, it not belonging exactly to this.

In France they fully admit the improvement caused by gradual reduction and the purification of middlings, but not so generally that caused by the adoption of rolls. In an article published in *Journal de la Meunerie Française* as late as last month many pretend that stones would do as well, provided all the improvements used in connection with rolls should be used with stones.

Here rolls have replaced the stones entirely and with justice. They require much less care and ability to keep them in proper shape. But in justice to the first system of gradual reduction with stones it must be said that very good milling has been done to satisfy the most exclusive market, and as a proof of this I will cite the case of a mill at Monticello, Ind., which, after having been altered and improved under the direction of Jos. La Croix was making as good flour as there was made in Indiana and could compete with any mill. Its product has been compared with that of a full roller mill of Indianapolis and the preference was given to the Monticello mill's flour. I hear that since, the mill has been taken down and moved to the railroad track and a full line of rolls adopted and its flour still takes the lead on the same market of Indianapolis.

As another example of the gradual system of reduction as first introduced being the main cause of the vast improvement in milling obtained in this country, may be cited another mill, in Buena Vista, also in Indiana, which had adopted the Jonathan Mills system of reduction. The way that mill was first planned did not do justice to those excellent machines, and I believe they have been unjustly condemned in many places. Jos. La Croix, in order to save his purifiers which he had put in, went and changed the flow of the mill and made some other changes, and the result was that the flour made brought a price as high, if not higher, than any other flour in Minneapolis and does so to this day.

Thus it is shown that the greatest improvement in milling con-

sists in the sytem of gradual reduction and of the purification of middlings, as first introduced in Faribault and afterward in Minneapolis. The ingenious American miller has carried it to its highest perfection as he will carry anything he touches. From him it has spread all over the world, and the palm of good milling remains in his hands and the world acknowledges it.

1879-1883

*THE STORY OF THE WEALTHY APPLE**

Peter M. Gideon

I AM VERY HAPPY to be able once more to address you on the subject of fruit culture. I commenced the culture of fruit in Minnesota twenty-nine years ago by planting one bushel of apple seed and one peck of peach seed, and the next spring set about 400 trees of apple, pear, plum and cherry. And yearly thereafter for eleven years planted eastern and southern grown apple seed, and more or less trees yearly of various kinds, and kept all as long as they could be made to live in Minnesota, and out of all that vast amount only three trees remain — one the Wealthy, another a fair apple, the other worthless. Since that time we have planted only of our own growing of seed with results far better than anticipated. For I did not expect to jump from the little crab to a large apple at a single bound, but we did, and also got very small crabs from the seed of large apples. I find that when crabs and large apples are grown in close proximity, the seed of the crab is as liable to produce large apples as is the seed of the large apple so grown, and the seed of the large apple so grown as liable to produce a crab as is the crab seed itself, and each so grown will produce about equal amount of hardy and tender trees. We set in orchard only those most promising, and not more than one in fifty give a first class apple in quality, but the others make good stocks on which to graft good varieties. We have some large apples of best quality from crab seed, but others as large or larger from the same lot of seed were entirely worthless — mere trash — would begin to rot before ripe.

*Peter M. Gideon, "Remarks," in Minnesota State Horticultural Society, *Annual Reports*, 1883, p. 158-61 (Minneapolis, 1883).

The Story of the Wealthy Apple

The best apple I have yet produced is a seedling from the Wealthy, in form, size and color almost an exact likeness of the parent apple, but differs in flavor and color of flesh, holds more firmly at picking time, and will keep from six to eight weeks longer.

Colonel John H. Stevens, having tested its qualities, said, in a report in the *Farmers' Union*, that it was the best apple introduced since Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden, with which judgment I concur. But as to its real value to the Northwest, time and trial must tell. It set its second crop very full a year ago last spring (1881), but in June following the blight girdled it, leaving only a small sprout near the ground, and from that I am propagating, but it will be some years before the variety is fully tested. And until fully tested, and trees enough on hand to make my pile, will not be sent out.

As to blight, all varieties blight, and blight in proportion to the sap-flow at the time the atmospheric wave brings the epidemic along, the Russians being no more exempt than other varieties, and not the constitutional vigor to recover from blight injuries that our cross-bred seedlings have. We find some very nice varieties amongst the Russians, but our main hope is in our cross-bred seedlings to get a class of trees to stand all vicis[s]itudes of our climate, and to that end the State orchard was set in motion. What to do, and how to do it, were problems that we successfully solved in our many and varied experiments, showing that the seedling will ripen its fruit at or about the time the parent apple did from which the seed were taken.

The State orchard is only for the growing of seed, and no other orchard can be set so near as to adulterate it. It is set alternately in each row with an ironclad and a long keeper. The ironclads are our own best seedlings, and the long keepers are the best to be had from all parts of the world. Many of the long keepers fail on our cross-bred seedlings, especially on those seedlings showing most crab in their composition, but enough to me to make the trial a success. The crab gets its growth early and stops its sap-flow, hence we use it to top-graft later growing varieties on, as it stops its sap-flow and thereby compels the later growing variety to harden up for winter, and thus make a variety live and fruit that otherwise would kill every winter, and thus get fruit from long keepers, hardened by ironclads that will in time give us a class of

ironclad long keepers of best quality, for in the orchard nothing but the best of varieties are used; nothing to adulterate; the success is double sure.

Four years ago last spring we started the State orchard on root or crown grafts just set, the roots being seedlings of one and two years' growth, and that it was successful, [it] is only necessary to state that if intruders had let the fruit alone we would have had 12 or 15 bushels, but it was mostly taken. Got a few and planted the seed, so we are fairly in motion, and the result will soon be made manifest. We have 762 trees in the State orchard, and some 40 long keepers of best quality. Yet good as our selection of varieties, we anticipate great extremes — utter worthlessness in some, and great perfection in others. For such has been the past, and the past is a guarantee for the future.

The Gideon and Rebecca apples are about the same in size, but differ in time of ripening, color and flavor, equally good, and of same origin — from seed of a crab of our own growing. Neither of them so large as the Wealthy, nor so fine in color. Season of Rebecca, September, while the Gideon will keep until January.

The blight killed the original Rebecca tree in the month of June, and before it had fruited, and being a promising looking tree, I cut scions from it after the leaves had wilted, and grafted into a tree near by, and thus saved a fine variety.

We claim no less than 15 varieties of extra nice seedlings of our own growing, the smallest being as large as the Transcendent same season, and far better quality; and some 3,000 not yet fruited, from which we anticipate many fine varieties, and all attained in solving the problem, what to do and how to do it.

And now with those varieties as a foundation, and the knowledge how to use them, we are fairly in motion and in full faith that the future triumph is sure.

Exploring for Iron Ore

1885-1891

*EXPLORING FOR IRON ORE**

N. H. and H. V. Winchell

AN ACCOUNT of the mining interests of the state, since their beginning, would not be complete without a description of the early methods of searching for ore bodies and of travel in the wild regions of the northern part of the state. Owing to the construction of railroads which will penetrate the most remote and unsettled portions of the mining districts, and, on account of the building of wagon roads in the frontier counties, these early customs will soon become entirely obsolete, and will be matters of history and of value as such. No other mining region in the United States has ever been explored and developed in precisely the same way as the iron ore districts of Minnesota. And no other region will ever be so developed, for the necessary conditions of remoteness from railroads, abundance of canoeable water in the shape of lakes and rivers, and frequent exposures of the underlying rocks with their store of iron, are to be found in no other part of the country. The folding of the earth's crust brought the ancient rocks up edgewise to the surface, and the subsequent action of the moving ice sheets of the glacial epoch scraped off the decayed debris, smoothed down the rough peaks, and left polished domes of fresh rock in their places, eroded valleys in which gathered the waters when the ice melted away and formed the countless lakes of the region, without which the explorer would be almost unable to traverse the country, but borne on the surface of which he can travel farther in a day than he could on foot or horseback.

A person who to-day steps into an elegant coach on the Duluth and Iron Range railroad, complete in all its appointments, and in a few hours is safely transported along the shores of the "Big Sea Water" to Agate bay and then for the first time up over the great Mesabi and Giant's ranges to the far-famed iron mines of Vermilion lake which are now among the wonders of the world, can have but a faint conception of the long days of labor which it required less than six years ago to make the same trip.

*Newton H. Winchell and Horace V. Winchell, *The Iron Ores of Minnesota; Their Geology, Discovery, Development, Qualities, and Origin, and Comparison with those of Other Iron Districts*, 165-71 (Geological and Natural History of Minnesota, *Bulletins*, No. 6, Minneapolis, 1891.)

Before the construction of the railroad there were two ways to penetrate this wilderness and get to that inland lake, the home alike of the red man and the red iron ore; either by walking from Duluth over the old Vermilion lake "trail" which led through swamps and forests, over mountains and through gorges, or by a long and roundabout canoe-route down the north shore of lake Superior to Pigeon point or Grand Portage and then back along the course of the boundary waters. In any case an explorer who started into this wilderness was obliged to make up his mind to carry his entire outfit for many weary miles on his back, and had to prepare to meet annoyances and obstructions innumerable, from the sun which warmeth by day to the mosquito which swarmeth by night, from the storms of the lake and the wetting and ruination of all his supplies, to the cutting of trees which had fallen across his portage trail. It mattered not whether the traveler were a native Indian, an explorer for iron, a settler who wished to take up a claim and make his home there, a state geologist, or a man with the wealth of Croesus; all alike must carry their loads and tramp through the interminable swamps infested with insect pests and almost boiling under the heat of the sun. If it were winter the trip was made on snow-shoes, with dog trains to haul the toboggan loaded with the supplies and camping outfit. Here again the lakes afforded the easiest roads, and the winter trails led directly across the largest bodies of water. . . .

Both the dog-train and the canoe are of Indian origin and manufacture. It is one of the examples of the wise economy of nature that in the region where lakes and water courses are abundant, and traveling by canoe the only expedient way in the summer season, the white birch which is so well fitted for making canoes and domestic utensils should be abundant and grow of great size; while in the southern part of the state where the land is drier and more open and penetrable there are but few small birches found.

These birch canoes are the best thing that could be devised for use in this region, where the canoe first carries the traveler for a distance and the traveler then carries the canoe. They vary in length from ten to twenty-five feet, and are called one-, two-, or three-man canoes, according as they will hold one or more men with their necessary supplies for two or three weeks. They are quite light when dry, weighing from forty to seventy-five pounds,

Exploring for Iron Ore

or more. A canoe of average size is easily carried inverted on a man's head and shoulders, . . . and if the traveler is in a hurry he will take a "pack" of fifty pounds besides.

To make a birch canoe an Indian first selects a good-sized birch tree, devoid of limbs for fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. With an axe he then makes a vertical incision up one side of the tree as high as the bark is good, or as far as he desires to cut it off. The bark of a birch tree is generally about a quarter of an inch thick and is under high tension owing to the annual growth of the wood inside. In the spring the bark when cut will shrink away from the incision and will frequently peel off of its own accord for two or three inches on each side of the cut. The Indian strips off this bark in one whole piece with his axe, rolls it up and takes it home. The inside is then scraped and the outside peeled off to make it smooth and obtain the desired thickness. This large piece is for the bottom of the canoe and reaches from end to end, the inside of the bark forming the outside of the canoe. A framework is made of white cedar, and around this framework the bark is fitted. The ends are made pointed and the sides are enlarged by sewing pieces of bark on them. The sewing is done with an awl and the thread used is obtained from the inside of long, flexible spruce roots. The canoe is allowed to dry a short time and is lined first with thin cedar withes running lengthwise of the canoe and is then braced by transverse bows of cedar on the inside. The seams are covered neatly with pitch, and a couple of cedar paddles complete the outfit. Such a canoe will hold from three hundred to fifteen hundred pounds, will last two seasons, three with care, and in the hands of a skilful canoeman will navigate the roughest waters of lake or rapids in safety. It takes an Indian and his family three or four days to make one and they are worth from five to twenty dollars, according to the demand, the season of the year, the size and beauty of the canoe and the place of purchase, as well as the necessity or greed of the Indian owner.

Great care is sometimes taken by the Indians to have a fine dog train. Three or four dogs are secured and trained so that they will travel long distances and haul a heavy load over the snow-covered lakes. The following description of one is taken from the *Vermilion Iron Journal* of April 3, 1890.

"There arrived in this city, (Tower), late Thursday afternoon, one of the most magnificent and well-trained dog-teams it has

been our fortune to see in this or any other country. There were four of the dogs, three nearly white, the other almost black; and they were the brightest, liveliest quartette of canines that have ever yet come in from a woodman's home. The equipment, too, was far from the ordinary style. The dogs each wore a nice, ornamental collar, supplied with tiny Russian bells that tinkled merrily to their lively little trot when on the road. In addition to this, each was comfortably covered with a handsome blanket worked in fancy colors and ornamented with Indian beads. The toboggan was an exact counterpart of those used by the Esquimaux, being a frame covered by a tanned moose skin, the whole thing very much resembling a whitewashed coffin, except, perhaps, the fancy striped painting on the sides. The toboggan was water-tight and could be used for a canoe in case of an emergency. The outfit was the property of a half-breed, Richard Lyons, who brought in a man named Frank Mosher, from Fort Francis, Canada, 110 miles from Tower. The entire distance was made in twenty-two hours' travel, taking one night's rest when about midway in their journey."

Such traveling as that will grow more rare from now on, because Indians appreciate the use of a railroad train as well as anybody.

Besides a canoe in the summer months and snow-shoes in the winter, of course an explorer requires to be otherwise equipped for the business of searching for iron mines. He must be endowed both by nature and by training with qualities of patience, endurance and observation. He must be able to travel through any kind of a wilderness and not lose his way. He must be a canoeman, a packer, a cook and a geologist. He must know iron ore from trap rock, and must have a general idea of the geology of the region, so that he will not waste his time and energy and lose valuable opportunities of discovering and acquiring desirable mining properties.

Incompetent men are very often relied on to do work for which they are in no wise fitted. Several cases have been known to the writers, where wealthy capitalists and even intelligent men who are engaged in the iron industry in Ohio and Pennsylvania, have sent parties to spend the summer in searching for iron ore, which parties were in the charge of men who insisted on exploring during the whole season in a district of gneiss and crystalline

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schist, whereas a person acquainted in the least with the general geology of the iron ores of this state would have informed them that such a search would be fruitless. The result was that they spent large sums of money and had nothing to show for it.

Outfit. It is seldom that an explorer goes alone to look for iron or timber land. The operations of camping and traveling can be much better conducted by a small party of two or three. Their outfit should not be made any bulkier than necessary, and yet it is better to have too much than too little, for a person suffers greater inconvenience from the lack of sufficient food or clothing or blankets than from the extra exertion required to transport them.

A list of the various articles proven by experience to be of use and almost of necessity for an explorer, would include the following: For personal equipment he should have a couple of large, heavy woolen blankets, weighing eight pounds each; a canvass or rubber blanket to lay under them; a sack about the size of a seamless wheat sack, to hold his clothing; this may be made of heavy oil-cloth or of a rubber blanket, if he desires to have a change of dry clothes; a small "A tent" made of 6-ounce or 8-ounce duck. Of course this should be large enough to contain all the members of the party, and should be thick enough to keep out the rain of heavy showers in the spring. In the fall a "shed tent" is convenient, for a fire can be built in front of it for warmth, and rains are not so frequent. Sometimes a party does not need a tent for three or four weeks at a time, but can sleep under the blue canopy of the heavens with perfect comfort. In his clothes-bag the explorer puts all of his personal accoutrements and toilet articles. These should comprise extra suits of flannel underwear, flannel socks, shoes or shoe-pacs, sewing bag, flannel shirts, etc. He should have for constant daily use a suit of strong clothes through which air can circulate freely; and his foot-wear should be carefully selected. Whatever he wears on his feet should be large enough to be worn above at least two pairs of woolen socks, and it is better to wear shoes or shoe-pacs, with or without canvass leggings, than long, heavy, water-tight boots or boot-pacs. A person will be in the water several times a day, and frequently for a large part of the day, and it is easier to tramp around with a shoe full of water than a boot full; and besides, it is easier to remove a shoe and pour out the water, than to pull off water-soaked boots. A small case of common toilet articles is convenient, and two or three simple remedies

for biliousness, colds and dysentery, almost a necessity. Almost anything in the way of a hat can be worn, generally, however, something which will not interfere with the operation of a "pack strap," or be knocked off easily by bushes.

In the spring of the year the explorer is apt to be greatly troubled by the insect pests, "deer flies," "black flies" and "sand flies" or "midges," ("no-see-ums") by day, and mosquitoes at all times. It is sometimes necessary to build a small "smudge" whenever a person stops to rest or make observations, and at times impossible to write notes without gloves on one's hands and a handkerchief over one's neck and face or an Indian to stand by and wave a brush of branches and leaves over one's head. But such days are not very frequent and do not occur after the middle of July. Various kinds of ointments are recommended to keep off the mosquitoes, but they are generally worse than useless. A person soon becomes inured to them and his system is so inoculated with the poison that their bite ceases to produce swellings. The best way is to have the tent fringed at the bottom and up both sides of the door with half a width of "cheese cloth." This can be drawn in around the bottom and held down by hammers, specimens, blankets, etc., while the door-flap can be pinned together by clasp clothes-pins. The few mosquitoes that are in the tent can be silenced by singeing their wings in the flames of a candle, and the tired explorer can obtain the sleep that is an absolute necessity, unmindful of the hum outside which sometimes sounds like a pipe-organ at a distance.

The camping outfit should include a set of pails, pressed tin dippers which fit together, frying pans with hollow handles, plates, knives, forks, spoons, and a tin baker which can be set up before the fire, and can be folded into small compass for transportation. There should be an axe or two, a medium sized geological hammer for each member of the party and a miner's pick. The most convenient method of carrying these articles, as well as the stock of supplies, is in "pack-sacks" which are made of canvass fitted with broad leather straps to go over a man's head and shoulders. With one of these contrivances a man can carry on his back a load of one hundred pounds across a portage of half a mile without resting, and when it comes to steady packing can go twice as far at one "pull."

Each member of the party, unless he be an Indian, should be

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supplied with a good compass with which, by the aid of plats and maps, he can find his way in any part of the region. A dip needle is frequently indispensable in regions of magnetic ore. A small shot-gun and a couple of strong trolling hooks and lines will be the means of contributing a refreshing variety to the bill of fare and lighten both the load to be carried and the bill for groceries. In the matter of provisions individual tastes may to a large extent determine what shall be taken. All things like sugar, salt, flour, etc., that would be spoiled by being wet, should be carried in bags made of oil-cloth or oiled canvass. The staple articles of food which can be taken on a trip of this sort include flour, beans, ham, salt-pork, oat-meal, rice, tea, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, dried apples and prunelles or prunes, baking powder, pickles and dried corn. Butter and apple-butter can be obtained and carried in wooden caddies, but canned goods are not suitable on account of their bulk and the angularity which prevents them from fitting well into the hollow of a person's back when in a pack to be transported from one lake to another. Onions are excellent preservers of health and with fresh apples should be on hand as continually as practicable. In the proper season grouse, ducks, rabbits and other larger game may frequently be shot, and the lakes are generally full of fish which will bite a troller. Blue-berries, red raspberries and strawberries are abundant and grow to remarkable size, so that a person can pick a pail-full in a short time. On the whole the bill of fare is excellent and even an Indian will get up an inviting repast in a few minutes.

1873-1912

*MY STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHERN**

James J. Hill

NEARLY FORTY YEARS AGO the thought of a possible railway enterprise in the Northwest began to occupy my mind. It was born of experience in Northwestern transportation problems that had occupied most of my early business life, of faith in the productive powers and material resources of this part of the country, and of railroad conditions at that time. The feverish activity in securing

*James J. Hill, *The Great Northern and the Northwest*, 2-23 ([St. Paul, 1912 ?]).

railroad concessions in land and cash that marked the sixth decade of the last century had been followed by collapse. Doomed as these enterprises were to ultimate failure by their lack of commercial foundation and financial soundness, they were suddenly wrecked by the panic of 1873. Aside from the Northern Pacific property, the lines in the State of Minnesota most important and available if converted into real assets for the development of the Northwest were fragments of the old St. Paul & Pacific Company. Following the panic of 1873 these were in the hands of a receiver. The holders of their securities in Holland were more anxious to recover what they could from the wreck than to put more money into its completion and improvements that must be made if the properties were to continue to be operated at all. Their value lay to some extent in what was left of a land grant, which would be valuable as soon as the country should be opened, but chiefly in the possibilities of traffic from the millions of productive acres in the Northwest to be opened to settlement by transportation facilities. Yet so great seemed the task and so uncertain the reward, in the general opinion, that any plan of acquiring and reorganizing the property was regarded as visionary in those days by most holders of capital and most men of affairs.

After long and close study of the situation the slender beginning was made on which we risked our all. Failure would be immediate and final disaster. My associates were George Stephen, now Lord Mount Stephen, Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona, and Norman W. Kittson. We bought the defaulted bonds of these properties from the Dutch holders. The agreement with the Dutch committee was executed March 13, 1878, and practically all outstanding indebtedness was subsequently secured. The mortgages were afterwards foreclosed and the property was bought in. For those days it seemed a formidable financial undertaking. The stock of these companies aggregated \$6,500,000, and their bonded indebtedness with past due interest nearly \$33,000,000, aside from floating obligations. These had to be purchased at prices above those for which they had previously been offered in the open market. The total capitalization and indebtedness at that time of the companies taken over was approximately \$44,000,000.

The property secured consisted of completed lines from St. Paul via St. Anthony to Melrose, a distance of 104 miles, and from Minneapolis to Breckenridge, a distance of 207 miles; and of two

My Story of the Great Northern

projected lines, one from Sauk Rapids to Brainerd and one from Melrose to the Red River at St. Vincent on the international boundary line. On these latter some grading had been done and about 75 miles of track had been laid. There were gaps between Melrose and Barnesville, Crookston and St. Vincent, that must be filled quickly. In themselves, had it not been for the promise of the future, these were scattered tracks in a country just being settled, out of which to construct a railway system and on which to base the financing of their purchase and development.

We advanced the money to build the Red River Valley Railroad, fourteen miles of track from Crookston to Fisher's Landing, on the Red River, making a through route by steamboat from that point to Winnipeg. While negotiations were pending and also after they were concluded but before possession could be secured through the foreclosure of mortgages, an immense amount of work had to be done. The extension from Melrose to Barnesville must be pushed, and was carried thirty-three miles, as far as Alexandria; and ninety miles were built in the Red River Valley to reach the Canadian boundary. The former was necessary to save the land grant, whose time limit, already extended, was about to expire. The latter was in addition to connect with a railroad projected by the Canadian government from Winnipeg south. As the properties were still in the hands of a receiver, an order had to be obtained from the court for the completion of the work in Minnesota with funds furnished by us. Money had to be raised to build these lines and to furnish equipment necessary for their operation.

In May, 1879, the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company was organized to take over all these properties, whose bonds had been largely purchased, whose stocks had been secured and whose assets were to be bought in under foreclosure. It had an authorized capital stock of \$15,000,000, limited by its charter to \$20,000,000, and made two mortgages of \$8,000,000 each. George Stephen was made first President of the Company, Richard B. Angus, Vice President, and I was chosen General Manager. This placed upon me the practical conduct of the enterprise from its formal inception.

The lines of the new system turned over to our possession June 23, 1879, comprised a mileage of 667 miles, of which 565 were completed and 102 under construction. From the beginning its

business fulfilled the expectations of its founders. The annual report for 1880 showed an increase in earning of 54 per cent, and land sales amounting to \$1,200,000. And now began the long task of building up the country. No sooner was a mile of road finished than the need of building other miles became apparent. Before Minnesota had filled up, the tide of immigration was passing even the famous Red River Valley country and flowing into Dakota. By 1880 it had become necessary to add a line down the Dakota side of the Red River, to plan for many extensions and branches, and two local companies, building lines in western Minnesota, were purchased.

Only a detailed history of the railroad could follow step by step the progress of track extension and the financial arrangements by which capital was furnished for these constant and always growing demands from this time on. In a brief review such as this, I can call attention only to what may fairly be called points of historic interest in the growth of what is now the Great Northern System. One of these was the provision of an eastern outlet by way of the Great Lakes. An interest was obtained in the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad Company in 1881. This, with the building of the link from St. Cloud to Hinckley, gave the necessary access to the Great Lakes, until the organization of the Eastern Minnesota in 1887 as a subsidiary company furnished a permanent outlet and terminals. I was made Vice President of the Company November 1, 1881, and on August 21, 1882, succeeded to the Presidency, a position whose duties I was to discharge for a quarter of a century. Mr. John S. Kennedy, who had joined our party after the organization of the Company, was elected Vice President. At no time have I accepted any salary for my services as President or Chairman of the Board of Directors, since I have felt that I was sufficiently compensated by the increase in the value of the property in which my interest has always been large.

Business now grew more and more rapidly, the Northern Pacific was about completed and the Canadian Pacific was building toward the Coast. The St. Paul & Pacific Railroad was originally, as its name implied, intended as a transcontinental line. The route to be traversed was rich in fertile soils and abundance of mineral and forest resources. Quite as important, perhaps, was the fact that it admitted of the construction of a line with grades so low and curves so moderate as to make possible cheaper overland carriage

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than had ever been previously considered. Montana was beginning a large development of her own; while the active growth of the North Pacific Coast, though only in embryo, could be foreseen. In 1887 the lines of the Manitoba were extended to a connection with the Montana Central. This latter company had been incorporated early in January, 1886. Realizing the importance of occupying a field in Montana which was essential to the future transcontinental line, valuable in itself and one which others were already preparing to secure, we had, with some friends, organized the company under the laws of Montana. Work was begun at once, the surveys being made in the coldest winter weather. Construction was rushed. The track was completed to Helena in 1887 and to Butte by the middle of 1888. A branch to Sand Coulee opened up the coal mines of that region, furnishing fuel for use on the Montana and Dakota divisions of the line, and for the development of the mining interests in Montana which had been obliged up to that time to bring in their coal from Wyoming. The work of extending the Manitoba line to connect with the Montana Central launched this Company upon the most active period of construction ever known in this country.

Five hundred continuous miles were graded between April and September, 1887, and by November 18, 643 miles of track had been laid, an average rate of construction of $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles for each working day. The annual report for that year said: "The new mileage under construction within the period covered by the fiscal year ending June 30 and the residue of the calendar year 1887 . . . amounts to the relatively large quantity of 1,443.97 miles, or 95.5 per cent. of the mileage under operation at the beginning of the same fiscal year." But this activity on the main line to the west was only one item in the extension programme. In the years between 1882 and 1888 the stone arch bridge and terminals in Minneapolis were completed; the Dakota line down the Red River was finished to a connection with the Canadian Pacific; the Casselton branch was purchased; a line was built from Willmar to Sioux Falls; and afterward extended to Yankton; some railroads in South Dakota were bought; the Montana Central was taken over at cost, and an elevator and large terminals at West Superior were arranged for. In 1889 the line to Duluth and West Superior was completed, giving terminals and dock accommodations which today are not surpassed anywhere in the country. The total mileage operated had

now increased to 3,030 miles. The Company had also begun to operate its own steamships, through the Northern Steamship Company, on the Great Lakes. These boats, which began to run in 1888 and 1889, not only afforded greater dispatch in the carriage of grain and flour from the head of the lakes to Buffalo and other lake ports, but they made the railroad independent of other lake lines. It was thus enabled to protect its patrons, and to prevent its reductions in rates from being absorbed by increases made by the lines east of its lake terminals.

In 1889 the Great Northern Railway Company was organized, to bind into a compact whole the various properties that had grown too large for the charter limitations of the old Manitoba. It leased all the property of the latter company, and was prepared to finance the undertakings about to be completed or in contemplation. By 1893 the line was opened through to Puget Sound. In the next five or six years many improvements were made by relaying track with heavier rails and by changes in equipment and large additions thereto. Branches and feeders were built to round out the system. In 1897 a more direct line from the head of the lakes to the west was created by purchase and construction that completed a road across northern Minnesota to a connection with the main line. The taking over of the Seattle & Montana which, like the Montana Central, had been built by us to assure adequate terminals on the Pacific Coast and to enable construction to go forward from both ends of the line at once, extended the system from Seattle to Vancouver, British Columbia. In 1889 it had entered the ore-producing regions of northern Minnesota that was to give it a large addition to its traffic.

Just as, in the building of the Montana Central and the Seattle & Montana, it was necessary to know thoroughly the country in advance of railroad construction and to act upon that knowledge, so these ore lands in northern Minnesota had to be examined; and some of them it seemed desirable to acquire, with a view to effect upon the future of the Company's business. In January, 1899, I purchased the Wright & Davis property, consisting of a line of railroad, some logging road and a large quantity of ore lands. The purchase for \$4,050,000 was made by me individually. My purpose was to secure the shipments of ore from these properties for the Great Northern; and the profits from the mines, if there were any profits, for the stockholders of the Company. The railroad

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was turned over to the Great Northern at cost. The ore property was transferred at cost to the Lake Superior Company, Limited, organized October 20, 1900, to hold in trust, together with other ore interests acquired later. A trust to administer the Great Northern Ore Properties was formed December 7, 1906, under resolutions adopted by the Great Northern Company. This trust took over the ore interests acquired by me, additional ore lands subsequently secured and other properties. It issued against them 1,500,000 shares of certificates of beneficial interest, which were distributed, share for share, to holders of Great Northern stock at the time. The stockholders were thus put in possession of all the benefits accruing from the whole transaction. At the end of the last fiscal year the trustees had distributed a total of \$7,500,000 to the certificate holders; while the future value of the properties so covered, owing to the quality and accessibility of the ore and the demand of the iron industry for new supplies of raw material, must be very large.

In 1901 the Company decided to open negotiations for the joint purchase of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy System by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. These were carried to a successful completion by the issue of joint collateral trust bonds to the amount of \$215,154,000, secured by the stock of the company acquired. Time has confirmed the wisdom of this act, by which through traffic arrangements have been simplified, and the public has gained much by drawing together of markets and the quick and cheap distribution of products between Chicago, St. Louis and the Pacific Coast.

It was planned, through the formation of the Northern Securities Company, to form a holding concern for the control of these three great properties. The purpose was to prevent a dispersion of securities that might follow where large amounts were held by men well advanced in years, and so to secure the properties against speculative raids by interests at best not directly concerned in the progress of the country served by these lines. This was declared illegal, under the Sherman anti-trust law, by a divided court, upon suit by the United States government, and the Northern Securities Company was dissolved.

In 1907 the subsidiary companies controlled by the Great Northern, including fourteen railway companies operated as a part of it, were purchased and incorporated into the Great North

ern System, making of these related parts one homogeneous whole. In the same year I resigned the Presidency of the System, and became Chairman of the Board of Directors, — the office that I lay down today. The work of extension and improvement has gone forward steadily. By the construction of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle line, along the north bank of the Columbia River, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific obtained jointly entry over their own tracks into Portland. Lines are now being constructed through eastern Oregon that will open up a large and productive country. In 1909 the Burlington obtained control of the Colorado & Southern; so that the Great Northern covers, directly or over the tracks of allied lines, a territory reaching from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Superior on the east to Puget Sound and Portland on the west, and from Galveston to Vancouver, British Columbia. The Great Northern System has grown from less than 400 miles of the original purchase to 7,407 miles.

I have some pride in the fact that, while constantly increasing both the volume and the efficiency of its service, the Great Northern has at the same time carried to market the products of the country at rates which have greatly developed the territory served by its lines. If the freight and passenger rates in force in 1881 had remained unchanged until 1910, the total revenue collected from both sources for the thirty years would have been \$1,966,279,194.80. The revenue actually collected was \$698,867,239.91. The saving to shippers by the rate reductions which this represents was \$1,267,411,954.89, or nearly twice the total amount received by the railroad. The average par value of its outstanding stock and bonds in the hands of the public during the same time was \$155,576,917. Rate reductions in thirty years saved the public more than eight times the average capitalization. In other words, the railroad could have paid cash for the entire par value of its stocks and bonds in less than every four years out of its earnings. I hope this may be considered a fair division.

The results herein summarized could not have been obtained without the co-operation of the staff of able and devoted assistants, trained to administrative work and grounded in right methods. It was clear to me from the first that the railroad must net more for the money it expended than the returns generally accepted at the time. High efficiency could be achieved only through the work

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of highly efficient men working with the best appliances. The staff was built up by recognizing intelligence and merit through promotions as vacancies occurred in the Company's service and by establishing throughout a morale that was recognized by employees from the highest to the lowest. The result has been competence and loyalty, physical efficiency and financial success.

I shall give only a short summary of the financing of this great undertaking. The Great Northern was built by the money furnished by its stock and bond holders and with what it earned. As part of the property of the St. Paul & Pacific it obtained some fragments of a land grant in Minnesota to that company. With the proceeds of the sales of these lands nearly \$13,000,000 of bonds were retired and the annual interest charge has been correspondingly reduced. All the other transcontinental lines had received large subsidies in cash or land grants, or both. They suffered the check of financial stresses and passed through receiverships and reorganizations. The Great Northern, which includes the Manitoba, never failed, never passed a dividend, never was financially insecure in any time of panic. For thirty-three years its credit has been unimpaired and its resources equal to any demands upon them; and in times of financial distress it has been able to assist materially in moving the crops of the Northwest. The security of the investments of the holders of stock and bonds has always been a first consideration; and the success and prosperity that attend the Company today have not been purchased either by any doubtful transactions in the stock market or at the cost of one dollar ever committed by man or woman to this Company in trust.

When we obtained an option on the securities of the old St. Paul & Pacific Company, no individual or financial house in Europe or America, outside of those associated with us, would have taken the bargain off our hands. By a few it was regarded as a doubtful venture, by most as a hopeless mistake. As has been said, obligations aggregating about \$44,000,000 were capitalized at a little over \$31,000,000. The first stock issue was \$15,000,000. The increase of capitalization from that day to this has followed step by step the growth of the property, though falling far below its aggregate cost. Millions of earnings have been used in betterments and new construction that are usually covered by the sale of stock and bonds.

The stock of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba was limited

by its charter to \$20,000,000. When the Great Northern was organized it took over the charter of the Minneapolis & St. Cloud Railway Company. The capital stock was made \$20,000,000, which was afterwards increased to \$40,000,000, in half common and half preferred. This was further increased to \$45,000,000 in 1893 and to \$75,000,000 in 1898, none of which was issued as common stock, but all made uniform in character and all shares having equal rights. As the addition of mileage, the purchase of many minor companies, the consolidation of all the originally separate corporations into one system, with the exchange of its stock for theirs, and the addition of equipment and betterments required, the capital stock was added to from time to time. In 1899 it became \$99,000,000; in 1901, \$125,000,000; in 1905, \$150,000,000; and in 1906, \$210,000,000, at which figure it stands today. Every dollar of this represents honest value received. But the problems of its issue and disposal, the creation of a market for securities, the safeguarding of it against attack and its maintenance as an investment attractive and secure were difficult and slow of solution. The Company has now acquired a standing which nothing in the ordinary course of events can impair.

The issue and placing of bonds was in some respects simpler and in some more complex than the distribution of stock. At the time when the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba was organized and for many years thereafter the railroad world was governed by a code now done away with. It was the general practice to build new roads with the proceeds of bond issues. The accompanying stock was considered the legitimate property of the promoters, who were accustomed to use part of it as a bonus to the subscribers for bonds. When profits were large, stock dividends were held perfectly proper; and the general practice of railroads was to divide all profits in sight, and charge to capitalization all expenditures that could be so covered. This code and these policies were those not merely of speculators or railroad managers, but were publicly sanctioned as a part of the necessary conduct of the business and ethically. This difference of standards has to be borne in mind constantly whenever one deals with railroad developments dating much earlier than twenty-five years ago.

During 1878, before the road was organized, 112 miles of track were built, and more than that the year following. A large amount of equipment was bought. To cover this outlay a part of the pro-

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ceeds of the second mortgage issue of \$8,000,000 was used. There was originally a limit of bond issues to \$12,000 per mile of single track road; which was found to be insufficient even for work mostly on prairie. In 1880 the Dakota Extension mortgage was authorized of which \$5,676,000 of six per cent. bonds were issued from time to time, and this total of less than \$22,000,000 covered the whole bonded indebtedness of the Company down to 1883. But it by no means covered the actual expenditures for which bonds might legitimately be issued.

The period from 1879 to 1883, when the railroad was still an experiment in the minds of most Eastern capitalists, was not a time to enlarge the volume of securities or ask outside capital to bid for them. All that this could have secured would have been some sales at much below par and an impaired credit. Yet money must be had to keep going the extension which was creating a new Northwest; and, through that, a profitable and assured future for the Company. So another method was adopted. The Company diverted to these uses the money which might have been divided as profits among the stockholders. At one time 210 miles of road were built and \$1,700,000 were spent on equipment without a bond issue. The Company became its own banker while waiting for a favorable market to be created. The stockholders temporarily renounced their profits in order to leave their money in the enterprise. But it remained their money, and their title to it was indisputable. It was costing now very much more than \$12,000 a mile to build a substantial track. In all, about \$11,000,000 of profits were put into new construction and betterments. The stockholder of that day expected these profits to be distributed. His right to them was sanctioned by public opinion as well as by custom and law. It was recognized in 1883.

In that year the credit foundation of the Company was broadened and its methods systematized by the authorization of \$50,000,000 consolidated mortgage bonds. Of this amount, \$19,426,000 were reserved to retire prior bonds, \$10,574,000 were to be issued immediately and the remaining \$20,000,000 were to be issued only on the construction thereafter of additional track at the rate of not to exceed \$15,000 per mile, although the cost per mile was often as high as \$25,000, and the cost of terminals added largely to this sum. Of the \$10,574,000 bonds issued on execution of the mortgage, \$10,000,000 were sold to the stockholders at par, payable

ten per cent. in cash and ninety per cent. in the property that had been constructed or acquired with the stockholders' money, thus returning to them \$9,000,000 of the forced loans taken from them by sequestration of \$11,000,000 of their profits during the previous years. To the stockholders the only difference was they received a portion of the legitimate earnings of the Company in the shape of bonds instead of cash, and were deprived of the personal use of it during the time that it had been used by the Company. The difference to the Company was \$2,000,000, or more, as it sold to its stockholders at par bonds which if placed on the market three years before could have been sold only at a heavy discount; besides it was an indispensable aid to immediate growth and a conservation and building up of credit. The difference to the public was not a penny either way.

As branch lines were built or acquired their bonds were guaranteed. In 1887 an issue of \$25,000,000 on lines in Montana was authorized. Some improvement bonds were issued. The extension to the Pacific Coast was financed by the issue of £6,000,000 of mortgage bonds against the extension lines by the Manitoba Company. In 1889 the bonded debt had become \$60,985,000. The Great Northern, which now took the place of the other companies, issued collateral trust bonds, which were afterward retired from the proceeds of stock issues in 1898. It assumed the payment of bonds, principal and interest, of the companies taken into the system; and its bonded debt thus became \$125,975,909 in 1908, of which over \$28,000,000 were held as free assets in the Company's treasury. Last year the total bonds on the property outstanding in the hands of the public amounted to \$144,331,909.

Of this total, \$35,000,000 were part of the issue of first and refunding mortgage gold bonds authorized in 1911; which brings us to the final standardization of the Company's securities and the act by which it provided against future contingencies. This issue, of \$600,000,000 in all, stands to the big systems of today as the \$50,000,000 issue of consolidated bonds did to the small system of twenty-eight years before. It creates a financial clearing house through which its several outstanding securities may be converted into one of standard form and value; and it forms in addition a reservoir of authorized credit so carefully guarded by the conditions of the mortgage that it cannot be abused or dissipated, yet so ample that it will supply all needs for probably fifty years to come.

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No private estate in this country is more carefully provided against the future than is the property of the Great Northern Railway Company. All prior mortgages become closed, and more than one half of the total \$600,000,000 is to be used to redeem bonds issued under them and those issued to buy the Company's interest in the Burlington. Nearly \$123,000,000 may be used to cover the cost of other properties acquired or to be acquired; while \$100,000,000 may be issued, at not to exceed \$3,000,000 per annum, to cover the cost of future construction, acquisition and betterments.

The financial outlook of this Company is as well assured as that of most governments. It has a provision made now, deliberately and not under any pressure of necessity, for the work of years to come. That provision may be utilized in lean years and held in suspense in fat years, so as always to realize the best prices for securities and to keep the credit of the Company unimpaired. No emergency can surprise it. It is financed for a period beyond which it would be fanciful to attempt to provide. And the development of its business throughout every part of the practically half a continent which it serves makes the payment of dividends on the stock as certain as that of its bond coupons. There has never been a default in either. There has never been a dollar's worth of stock or bonds issued that was not paid for in cash, property or services at its actual cash value at the time. The stock has paid a dividend ever since 1882, and since 1900 the rate has remained steadily at 7 per cent.

The occasion permits no more than this condensed statement, passing in hasty review the fortunes of the railroad enterprise for more than thirty-five years. The first phase of the Great Northern Railway System is ended. The value of the property is founded on the resources of the country it traverses. From the head of the lakes to Puget Sound this is rich agricultural land. From fifty to one hundred miles of the line run through mountain valleys, but even these are susceptible of cultivation. Barring only the actual summits of the mountain passes, the country is capable, under the best modern agricultural treatment, of multiplying wealth indefinitely and furnishing increasing and profitable tonnage for years to come. The Great Northern is now wrought so firmly into the economic as well as the corporate body of the land as to have fitted itself permanently into the natural frame of things. So far as any creation of human effort can be made, it will be proof against the attacks of time.

Not lightly may the relation between a man and the work in which he has had a vital part be set aside. My personal interest in the Great Northern remains as keen as ever. The financial interest of myself and family in it is larger now than it ever was at any time in the past and any change would more probably increase than diminish it. While I shall be no longer the responsible head of the Great Northern I will contribute henceforth such counsel and advice as may seem best from one no longer holding the throttle valve or controlling the brake.

Most men who have really lived have had, in some shape, their great adventure. This railway is mine. I feel that a labor and a service so called into being, touching at so many points the lives of so many millions with its ability to serve the country, and its firmly established credit and reputation, will be the best evidence of its permanent value and that it no longer depends upon the life or labor of any single individual.

V.

Old Fort Snelling

FORT SNELLING, high on a hill overlooking the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, guarded the nation's frontier when it was first established. The dashing Henry Leavenworth, wearing the braid of a lieutenant colonel of the Fifth United States Infantry, was the founder of the fort in 1819. Colonel Leavenworth first called his primitive post Fort St. Anthony. Later it was named Fort Snelling in honor of Colonel Josiah Snelling, who took Leavenworth's place in the summer of 1820, serving for nearly seven years as commander.

Until 1823, when the Virginia, first steamboat to ascend the upper Mississippi River, puffed into view, Fort Snelling was an isolated garrison indeed. Yet it was not without color. To the post came Indians in their gay blankets, trappers and traders with buffalo robes over their shoulders, Indian agents like Major Lawrence Taliaferro, and countless land speculators. An early visitor said, "Fort Snelling is well built, and beautifully situated: as usual, I found the officers gentlemenlike, intelligent, and hospitable; and, together with their wives and families, the society was the most agreeable that I became acquainted with in America."

After Minnesota became a state, Fort Snelling lost its major importance as a frontier garrison, but it still played a significant role. Hundreds of recruits during the Civil War and the Spanish-American War got their first taste of military discipline within sight of the old Round Tower. Still later, the fort was a central rendezvous in two world wars. Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve, who grew up at Fort Snelling in its early days, has written a delightful story of the post as she remembers it. And Mary Jeannette

Newson has left her memories of the fort in those dark days when the North was set against the South. The confusion which permeated the post in 1898 and the story of Minnesota's Fifteenth Volunteer Infantry are told by Tell Arminius Turner. Taken together, these three accounts indicate both the drama and importance of one of Minnesota's most historic landmarks.

1819-1823

EARLY DAYS AT FORT SNELLING*

Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve

SOMETIME IN SEPTEMBER [1819] the pioneer regiment arrived in pretty good condition at — where? No fort, no settlement, no regular landing even; simply at the mouth of the St. Peter's river, where we had been ordered to halt, and our long march was ended.

For many weeks the boats were our only shelter, and the sense of entire isolation, the thought that the nearest white neighbors were three hundred miles away, and that months must elapse before they could hope to hear a syllable from *home*, proved, at times, exceedingly depressing to these first settlers in Minnesota. I record, with pleasure, what has been often told me, that in that trying time the courage of the ladies of the party did not fail them, and that their cheerful way of taking things as they came and making the best of them, was a constant blessing and source of strength to that little community.

Without loss of time a space was cleared very near the site of Mendota, trees were cut down, a stockade built enclosing log houses erected for the accommodation of the garrison; everything being made as comfortable and secure as the facilities permitted. The Indians proved friendly and peaceable, and the command entered upon their life at "St. Peters," as it was first called, cheerfully and hopefully. A few days after their arrival Colonel Leavenworth, Major Vose, Surgeon Purcell, Mrs. Captain Gooding and my father made a keel-boat trip to the "Falls of St. Anthony," and were amazed at the beauty and grandeur of the scene.

*Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve, *Three Score Years and Ten*, 17-20; 32-44 (Minneapolis, 1888).

Early Days at Fort Snelling

A prediction at that time that some then living would see these mighty falls turn the machinery of the greatest mills in the world, and a great and beautiful city arise on the adjacent shores, would have been called a visionary and impossible dream by those early visitors who saw this amazing water power in its primeval glory.

That first winter of '19 and '20, like all winters in this latitude, was very cold, with heavy snows and fierce winds, but there were many sunshiny days, and there was little or no complaining.

The quarters, having been put up hastily, were not calculated to resist the severe storms which at times raged with great violence. Once during that memorable six months the roof of our cabin blew off, and the walls seemed about to fall in. My father, sending my mother and brother to a place of safety, held up the chimney to prevent a total downfall; while the baby, who had been pushed under the bed in her cradle, lay there, as "Sairey Gamp" would express it, "smiling unbeknowns," until the wind subsided, when, upon being drawn out from her hidingplace, she evinced great pleasure at the commotion, and seemed to take it all as something designed especially for her amusement.

By the prompt aid of a large number of soldiers the necessary repairs were rapidly made, and soon all was comfortable as before. But late in the winter, owing to the lack of proper food, scurvy broke out among the soldiers, and forty of them died of this dreadful disease. Many more were affected with it, and far removed as we were from all relief in the way of change of diet or suitable remedies, it was a matter of great uneasiness and alarm, as in the absence of necessary preventives or restoratives medical skill availed nothing.

However, as soon as the frost was sufficiently out of the ground to enable them to dig it, the Indians brought in quantities of the spignot root, assuring the surgeon that would cure the sick. This proved entirely efficacious. The scourge was removed, and after that trial passed away the command was peculiarly exempt from sickness of any kind.

As soon as possible gardens were made. Everything grew rapidly, and a sufficient supply of vegetables was secured to prevent any recurrence of the evil.

More permanent and comfortable quarters were built during the spring at the beautiful spring on the fort side of the river, and named by the officers "Camp Coldwater;" but before moving into

the new camp Colonel Leavenworth was relieved from the command by Colonel Josiah Snelling, who, with his well-known energy and promptitude, immediately began preparations for building the fort, the site of which had been selected by Colonel Leavenworth. The saw-mill at "St. Anthony's Falls," so long known and remembered as the "Old Government Mill," was started as soon as practicable. Quarries were opened, and everything was done to facilitate the work, Colonel Snelling proving himself well fitted for the duty assigned him, and the spring of 1820 was a very busy one for the old Fifth Regiment.

In 1821 the regiment moved into the beautiful new fort, although it was by no means completed. The out-side wall was up on three sides only, and a heavy guard was stationed on the fourth, not only to prevent desertions, but to keep the Indians, our only neighbors, at a respectful distance. The occupation of the new and comfortable quarters was made an occasion of great rejoicing, an event never forgotten by those who took part in it. Then began our regular fort life, the flag-staff was raised in front of headquarters, the stars and stripes were run up at the roll of the drum at "guard mounting" and lowered with the same accompaniment at retreat day after day, and we children learned to love its graceful folds as it floated on the breeze and to feel no harm could come to us under the "Star Spangled Banner."

The only white people within three hundred miles were shut within that hollow square, a community, dependent largely on each other for all the little every-day kindnesses and amenities which make life enjoyable, having no regular intercourse with the civilized world, except by mail, which at first was received semi-annually, after a while quarterly, and for many years not more frequently than bi-monthly. For a long while it was brought from Prairie du Chien by an Indian on a pony, and there is no record of any unfaithfulness on the part of our dusky carrier. But those who enjoy daily mails know little of the excitement and tearful gratitude of those pioneers at Fort Snelling when the announcement was made, "The mail has arrived." Isolated as we were from the privileges and recreations and distractions of town or city, we were drawn very closely together, were, in fact, like one large family, and news for one was news for all. We really "shared each other's pleasures and wept each other's tears," and there was a great rejoicing in the fort over news from "home." I have in my posses-

Early Days at Fort Snelling

sion a collection of letters from General Gibson, Commissary General of Subsistence, received by my father, which are interesting relics of those eventful years of privation and hardship, of which the soldier of the present day can have but a faint conception.

The first few letters are directed to St. Louis, to be forwarded to the Fifth Regiment, wherever it might be; one or two are in regard to furnishing rations to Indians who may visit the agencies of the United States on business or otherwise, and authorizing the Commissary to issue rations to them on the requisition of Indian agents. I find here a letter of instruction from the War Department to General Gibson, and insert it, as indicating the policy of the Government in regard to the Indians:

“Sir: It is customary for the Government to furnish rations to the Indians who may visit the agencies of the United States upon business or otherwise, and I have to request that you will direct the officers of your department, stationed at posts in the vicinity of the agencies at Fort Wayne, Piqua, Chicago, Green Bay and Mitch-ele-mack-i-nack [Mackinaw] to issue rations on the returns and requisitions of the Indian agents at those places. The requisitions in every case must be accompanied by a return of the number of Indians to be furnished, and both must be filed with the account of the officer making the issue to obtain a credit for the amount of settlement.

I am, etc.,

J. C. Calhoun

To Colonel George Gibson, Com. Gen. of Subsistence.”

This letter is dated August 30th, 1819, before the troops had reached the mouth of the St. Peters, and was intended, no doubt, as a guide to the officers in their dealing with the Indians.

In the list of rations to be issued to the command, I notice that whisky has its place, and in turning over the leaves of this manuscript book, I find a letter from an officer of the army, Captain J. H. Hook, on duty at Washington, D. C., making various inquiries of my father relative to the condition of the troops, the best way of issuing rations, the best and most desirable articles as rations, the wastage of each article, the precaution to guard against wastage, etc.

One inquiry will be interesting, in the light of the present feel-

ing on the temperance question: "*First* — Would not in your opinion, the service be benefitted by dispensing with the whisky ration? *Second* — Could the soldier be brought to submit cheerfully to the privation?"

This suggestion seems to have been acted upon, for I see a general order dated May 11th, 1820, to the effect that "the President was authorized to make such alterations in the component parts of the rations as a due regard to health and comfort may require; and it is hereby ordered that hereafter no issues of whisky will be made to boys under eighteen or to women attached to the army." In the case of soldiers on "extra duty," each was to receive one gill a day, and I distinctly recall the demijohn with the gill cup hanging on its neck, and the line of "extra duty men" who came up each morning for their perquisite. In those days there seemed nothing wrong in this; but, with the added light and wisdom of sixty years, all right-minded people would now regard it as every way evil.

I find a letter concerning a contract with Joseph Rolette, of Prairie du Chien, for furnishing the troops at Fort Snelling with fresh beef. "The Commissary General directs that Mr. Rolette shall give a bond duly signed by him, that Colonel Snelling may designate and transmit it to this office, with the understanding that Messrs. Astors, of New York, will unite with him in the bond." In consequence of some misunderstanding, owing to the extreme delay of communicating with headquarters, the contract was cancelled, much to the disappointment of Mr. Rolette. In examining these letters of directions with regard to supplies and the time consumed in their transmission from the seat of government, my wonder is, that the troops at this remote station did not starve to death while waiting for authority to obtain supplies. Pork, flour, whisky, beans, candles and salt were sent from St. Louis, but, owing to the great difficulty of transportation, there was much delay and frequent loss by depredations of the inhabitants of the country through which the Government wagons passed. Beef was supplied from Prairie du Chien, or some point nearer than St. Louis. The following is a list of contract prices of articles purchased at St. Louis:

	\$	Cts.	Mills
Pork, per pound, - - - - -		7	1
Whisky, per gallon, - - - - -		50	

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	\$	Cts.	Mills
Soap, per pound, - - - - -		10	
Salt, per bushel, - - - - -	2	00	
Beans or peas, per bushel, - - -	1	80	
Vinegar, per gallon, - - - - -		22	
Corn meal, per pound, - - - - -		2	2½

Soon after the establishment of the fort, my father, as Commissary, was requested by General Gibson to learn by experiment if wheat could be raised in this part of the world, and the result proving that it was a possibility, he was ordered to supply the garrison, at least in part, with flour of their own raising. A letter bearing date August 5th, 1823, informs him that, "having learned by a letter from Colonel Snelling to the Quartermaster General, dated April 2d, that a large quantity of wheat may be raised this summer," the Assistant Commissary of Subsistence at St. Louis had been directed to send to St. Peters (as the fort was often called) such tools as should be necessary to secure the grain and manufacture the flour, adding, "if any flour is manufactured from the wheat raised, please let me know as early as possible, that I may deduct the quantity manufactured at the post from the quantity advertised to be contracted for," and here follows the bill for the articles ordered for the purpose specified above:

One pair burr mill-stones, - - - - -	\$250.11
337 pounds plaster of Paris - - - - -	20.22
Two dozen sickles, at \$9 - - - - -	18.00
	\$288.33

This, then, was the outfit for the first flour mill in that part of the great Northwest which was to be named "Minnesota" in later years, and to become the greatest flour manufactory in the world. Remembering clearly the great complaint of the destruction of grain by black birds, I cannot think that the amount of wheat raised ever made the command independent of outside supplies; but, having played around the old mill many times, I know it was used for the purpose for which it was fitted up.

Soon after we took possession of the fort, a post school was established and some will remember the old school house just beyond the main entrance, which has been used for various purposes, in later years. It was there we children assembled day after day to

learn to spell in Webster's spelling book and to read in that time-honored volume, of the "boy who stole the apples;" of the conceited "country milk maid" who spilled her milk with a toss of her head; and of the good "dog Tray," who fell into bad company and suffered the consequences.

Our teacher was considered very competent for his work, but was a violent tempered man and only maintained his position a few years, but what we learned then, we know now, and the thorough drill we received each day, turned out correct spellers, and good readers; with all the improvements in the way of text books and methods, I do not think the results, as far as fundamental education goes, are more satisfactory now than then.

Another of my earliest recollections is the Sunday School, established by Mrs. Colonel Snelling and my mother. There was no Chaplain allowed us then no Sabbath service and these Christian women felt they could not live or bring up their children in that way. They therefore gathered the children together on Sabbath afternoons in the basement room of the commanding officer's quarters, and held a service, with the aid of the Episcopal prayer book, both of them being devout members of that branch of the church, and taught the little ones from the Bible. They had no lesson papers; no Sunday School library; no Gospel songs; no musical instrument, but they had the Word of God in their hands, and His love in their hearts, and were marvelously helped in their work of love, which grew and broadened out, till it took in the parents as well as the children, and a Bible class was formed in which all felt a deep interest. Some who were not firm believers in the truths contained in the Book of books, but who came together just simply to pass away the time, were convinced of its truth and found there the hope which is an "anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast." I can remember the deep interest which all, even the little ones evinced in the characters of whom we studied, how we talked of them during the week, and chose our favorites, and how all became deeply attached to Moses and dwelt upon his loveliness, his unselfishness, his patience and his great love to the rebellious people under his care. And we wept as for a dear friend when we read that "he went up from the plains of Moab into the mountain of Nebo to the top of Pisgah, that is over against Jericho" and viewed the land which he might never enter, and died there and was buried by no human hands; and "no man knoweth of his

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sepulchre unto this day." The day following this sorrowful lesson, my mother in crossing the parade ground, met Captain David Hunter who looked so sad and downcast that she was distressed for him, and said: "What is the matter, Captain? are you sick or have you had bad news?" He replied: "Oh, no! Mrs. Clark, I am not sick or in personal trouble, but don't you feel sorry that Moses is dead?" I have enlarged somewhat on this Sunday School because it was somewhat peculiar, and because it was, as there are good grounds for believing, the first Sunday School organized in this Northwestern region, perhaps the first Northwest of Detroit.

The country around the fort was beautiful, the climate invigorating, and in spite of the inconveniences and annoyances experienced by the pioneer regiment they were not without their enjoyments and recreations, and looking back through the years, recalling the social gatherings at each others fireside in the winter, the various indoor amusements, and the delightful rides and rambles in the summer, I feel that ours was a happy life.

But the most charming of all our recreations was a ride to "Little Falls" now "Minnehaha." The picture in my mind of this gem of beauty, makes the sheet of water wider and more circular than it is now, I know it was fresher and newer, and there was no saloon there then, no fence, no tables and benches, cut up and disfigured with names and nonsense, no noisy railroad, no hotel, it was just our dear pure "Little Falls" with its graceful ferns, its bright flowers, its bird music and its lovely water-fall. And while we children rambled on the banks, and gathered pretty fragrant things fresh from their Maker's hand, listening the while to sweet sounds in the air, and to the joyous liquid music of the laughing water, there may have been some love-making going on in the cozy nooks and corners on the hill side or under the green trees, for in later years, I have now and then come upon groups of two, scattered here and there in those same places, who looked like lovers, which recalled to my mind vividly what I had seen there long ago. That enchanting spot, so dainty in its loveliness, is hallowed by a thousand tender associations and it seems more than cruel to allow its desecration by unholy surroundings and various forms of vice. Standing beside it now, and remembering it in its purity, just as God made it, my eyes are full of unshed tears, and its mellifluous ceaseless song seems pleading to be saved from the vandalism which threatens to destroy all its sweet influences and

make it common and unclean. But as I, alone, of all who saw it in those days long gone by, stand mourning by its side, there dawns in my heart the hope that the half formed purpose now talked of, for making it the centre of a park for the delight of the two cities between which it stands, may be perfected, thus saving it from destruction and making this bright jewel in its setting of green, the very queen of all the many attractions of this part of our State. Surely no spot in ours or any other State offers such beauty or so many inducements for such a purpose, and coming generations will forever bless the men who shall carry it out, thus preserving our lovely Minnehaha and the charming surroundings for their own delight and the enjoyment of those who shall come after them. And we went strawberrying too, children and mothers and fathers, and young men and maidens, and often now, when passing through the crowded streets of our great city, I feel that I am walking over our old strawberry patch. How sweet those berries were, and how delicious the fish which we caught in the pretty Lakes Calhoun and Harriet, the one named for the great statesman, the other for Mrs. Leavenworth. We generally carried our treasures from field and lake to the "old Government Mill" at the "Big Falls" St. Anthony and had our feast prepared and set in order by the miller's wife. And then we had games, not croquet or any of those inventions which were then in the far future, but "hide and seek;" "blind man's buff;" "hide the handkerchief;" "hunt the slipper," and such old-fashioned sports which all enjoyed most heartily, till warned by the lengthening shadows that it was time to go home, which we generally reached in time to see the flag lowered to the roll of the sunset drum. Writing poetry is beyond me, but there was an inspiration in that beautiful banner, as each day it flung out its stars and stripes over my first and dearly loved home, which thrills my frame even now, and since the terrible days when precious blood was poured out so freely to maintain it in its proud position, it has become indeed a holy thing. May God protect and bless it, keep it unsullied and speed the day when it shall float over a nation whose rulers and law-givers shall lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet, and forever purge from it everything that in any way dims the brightness or retards the progress of this beloved "land of the free and home of the brave."

It must have been difficult to find amusements and recreations

Early Days at Fort Snelling

for the winters in that fort, so completely shut away from the world, and so environed by snow and ice, but various devices were planned to keep up the general cheerfulness and to ward off gloomy feelings and homesickness. I can dimly remember the acting of plays in which the gentlemen personated all the characters and the ladies and children looked on. I know the women of the plays looked very tall and angular, and there was much merriment about the costumes which were eked out to fit them. It may be that the performances were as much enjoyed as if everything had been more complete, for I know there was a great deal of fun and jollity at their theatricals.

Among my earliest recollections is that of sitting on a low stool beside Mrs. Snelling and my mother while they read and studied French under the instruction of a soldier named Simon, and the memory of those days was revived a few months ago by the receipt of a card from "Zeller C. Simon," now Mrs. F. L. Grisard, Vevay, Indiana, daughter of the old man, as a reminder of 1822 and 1823 when she and I quietly amused ourselves while these ladies received instructions in that language. In Mrs. Ellet's *"Pioneer Women of the West,"* Mrs. Snelling alludes to this old French teacher and regrets his loss by discharge, adding that, when on the arrival of the first steamboat bringing among other passengers, the Chevalier Count Beltrami, an Italian adventurer, she expressed this regret, he kindly offered to continue the lessons during his visit. He could speak French fluently, but did not understand English, and was therefore much gratified to find anyone who could converse with him.

In the month of May, 1823, the steamboat Virginia, 118 feet in length and 22 in width, arrived at the fort. "It was built by Knox and McKee at Wheeling, Virginia, and loaded with Government stores for Fort Snelling," so writes one of the firm, Mr. Redick McKee to the secretary of "Historical Society of Minnesota." Its arrival was a great event indelibly impressed upon the memory of all who were there to witness it.

1861-1865

*FORT SNELLING IN CIVIL WAR DAYS**

Mary Jeannette Newson

THEN AT LAST we were ordered to Fort Snelling, where father was commissary to the end of the war. His children's pet name for him was "Old Commissary." Our quarters were in the south row, allotted to the officers. They were flimsy wooden structures heated by stoves, with no conveniences, and as was everything else about the fort, highly insanitary. We were next to headquarters, the commandant's house. General Robert N. McLaren was a stern, soldierly man and we children were properly afraid of him. Nevertheless it was on the great, round, wooden bastion, a famous lookout that projected from the back of his house and over the precipitous cliff and the narrow stream marking the confluence of the Minnesota and the Mississippi rivers, that we played with his children. From this bastion guns were trained upon representatives of the Sioux and Chippewa tribes encamped upon Pike Island, or, as we called it, Grape Island, below, compelling by this measure a treaty of peace between the two tribes. On this great, sunny, outdoor playroom we children romped and received lasting impressions of river and rock, little understanding the headache everywhere present in the fort. For during these two winters that we lived at the fort, at least one out of every family was down with typhoid, and there were few families, officers' or privates', but lost one or more from the dread disease. Our own Uncle Charlie succumbed to it.

Before marching to the front the volunteer regiments were encamped on the prairie outside the gates, about where the polo grounds now are. The two sides of the fort, the south and west sides, were inclosed by a high stone wall, one end of which the old gray Round Tower marks today. The other two sides were protected by the unassailable steep bluffs, the whole constituting for those days a most remarkably strategic location for a fort.

All the children were forbidden to leave the fort inclosure unless in the care of an orderly, and especially were we forbidden to attempt to climb down the dangerous rocks below the bastion.

*Mary Jeannette Newson, "Memories of Fort Snelling in Civil War Days," in *Minnesota History*, 15: 397-403 (December, 1934).

Fort Snelling in Civil War Days

This prohibition, strange to stay, was impressed firmly on my mind by the disobedience of one boy who later became a famous physician. Teasing my little sister, he threw her beloved doll over the railing, but her tumult of grief and anger so affected him that he clambered down, unheeding our cries, rescued the doll, and returning made all the amends in his power. The soldiers were kind to us and gave us fine sport, in winter guiding our sleds down the snow-clad steep, and in summer helping us gather flowers and wild grapes abundant everywhere. Every morning that was pleasant we went out to dress parade, held about ten o'clock on what is now the lawn in front of the commandant's house and the officer's quarters, and amused ourselves naming those we knew, as the blue columns marched and countermarched to the strains of the wartime music. In the evening the lowering of the flag at the sunset gun gave us an especial thrill, markedly so when our littlest sister was playfully shut in the box at the foot of the flagpole.

The fort was of course under martial law, and soldiers were punished in peculiar ways for infringements of the rules. Even our childish minds were moved to sympathy as we murmured among ourselves and pointed to the unfortunate boy in blue who marched under guard up and down the main walks with his head and arms thrust through holes in a barrel bearing in huge letters the words, "I Was Drunk Last Night." We understood the nature and object of the guardhouse, and the threat of being sent there was sufficient to keep the most mischievous in order.

Some mornings we stood watching the soldiers open barrels of flour — a most exciting pastime — for frequently I saw ferocious rats as large as half-grown kittens jump into the faces of the soldiers, who muttered unpleasant things about the government even as they released their rat terriers upon their prey. Such conditions coupled with patriotic eloquence finally induced the powers at Washington to grant to Captain Newson the permission and wherewithal to build a decent warehouse for the food supplies. Sometimes at the opening of barrels of brown sugar we demanded our share, great lumps of luscious sweetness that one never sees now. Again, when the barrels of highly spiced pickled tomatoes were uncovered we tried to discover which of us as champion could swallow the most peppery without winking. Hard-tack we munched at our children's tea parties and thought life full of joy

in a fort in war time, although we partly understood the anxiety on the faces of those who daily surrounded the bulletins of the latest disasters, and we wondered curiously why some, women especially, broke down and ran sobbing to their quarters.

In the summer evenings in the family carriage we drove through the country lanes about the Twin Cities, but we little ones looked forward with ill-concealed excitement to reaching the great iron gate of the fort after nine o'clock, for then it would be closed and the armed guard would be pacing his beat before it. We heard the sentry's challenge, "Halt, Who goes there?" and father stepping forward, said "A friend, Captain Newson." "Advance, Captain Newson, and give the countersign"; and once I heard it — "Red Dog."

In our play about the parade ground we often watched with frightened delight the two captive Indians, leaders in the Sioux War, each dragging a cannon ball chained to his left leg, while under guard he swept the walks. Medicine Bottle was a coarse, brutal creature who often showed to visitors his arm tattooed with the symbols indicating the men, women, and children he had scalped, about fifty in all. Shakopee, or Little Six, was interesting and intelligent. When after many delays and reprieves the orders for their execution came from Washington, the two were finally hung. The gallows was erected outside the fort on a little knoll, commanding a view of the hills across the Minnesota River and Pilot Knob, now the Acacia Cemetery. All the children of the garrison, save only ourselves, were allowed to be present at the hanging. However, I recall most distinctly that from some vantage point I saw in the distance the crowds, the scaffold, and the swinging bodies. I listened with eagerness as my father recounted to my mother a dramatic incident connected with the event. As the black cap was about to be drawn over the head of Shakopee, a railway whistle woke the echoes along the bluffs and the first train of cars pulled into Mendota. With a tragic gesture of dignity the chief raised his arm and pointing across the river said, "As the white man comes in, the Indian goes out." The next moment the trap fell.

But if our lives flowed on with the simple activities that marked childhood in those days, history was making rapidly, and one morning there came a strange cry ringing loud in our ears, "Lee has surrendered." And we loved the sound of the queer word

Fort Snelling in Civil War Days

"Appomattox." We young things were immediately set to work cutting in two the long tallow candles then in use, and in the early spring night we helped to light and set them in the small window panes of the house. I have been told that both St. Paul and Minneapolis were thus illuminated, and that there was not a farmhouse or settler's home in the ten miles of open country between the two cities that did not show its patriotic rejoicing in this way. The bands, the shouts, the cheering troops! A perfect tumult of joy swept through the fort, very little of which the childish minds comprehended, but they enjoyed the excitement.

Then comes my first great party with grown-ups. The new commissary warehouse had been finished, and in the clean vacant lofts we had played up and down the long dim stretches. The completion of the building was to be celebrated by a social gathering and a dance, and the enormous upper story was decorated with flags and bunting, and insignia and implements of war, and from the crude rafters swung immense oil lamps. Through the whole length of the room on one side ran rough board tables holding the banquet. At intervals down their length were huge dishpans of army baked pork and beans, whole hams and beef tongues, flanked by great dishes of doughnuts and enormous pots of coffee that all army people considered the finest ever brewed. Keeping these rations company were cakes and pies and other delicacies that the officers' wives had for days been preparing for this event. I was allowed to be present during my father's speech of greeting, in which he commended the improved sanitary conditions and welcomed the gay company to the rather unique entertainment. Very vivid indeed is my memory picture of the brilliant gathering — the blue coats, crimson sashes, and gold shoulder straps of the officers; and the *Godey's Lady's Book* styles of the flounced hoop skirts, the short sleeves, and low-cut bodices of their ladies. I see my father as he stood addressing them, and conspicuous among the many were a couple that I knew, a General and Mrs. Thomas — he, tall, distinguished, dark, with moustache and goatee of the period, and she, not as tall as his shoulder, her hair in long ringlets on her white neck, her dress, a pink *barège* flounced to the waist, leaning upon his arm in the most languishing way. And then, just as the band strikes up and the dancing begins, for me the scene fades, for I am sent home, protesting, on the shoulder of a faithful orderly. The next day I delight in boasting to my

playmates that I was the only child present at the beautiful party. Very soon after the close of the war the new warehouse was burned down. I think the fire was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The sad aftermath of battles was sweeping through the fort. My mother had lost two brothers; one with his colors in his hand had fallen in a charge at the head of his troops at the battle of Ball's Bluff. I remember her weeping as she opened the package of his few possessions, his sash, his housewife with its pincushion, some bone carving of his leisure hours. The older brother had died of typhoid at Fort Snelling. In spite of the surrender of the southern armies, all was anxiety and uncertainty when the whole country quivered under a new and appalling disaster.

It was customary for an orderly to appear every morning at nine at each officer's quarters with the countersign of the day. This was in a three-cornered note sealed with red sealing wax bearing the government stamp. My mind is particularly clear as to this, for we children were shown what it was and most sternly forbidden to touch it under any circumstances, or dire would be the results. And under certain conditions, the results were dire in those days. This particular morning father had gone out to dress parade. As usual the orderly tapped on the door of the living room where were my mother, my little sister, and myself, and entering and laying the countersign in its accustomed place on the corner of the mantel-piece, he turned to my mother with the words: "Mrs. Newson, did you know that President Lincoln had been shot?" The newspaper had not yet reached us. Mother, exclaiming, "My God," sank sobbing into a chair. So great was her grief that my small sister, frightened at she knew not what, began to cry too, and I, as ignorant as she of the meaning of it all, shook her, saying harshly, "Stop it, stop it." Then even we little ones felt the pall over everything—flags at half mast, streamers of black crêpe on the left arm of every officer, martial order ignored as groups of men stood excitedly discussing the tragedy, officers meeting one another and breaking down. We wondered to see men cry and no one call them "cry babies!"

Soon there came marching back the remnants of the gallant regiments of Minnesota that had shown their mettle on many battlefields and at Little Round Top at Gettysburg. They were to be mustered out at Fort Snelling. I have heard my parents tell of

Fort Snelling in Civil War Days

the mingled joy, suspense, and heartbreak of those scenes, but only the excitement of marching columns affected us children.

One more event from the past in our life at the fort flashes out with startling clearness — the visit to the Northwest of General U. S. Grant. On the great day within the fort along the officers' row all the families were gathered, the children as near the drive as possible. At last, sitting on the back seat of an open landau, was the general! We knew him from his pictures; stocky, in the familiar broad-brimmed hat with its gold cord and tassel, the crimson sash, and the gold epaulet on his blue coat. The carriage stopped at the commandant's door and the famous guest was escorted through the spacious hall to the great bastion at the rear, where the ladies of the fort had prepared for his coming. The children, of course, were not present at the reception, but afterwards, believe it or not, I drank out of the same barrel of lemonade that General Grant was served from.

1898

*THE FORT DURING THE SPANISH - AMERICAN WAR**

Tell Arminius Turner

FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST [1898] the history of the typhoid fever, is the history of the regiment; but some happenings during that time, both at home and abroad were of decided significance, while others, less important, deserve a place here as necessary parts of a full narrative. On the afternoon of Sunday the 7th, four Grand Army Posts, of St. Paul made a formal visit to the camp and the regiment was massed in front of headquarters to welcome them and participate in the exercises of the occasion. The old and new were drawn up facing each other, and all were surrounded by a vast crowd of citizens.

Addresses were made by Major Epsey, Judge Egan and Ex-Mayor Doran and a brief welcome was spoken by Lieut. Col. Leonhauser, after which ranks were broken and for the remainder of the evening veterans and young soldiers freely mingled together

*Tell Arminius Turner, *Story of the Fifteenth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry*, 51-67 (Minneapolis, 1899).

in social converse. The addresses upon this occasion represented the sentiment which at that time was practically universal in the Northwest. They were characterized by a hearty indorsement of the cause in which the new generation of soldiers had enlisted; but at the same time expressed the hope that their services would not be needed for actual warfare. Five days later, August 12th, the peace protocol was signed and hostilities between our country and Spain ceased. The era of speculation began and many an anxious inquiry arose as to what was to be done with the soldiers who had not yet gotten out of instruction camps.

While these questions were pending another pretty ceremony was arranged for the camp. An elegant stand of colors had been prepared by the Commercial Club of St. Paul and on the evening of Aug. 18th a large delegation appeared to make the formal presentation to the regiment. Mrs. J. J. Hill read a very appropriate presentation address, and was followed by Mr. Conde Hamlin, president of the club, and others.

Col. Leonhauser fittingly expressed the gratitude of the command and Gov. Clough, who was present with his entire staff in uniform, made the closing address. The remarks of the visitors took the tone of uncertainty just then prevailing, the thought being that peace had now come and there would probably never be any use for these soldiers. The speakers therefore complimented them upon what they desired but would not have the opportunity to do. Gov. Clough however threw a little brand of enthusiasm into the meeting by declaring that all the talk of "muster out" was without foundation, and giving it as his opinion that they would yet see service. This was an end to which both the governor and Senator Davis were persistently working, and it is in no small degree owing to their efforts that the regiment at last saw a partial realization of its hopes.

The Governor always displayed much interest in the Fifteenth. It was popularly styled the "Governor's Regiment." This was of course due to the fact that its organization and the selection of its officers were more directly in his hands.

The other three regiments, having belonged to the National Guard, were necessarily, not so largely the creatures of the Executive, nor were they so thoroughly representative of the state. Governor Clough's frequent visits to the command and the energy and thoughtfulness with which he looked after its comfort and

The Fort During the Spanish-American War

advancement were worthy of the sincere gratitude of the entire body. These favors were not wholly unmixed with annoyance, for the "War Governor" was not a military man and naturally lacked knowledge of matters which are sometimes essential to good discipline. His proposed assistance was therefore, in some instances, equivalent to interference in things which were better left to those who were officially responsible for them. He was also given to occasional outbursts of ill-temper, very unseemly in one of his official dignity and very humiliating to his appointees.

The most important official event of this month was the resignation of Col. Shandrew and the promotions which followed. The fears of a fatal termination of the Colonel's attack, which at first prevailed, had been somewhat allayed by favorable reports from his bed-side, but the improvement had been slow and he had reluctantly abandoned the hope of resuming command. When therefore he tendered his resignation Aug. 15th, it was promptly accepted by the Governor and Lieut. Col. Leonhauser advanced to the place. At the same time Major Gotzian became lieut. colonel; Major Hand senior major and Captain Elwin of Company "A" was promoted to a field office as junior major. This was the only change which occurred among the field officers during the regiment's time of service.

Major Elwin was a man of middle age, having been for many years a citizen of Minneapolis, where he was favorably known in business and political circles. He was generous, public-spirited and honest; a good story-teller and a pleasant companion. He was thoroughly innocent of any knowledge of military affairs when he entered the army, and lacking in all aptitude in these lines. He was consequently not a success as a tactician. He was unassuming in matters of rank, but loyal to his superiors, and faithful to his duties. He was very susceptible to flattery, unfeignedly boastful of his popularity and influence, and confident of his abilities. No one said aught against him personally, but his election to the field inspired no enthusiasm throughout the command.

First Lieut. Fred K. Barrows, of Co. "A," was promoted to the captaincy, 2nd Lieut. F. A. C. Vincent became 1st Lieut. and John C. Sweet, of Minneapolis, was commissioned 2nd Lieut.

As before noted, the alarming spread of the fever induced the change of the camp on the 15th from its first location to the open field along the Interurban car line, and just inside the fair ground

OLD FORT SNELLING

enclosure, while the four companies most afflicted were isolated on the slope a little off the old ground. Here they remained one week, little of interest occurring except the increasing ravages of the scourge, when the welcome order arrived for removal to Ft. Snelling. Accordingly, on the morning of the 23rd, the tents once more came down and the entire effective force, bidding a final farewell to old Camp Ramsey, marched the 8 or 9 miles across the country to the new site.

The scene now was widely different from anything they had yet known. The Ft. Snelling reservation has 1800 acres of land, most of which is unoccupied, and lying in a state of nature with irregular surface, grassy plain, dense wood and spongy lowland. The camp of the 15th was upon the rifle range, a wide plain covered with coarse grass, backed by a heavy wood and shut out from all symbols of civilization, except an occasional glimpse of the flag which floated over the barracks, a mile away, on one side, and a water tank an equal distance on the other. The nearest public conveyance stopped at the bridge near the old fort, or at Minnehaha Park, either point being not less than a mile and a half from camp. They were no longer within the confines of a city; no longer obliged to eat, drink, sleep, dump offal and entertain thousands of visitors upon a little back yard; and it yet remains a mystery why this immense idle tract, the property of the government, a military reservation for the express purpose of accommodating its soldiers, should have been the last place thought of as a fit camp for the government troops. They were now near enough to the Mississippi river to take a bath in running water, and accordingly were marched down by companies and battalions to enjoy this luxury.

Within a week the four companies which had been detached on account of their extraordinary sick report returned to the main camp. All tents were now floored and in a few days the regiment was once more settled to regular work. Skirmish drills were at this time the particular form of practice. The number of fever patients was slightly diminished and a more cheerful feeling pervaded the camp; but the prostrations were yet too numerous and constant to permit of any settled confidence. There was reason to believe that hundreds of men now in camp had been exposed to the infection, and it would require two weeks or more to decide the effect which this would have upon such cases.

The Fort During the Spanish-American War

The present location was christened Camp Snelling. Secluded though it was, the hundreds who had friends there were not long in striking the trail and appearing upon the grounds.

The influence of a home camp upon the soldier had a thorough test in the case of the 15th. It was more than ten weeks from its assembly until it left the state, and all this time it was encamped in the most accessible part of the state and within a few minutes' travel of the homes of a large percentage of the soldiers. It is difficult to decide whether such circumstances are fortunate or unfortunate. Social functions, basket picnics and the entertainment of friends are not the discipline that makes good soldiers. A young regiment encamped near its friends, like a young man living near his mother-in-law, is in danger of hearing too much good advice. The military authorities are embarrassed by a superfluity of sympathy. Well-meant, but ill-directed efforts to exhibit patriotism and do something for the soldiers are legion. Delegations from benevolent societies, committees from social bodies, bands from churches, self-constituted boards of health, solicitous mothers and pastors, sympathetic women who want to help the poor soldiers are ever tendering advice and assistance, which only distracts from the essential business of soldier-making. But these disadvantages are not without their compensations. The presence of such social influences furnishes wholesome restraints for the men, and tends to keep the officers reminded of the fact that these boys have fathers and mothers who are looking to them as the guardians as well as commanders of the men under their orders.

Camp Snelling was now a pleasant place to reside and but for the continued depletion of the companies by fever everything was going well. Still it is not the wont of the volunteer soldier to be long content when there is no immediate prospect of activity. The men who enter such service are usually of the more adventurous type, to whom any change is more acceptable than waiting in idleness. Peace with Spain now seemed almost certain, and the question of continuance in the service was again uppermost.

"Shall we go to the Philippines?" "Shall we go to do garrison duty in Cuba?" "Shall we go home?"

Everybody had a preference. Not a few said, "We enlisted to fight. We did not leave our homes to lie in garrisons. If there is to be no more fighting we want to go home."

Some of the men were so anxious to fight that they had no

relish for drilling or even for bathing, but there was unfortunately no opportunity to test the sincerity of this desire. In the absence of definite knowledge impressions and partial expressions of opinions were published. One day it was reported that a majority of the men wanted to be mustered out and the next day it was denied; and all this went on just as if it might, in some way, affect the result.

In official circles the strongest influences were yet at work to get the regiment into active service. August 25th Senator Davis had an interview with the President and Secretary of State after which he announced that the 15th would probably be retained in service. On account of Senator Davis' official relation to the administration, this statement was regarded as quite significant, but it was ten days before anything was known beyond this brief hint and ten days is a long time in an army camp.

But on the 4th of September (Sunday) came the most stirring news that the regiment had heard since the day, just two months before, when it was called to assemble at camp Ramsey, for that day the papers reported an order from the war department, issued the day before, directing the removal of the command to Camp Mead, Pa. Expectation was at once on tip-toe and everybody awaited with interest the confirmation of the announcement. Even military orders are sometimes illusory. Col. Leonhauser here encountered obstacles which caused him misgivings as to the final success of the enterprise.

On the 3rd fifteen patients had been sent to the Post Hospital making a total of 83 which had been received by this and other institutions in the ten days which had elapsed since the removal from Ramsey. With scarcely an exception these 83 men were the victims of fever and it was evident that the end of this trouble was not yet in sight. It was reported that a contract doctor at Snelling, affecting an importance quite in excess of his authority, had declared that the regiment should not leave camp in its present condition of health. It was feared that some intermeddling might yet arrest the order, even if it had been issued. It will be seen hereafter that such fears were not groundless.

On Wednesday evening Sept. 7th, Col. Leonhauser stood out in the twilight back of his tent intently considering a telegram which had just come to hand, and Chaplain Turner a little way off stood regarding the scene. He finished the reading and coming close to the latter and speaking in an exultant subtone said "Chap-

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lain don't you say a word, but I have the order!" The chaplain promised to say "not a word" and retired to his quarters. A few minutes later a call to arms broke upon the heavy, misty air and the companies, pouring out into the darkness, formed and hurried to headquarters. By direction of the Colonel, Adjutant Catlin announced the news that was too good to keep.

The command was ordered to proceed, as soon as possible, to Camp Mead and it was hoped to be ready in the early part of next week.

Then pandemonium broke loose! Cheer followed cheer until the recall was sounded, and, hoarse with cheering, the men hurried away, and extemporizing all kinds of melodious instruments, returned to continue the din. The band came out to take part in the celebration, and the most chronic grumblers seemed to have forgotten about muster-out. Judging from the magnitude of the demonstration, everyone in camp must have been intoxicated with delight. The mere prospect of change; the doing something other than what they had been doing; the possibility of seeing something of the world, though they had little prospect of ever seeing anything of war had come like a tonic to minds which had grown languid by two months of waiting. All roads now led to Camp Mead. Preparations for departure which had been under consideration already began in earnest. The quartermaster's department was the scene of the greatest activity. Officers were busied in arranging their private affairs, as well as the business of their commands, and all were putting their business in shape for a long stay abroad. The weather all this time lent encouragement to the desire for escape to another clime. A most uncomfortably cool spell set in, lasting two or three days. Ice formed in tents at night, and the soldiers had their first experience around the camp fire.

At the earnest solicitation of the state fair management, Col. Leonhauser had consented to give a skirmish drill upon the grounds during the annual exhibition. Accordingly on Saturday, Sept. 10th, two battalions visited the fair, then in session, for that purpose. The race track was the scene of the exhibition. The command was drawn up in several detachments at the western extremity of the inclosure, facing the bluff at the other end, which had been the site of Camp Ramsey; there the enemy was supposed to be located. These operations were no doubt designedly planned, being directed against the fever germ, that invisible foe which but

a few weeks before had so disastrously defeated the regiment upon this very ground.

The day of vengeance had now come. The ranks of soldiery advanced in splendid order over the irregular ground, occasionally halting and sweeping the field on flank and center with their volleys, now dropping and firing, now going forward with a rush, but never faltering in their progress; driving everything before them, they at length reached the other end of the enclosure where they were massed in front of the bluffs. Here occurred the hottest engagement of the day; the whole force advanced to the very foot of the hills, their blood boiling and their enthusiasm rising ever higher, while with loud and repeated cheers, they poured volley after volley of point blank cartridges into the ranks of the hated bacillus typhosis, which, presumably, hung over the brow of the hill. A moment later not an enemy was to be seen. The firing ceased, and, with one final cheer of triumph, the gallant boys faced about and marched from the grounds and back to camp. Some months later the regiment received \$100 from the State Fair Association in compensation for their valuable achievements on that day.

Thursday, the 15th, had been finally fixed as the day for leaving, and Col. Leonhauser was pressing the preparations, lest some contingency interfere. The 11th was the last Sunday [we spent] in the state. Passes were unlimited, and hundreds went to their homes or the homes of friends near by to complete arrangements for their departure and bid adieu. Less than the proverbial corporal's guard attended the religious services held in front of the chaplain's tent at 10:30, but in the afternoon the camp began to fill up, and until late at night, a procession of vehicles and foot passengers from both cities streamed into and out of camp. The day was warm, the roads across the reservation dusty, but in camp the grass had held its own and the ground within the lines was in good condition. Through the enterprise of Governor Clough, company mess tents had been lately secured, sufficiently large to accommodate the entire company at one time. These were provided with tables and benches and henceforth became a source of general convenience for the men.

When the regiment was first organized the battalion arrangement was as follows: 1st Bat., "A", "H", "L", "D"; 2nd, "B", "K", "M", "E"; 3rd, "C", "I", "G", "F". After the resignation of

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Col. Shandrew and the consequent promotions the order was, 1st Bat., "B", "K", "M", "E"; 2nd, "C", "I", "G", "F"; 3rd, "D", "L", "A", "H".

Contracts were made with four railroads for the transportation of the regiment and baggage to Camp Mead; it being arranged that the colonel and staff and the first and second battalions should go over the Northwestern Line to Chicago, and thence via the Pennsylvania to Middletown, Pa., while the third battalion was to proceed by the Wisconsin Central to Chicago and thence via the Baltimore & Ohio to the same point. The cost of transportation averaged 13 dollars per man. The effective force of the regiment was at this time about 950.

The camp was astir early on Thursday morning. Baggage wagons were promptly on hand, breakfast was dispatched, tents struck, equipage rolled and tied, wagons loaded and companies moving toward the bridge which crosses the river at Ft. Snelling within a few hours. The point of departure was the Union and St. Louis depots, St. Paul. The citizens of St. Paul, who had always manifested such a kindly and helpful interest in the command, had made preparations for a wholesale god speed. Smith Park, a short distance from the depot, had been selected as the place of the formal farewell. Here 180 gallons of coffee were stewing and a large express wagon loaded with sandwiches was driven upon the grounds. Buttonhole bouquets for each man were in readiness, and committees waited to serve them. The Governor and his staff and a throng of friends from St. Paul, Minneapolis and all parts of the state were on the grounds. The extravagant enthusiasm which characterized the departure of troops at the beginning of the war was no longer to be expected, but the sober and abiding interest in the welfare of the 15th which brought these thousands of friends to see them off was a source of great gratification. After lunching, decorating, shaking and administering volumes of wholesome advice to the men, the greater part of the crowd followed them to the depots, where the trains were in waiting. The day had worn away with these numerous and informal ceremonies. The soldiers boarded their trains; the crowd stood outside and talked through the open windows. Five o'clock came; the train at last moved; the band struck up "The Girl I left behind me;" everybody cheered, many wept and the 15th is gone!

VI.

Cities Grow

THE PEOPLE *never have been inarticulate. Their shrewd political comment, pungent descriptions of journeys made, lands surveyed, and cabin homes built are all a rich treasure of the commoner's literature. Hundreds — literally hundreds — of settlers, emigrants, army officers, tradesmen, and just plain travelers jotted down impressions of Minnesota. Scarcely a corner of the state was not invaded by these traveling writers — men and women taking a keen interest in the North Country and finding time to record steamboat trips, business beginnings, platting of new towns, primitive farming, and growth of cities. Sometimes these native chroniclers identified themselves, again they only signed their initials, and frequently they adopted curious pen names. Perhaps it is more important to know what they said than to know who they were in private life. The following accounts, for the most part, were written by people — common people — who saw Minnesota cities develop.*

"A Stranger" left his picture of St. Paul only a year after Minnesota became a territory. Arthur J. Russell, essayist and man of letters, tells how Minneapolis received its name and quotes liberally from early newspapers. From the pen of a visiting New Englander comes a sketch of the "delightfully situated" St. Anthony of 1856. The old Territorial Road along which so many emigrants moved is described in sprightly manner by Walter S. Pardee, an early resident, in his manuscript autobiography.

Other amateur authors — perhaps too shy to sign their names — write of Duluth as half-way across the continent and compare St. Paul and Minneapolis as they were in 1880. They sent their

A Stranger Sketches St. Paul

first-hand impressions of the great Northwest to eastern newspapers, where they first were published. Both timid commentator and author bold enough to sign his name have given Minnesota vivid and fresh prose that can not be underestimated as an historical source and that certainly is a splendid example of a people's literature.

1850

*A STRANGER SKETCHES ST. PAUL**

Minnesota Pioneer

St. Paul, Minnesota Nov. 5, 1850

A STRANGER is generally somewhat astonished and not unfrequently very much amused at the scene presented for contemplation on his first arrival at the St. Paul Landing. In short, his first impressions with regard to the state of society here are altogether unfavorable. He is welcomed by an unusual and motley group of human beings, gathered from all parts of the Union, the Canadas, the Indian lands, and Pembina, besides the curiously mixed up race of natives. This is indeed a most peculiar feature of the capital of Minnesota, which in respect to its inhabitants differs materially from any place I have visited in the west. Being an old settlement of French and half-breeds, and the present seat of government for the Territory, situated near the head of navigation and contiguous to the Dakota land, a strange spectacle is often presented, or strange indeed to the uninitiated. All the different classes, however, mingle together, forming a singular mass, variously habited, speaking different languages, and distinguished by a variety of complexions, features and manners. Yet all this appears quite common, and excites no curiosity among those who have resided here but a few months.

But how different the spectacle appears to the stranger and visitor. — Chained, as it were, by a spell of astonishment, he pauses a moment to view the scene, before setting foot on shore, to mingle in the promiscuous multitude. A variety of persons attract his attention. Merchants in search of newly arrived goods; editors, anxious for the latest news; citizens, receiving their long expected

**Minnesota Pioneer*, February 6, 1851.

friends from the East or South; carmen and coachmen with their teams, all indeed join in the tumultuous strife and enjoy the excitement. A little removed from the crowd may be seen another class, which by the way is too numerous, for so small a community as that of St. Paul. This is composed of a host of lawyers, politicians, office-holders and office-seekers, whom we may perhaps call refugees from other States, though actuated by the hope of gaining some honorable position and a share of the public spoils. They are discussing very boldly, perhaps, a subject pertaining to the Territorial Government, or the late doings of the long Congress.

Amid the busy crowd may be seen the courteous and sociable Governor Ramsey, conversing freely with his fellow citizens, or politely receiving General A., Colonel B., or some other distinguished personage just arrived. Close by the side of his Excellency a Dakota, Winnebago or Chippewa warrior strides along as boldly and quite as independent as the greatest monarch on earth. He is attired in a red or white blanket, with his leggins and mocassins fantastically ornamented with ribbons, feathers, beads, &c., while his long braided hair is adorned with a number of ribbons and quills, his face is painted with a variety of colors, giving him a most frightful appearance. In his hands he carries a gun, hatchet and pipe. As the noble fellow moves along, so erect, so tall and athletic in his form, a feeling of admiration involuntarily fills the stranger's mind. He pronounces the Indian warrior the lion of the multitude, and is forced to respect his savage nature. The eye follows him along till he joins, perhaps, a company of his own tribe, some of whom are quietly regaling themselves at the end of a long Tchandahoopah*, others gazing at the whiteman's big canoe. Now the astonished gazer beholds a group of dark-eyed squaws, some carrying their heavy burdens, others with papooses on their backs, with their bare heads sticking above a dirty blanket. — The little things may be sleeping and as the mother walks carelessly along, their heads dangle about as though their necks would break at every step. They sleep on, however, nor heed the scorching rays of the sun shining in their faces.

The stranger having become satisfied with the contemplation of such and similar scenes, at length concludes to debark, and soon

*Tchandahoopah, is the Dakota name for their pipe, which is from two to three feet in length. The lower part, or bowl, is curiously made of the "red pipe stone," found on the Sioux River; the stem is made of wood.

A Stranger Sketches St. Paul

he too becomes one of the promiscuous multitude. He soon forgets the oddities that so much excited his curiosity among us. Though he finds a great multitude of French half breeds and Dakotas; yet the character is decidedly Eastern. The Redmen who are now so numerous, will ere long flee away before the influence of civilization, while the native French, halfbreeds &c., will be absorbed by an Eastern society. In short, every thing is fast partaking of a Yankee spirit, and yielding before the influence of Yankee enterprise.

Improvements are going on in Saint Paul with an astonishing rapidity. A great change is noticeable every month: but the greatest change that has taken place of late is with regard to churches. Three months ago, all the houses of public worship to be seen here were the Methodist house, a very commodious brick building, besides an old Catholic church built of logs. Now we have in addition to these, a Presbyterian house which would not compare unfavorably with those of Chicago; the Baptist and Episcopalian, all of which are ready for public services. They occupy the most prominent points in the embryo city and can be seen from a great distance in approaching the town from the South East. We consider the building of so many churches, in so short a time, a good enterprise, indeed, for a place two years old, and containing only twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants.

The restraining influence of the churches here is already felt to a great extent, notwithstanding the number of each denomination is small. The Methodists, who organized a church in December, 1848, and built the first Protestant Meeting house in Minnesota, have now about fifty members, being the largest of any denomination in Saint Paul.

The Presbyterians and Baptists organized churches nearly all the same time last season. They have, for the most part, held their meeting in school houses and other inconvenient places. Their new houses being nearly completed, they hope soon to exchange their places of worship for these that are large and more convenient.

As yet we have no very good schools in Saint Paul, owing to the mixed state of society, and newness of the place. The prospects, however, are very encouraging, as we have a free school law, and a community anxious to carry it into effect. The district schools are now being organized under the provisions of the late act. The pioneer teachers were ladies sent out from the East by the Board

of National Popular Education. Two of these teachers have taught here a long time and had charge of our schools almost entirely. We have now a good many teachers, and those who are, we trust, competent to conduct either the common schools, now being organized, or higher institutions, as soon as they are needed. — Our hope for the future prosperity and greatness of Minnesota is founded upon her school system, which if properly carried out, will doubtless make her truly the New England of the West, as far at least as education is concerned.

1852

*MINNEAPOLIS IS NAMED***Arthur J. Russell*

A EARLY AS 1850 consideration of a name for the new town to be founded on the west bank of the river had begun. The name of "Lowell" was suggested because of the manufacturing possibilities; also that of "Albion," because the new settlers were mostly of English descent; "Hennepin," "Brooklyn" and "Addiesville" were mentioned and Colonel Goodhue in the Minnesota Pioneer by way of grim humor suggested "All Saints." The first Board of County Commissioners of Hennepin County in October of 1852 fixed upon the name of "Albion." This name was not satisfactory, and was ignored by the settlers.

The problem was in everybody's mind and feeling ran high. On November 4, 1852, Charles Hoag retired for the night and, sometime during this night of November 4-5, the name of "Minnehapolis" flashed into his mind. While considering the name of "Indianapolis" as an ideal name for an American city, he conceived the idea of combining the local "Minnehaha" with the Greek "polis" and so "Minnehapolis" was born.

When Mr. Hoag arose on that morning of November 5, 1852, he pronounced the name of "Minnehapolis" to his family, the first time that the syllables had sounded in human ears.

November 5, 1852, was the date for the appearance of the weekly paper, the St. Anthony Express, of which George D. Bow-

*Arthur J. Russell, "The Man Who Named Minneapolis," in *One of our First Families and a Few Other Minnesota Essays*, 41-44 (Minneapolis, 1925).

Minneapolis Is Named

man was the editor. Mr. Hoag sat down after breakfast, wrote a letter to this paper and hurried across the river to secure its publication. The forms of the Express had been locked up when Mr. Hoag arrived at the office, but Mr. Bowman, impressed by the new name for the town, had them unlocked, the letter put in type and inserted in the page. It ran as follows:

Minnehapolis, Opposite St. Anthony, November 5, 1852

Mr. Bowman:

We are accustomed, on this side of the river, to regard your paper as a sort of exponent of public sentiment, and as a proper medium of public expression —

My purpose, in this communication, is to suggest a remedy for the anomalous position we occupy of dwelling in the place selected by the constituted authorities of Hennepin county as the county seat; which as yet bears no name, unless the miserable misnomer, All Saints, shall be considered so thrust upon us that the unanimous determination of the inhabitants cannot throw it off —. It is a name that is applicable to no more than two persons in the vicinity of the falls, and of doubtful application even to them.

The name I propose, "Minnehapolis," derived from Minnehaha (laughing water) with the Greek affix, polis (a city), meaning "Laughing Water City," or "City of the Falls"—you perceive I spell it with an "h," which is silent in the pronunciation.

This name has been favorably received by many of the inhabitants to whom it has been proposed and unless a better can be suggested it is hoped this effort to christen our place will not prove abortive as those heretofore named. I am aware that other names have been proposed, such as Lowell, Brooklyn, Addiesville, etc., but until some one is decided upon we intend to call ourselves Minnehapolis.

This was the first time the name had appeared in print. In the next issue of the Express, on November 12, 1852, appeared the following editorial doubtless written by Mr. Bowman:

"MINNEHAPOLIS"

When the communication proposing this name for the promising town growing up on the other side of the river was last week handed to us we were so much engaged as to have no time to comment. The name is an excellent one, and deserves much favor from the citizens of the Capitol of Hennepin. No other in our opinion could be chosen that would embody to the same extent the qualities desired in a name. The "h" being silent, as our correspondent recommends, and as custom would soon make it, it is poetical and euphonious; the nice adjustment of the Indian "Minne" with the Greek "polis," forms a beautiful compound, and, finally, it is as all names

CITIES GROW

should be when it is possible, admirably descriptive of the locality. By all means, we would say, adopt this beautiful and exceedingly appropriate title, and do not longer suffer abroad from connection with the meaningless and outlandish name of All Saints.

This name was received with general favor and in a meeting of the settlers at Colonel Stevens' house, the silent "h" was dropped out of the word and the name as it appears today was agreed upon. . . .

1856

*A NEW ENGLANDER LOOKS AT ST. ANTHONY**

Hampshire Gazette

St. Anthony, Minnesota, July 10, 1856

"In the land of the Decotah,
Where the falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley."

BEFORE LEAVING Minnesota, I wish to say a word about St. Anthony, Minneapolis, Minnehaha, and the surroundings. St. Anthony is on the east side of the river and Minneapolis on the west, and are directly opposite, and both are delightfully situated, the prairie on both sides possessing enough of sand to make it very desirable for building land. The bed of the river for quite a distance above the falls is rock and descends so gradually as to make an admirable foundation for the construction of wing dams, and affords perhaps the finest mill power of the northwest. A large portion of that rock that formed the fall, has broken off quite recently, so that the falls have receded more than 200 feet, and the present resemblance is water tumbling and roaring, pitching and foaming among the rocks, rather than that of a fall. The buildings on the St. Anthony side are many of them (i. e. the stores,) of stone, and are very fine structures. The "lions" in the way of buildings are the hotels, the Winslow house on the St. Anthony side, and the Nicolet on the Minneapolis side. The former is of stone, a sort of gray granite, and is five stories in height, heated by steam, and is splendidly furnished; the Nicolet is not so large, (but large

**Hampshire Gazette* (Northampton, Massachusetts), August 9, 1856.

A New Englander Looks at St. Anthony

enough for a town of twice the size,) but is said to be even more splendidly furnished. A lady, the wife of a New York merchant and a graduate of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, (and she ought to tell the truth,) told me that she had visited the bridal apartments of the New York hotels and had seen none upon which so much money was wasted, as upon those of this hotel. These hotels were built for the accommodation of the summer travel, and like many other things in good times, look well, but in hard times look like great extravagance, or jumping from infancy to manhood without the intermediate steps of creeping and learning to go alone, and that stage sometimes known as childhood and youth.

The surroundings of Minneapolis and St. Anthony are fine. Several of the little lakes are gems in their way, and the falls of Minnehaha are world-wide in their celebrity. These falls look well, as represented on paper, but it's a great deal better to stand on the bank and shake your jaws with laughter. The sheet of water on the edge of the fall, I judge to be 22 feet wide and should think it fell 45 or 50 feet. For 20 rods above the fall the water comes hastening along as though it were impatient to do some funny thing, and after it performs its ha-ha leap, it seems to say "I've done it."

The rock is shelving, and there is no difficulty in going in behind the sheet, except the removal of the starch from your dickey. One or two pairs of southern bloods have thought it romantic enough to be married there. Were it my case, and the wind blowing as hard and in the direction it did the day I was there, my advice to the officiating clergyman would be, "let your words be few," and also very gently suggest to the bride the propriety of deferring the ceremony of kissing, till daylight and sunshine could be enjoyed. I think the falls of Minnehaha are all that they are represented to be, and the surroundings of the two cities referred to, will pay any one for visiting them. The falls are said to be finer in the winter than in the summer—the ice giving them great beauty.

The inhabitants of St. Anthony and Minneapolis are largely of New England origin, and, as you well know, your own goodly village has a fair representation. A visit to Pomeroy, Bates & Co's mill, will introduce you to faces long familiar, and give new testimony to the truth that yankees are everywhere to be found. All things considered, Minneapolis and St. Anthony are both of them

places that temptingly invite the New England emigrant to make them his home, and the effect of the hard times is already tending strongly to place business on a reliable foundation.

It is very generally admitted that the effect of the hard times will be salutary, but with many it has been very severe indeed. The itinerating Sabbath School work in which I am engaged, affords me an opportunity of looking in somewhat upon the every day life of the unsettled and wilderness portions, and to my certain knowledge, many a family who have been accustomed to New England comforts, (if not refinements and elegance,) have during the past eight months lived for weeks on potatoes and Indian meal. I am well aware that some say it's shiftless for any man in this day to suffer his family to live in that way, and I must acknowledge that I have used language that might have been thus interpreted.

I have already spoken of the grasshoppers as eating "every green thing" in certain localities in '57, and at least half of the crop of '56, and that of '58 was light, although better here than farther south. Now it is well known that the average of emigrants do not bring more than money enough to pay for a "quarter section" of Congress land at two shillings per acre, and put up a very rude shelter for wife and children. Then improvements are to be made, land broken and fenced, and the process of eating and drinking to be kept up, (and in this extravagantly healthy country it is said to take about 20 per cent. more to satisfy hunger than it does a few hundred miles to the southeast,) and how is all this to be done when a kind Heavenly Father suffers the country to be scourged with the grasshoppers? "And the people mourn because the wicked rule." Money is mainly out of the question and people have learned that it's the great Apostle to the Gentiles who said, "Owe no man anything"—Romans 13: 8—and they seem determined to make the best of it, and leave the rest with Him who orders their changes in much mercy.

As illustrative of the feeling the good people possess here, I will mention an incident of this day at dinner. I am the guest of a minister of the Congregational church, and he is a former resident of your Connecticut valley. At the dinner table, the subject of the trying times of the past winter came up, and he told me that there had been months that they had seen nothing in the way of fresh meat; that there had not been but one calf killed in the

A New Englander Looks at St. Anthony

region, (they are all raised,) and there are no sheep to kill; beef is about a thing unknown; and after all, when I am invited out among my people I frequently find a table invitingly spread; but, said he, it takes off all the pleasure of eating, when I know how their table will look at the very next meal. The people are determined to treat strangers, and their friends, with the best the house or the community offered, if it can be obtained. The remark of my reverend brother made me feel to admire the kind interest that he and his good wife evinced in their humble guest, for as dessert at dinner we had strawberries and cream, and I had accidentally learned that they cost 2 shillings per quart, and it was fully 3 hours work to pick them from the stems. I had commenced eating my fine dish of strawberries when "mine host" was speaking of the kindness of his people, their attempts to please, entertain, &c., and how could I help but feel that an ocular demonstration of the matter was before my eyes. My palate ceased to be tickled with the fine flavor of the berries, and I only wished the two shillings per quart were in my brother's pocket, and the strawberries on the prairie from whence they came.

Great credit is most certainly due to the hardy pioneers of this new state, for many of them have endured what they will never tell of, and what would not be believed if they should tell it. A man, a *Christian man*, will endure the trials and hardships of a pioneer life (if he can do so alone,) well enough; but when his wife and group of little ones meet the conflict it sometimes causes the unbidden tear to flow. An incident of this kind came to my knowledge during the first of my Western living. A New England (Mass.) family were gathered in their little two room Western house, around the tea table. The two rooms were the sleeping apartments for the four children and their parents, and for the common purposes of kitchen, sitting room, parlor and pantry; and a glance at the family and their surroundings said, they have seen better days towards the sun's rising. The father turned to a bright little girl of seven summers, and asked her if she liked her Western as well as she did her Eastern home. Her significant reply was a childish outburst of tears. I need not add that silence reigned some moments around that table.

1866-1868

THE MINNESOTA TERRITORIAL ROAD*

Walter S. Pardee

THE TERRITORIAL ROAD between St. Paul, St. Anthony and on to Fort Ridgely, or thereabouts was an early feature. The ten mile stretch between the River villages was used much. St. Paul Center and St. Anthony Center, were some ten miles apart by air line, and at first travel got between the two centers the easiest or handiest way it could, by no special road. Tho both villages were on the Mississippi, the river took such a bend between the two that no road followed it more than a little way, except one that led by a noted tavern of the early time (Denoyer's), at what was called at first, Groveland, and that was meant to be a village.

Before the days of road grading the way from St. Anthony to St. Paul began on Main street, passed along under the river bluff, crossed our 6th av s.e. went on along under the hill past Calvin Tuttle's house, crossed Silver Cascade brook at the foot of University Hill, climbed that, followed then on the brow of the hill, thru Wm. A. Cheever's so called Town of St. Anthony City, south of the original St. Anthony Falls. The way passed his tower, tavern and livery stable, kept on along the heights, avoiding the wet spots, to Fawn's Leap brook near our Franklin avenue bridge; then the way turned from the river, crossed a wet marsh on a makeshift surface — where stages got stuck, topped a little hill and got once more upon solid ground. Then one could go pretty straight east to St. Paul; or switch to the right to Denoyer's and then on. And I think too that one could go along the river bluff, on from Fawn's Leap Brook, to Denoyer's; and since Fort Snelling was away to one side in the river bend, there was something of a road from Denoyer's to the river opposite the fort, and then one along the present Fort street to St. Paul Center.

Practical folks, tho, with goods to haul, and no time to waste on detours and mudholes, were displeased with the poor road on and along University Hill. Stages and trucks got mired. A driver said once, "I will get the stage over the route in two hours . . . if we don't get mired." But he got mired, the passengers tried to help

*Walter S. Pardee, Autobiography, a typescript in Minnesota Historical Society.

The Minnesota Territorial Road

pry him out; but gave it up and walked the rest of the way, some four miles.

There came to be now a sort of rough engineering, and so a Territorial Road was run from St. Paul, thru St. Anthony, across the river, thru Minneapolis, and I think along Hennepin avenue, for a way, and so on westerly to Fort Ridgeley on the Minnesota river. Up to this time St. Anthony had been a little hindered in growth southeasterly, by a ravine that carried Bridal Veil brook. This was about [at] 9 av. s.e. Main street was passable there for the ravine did not come so far. . . .

But at 4th street and 3d streets s.e., especially at 3d street, the ravine was impassable without a considerable bridge. 4th street was left unbridged until, say, 1873. The early engineers who laid out the Territorial Road planned — and the Government built — a long and high wooden bridge that opened 3d street — across the ravine — as a part of the Territorial Road. It leading toward St. Paul, turned soon onto 4th street and crossed Silver Cascade brook on a little low bridge. Then the Territorial Road took generally a straight way to St. Paul Center; for the first few blocks thru fine deep sand — likely part of the big deposit of sand that seems to cover the ledge in St. Anthony, and that is said to have been blown in when winds were strong. The sand in these few blocks was too high to be covered with marsh, but a bit further on the way was all marsh, and a corduroy road was built across it, to a similar sand bank on the further side. This was covered with scrub oaks. After that the road was pretty good all the way to St. Paul, that is: by the shortest route. As one came to the village across a kind of prairie, he struck Dayton avenue and went down what was called St. Anthony Hill, St. Paul. Passing the site of the present wonderful Pro-Cathedral, which site then had on it an indifferent house or so. The road then ran along 3d street, St. Paul, past Wabasha street bridge, and so on down 3d street to Jackson street and the Phalen Creek ravine. This had been filled before 1866. After crossing the St. Anthony marsh there were two or three hills and valleys and then came our “Buckmore” farm, that faced about south on the road and which farm I saw again in 1921. For some years the Territorial Road between the farm and St. Anthony, meant much to me. It paralle[le]d nearly our University avenue as it leads toward St. Paul. In 1921 factories and dwellings covered the corduroy part of the road and that part near 4th street.

Sunday, 17 Sep 1921 I went over the old road, waded in the grass and among the weeds all about and speculated upon the past. In the woods the road is preserved somewhat as a part of a city plat. In 1866 when I came, the road had heavy and frequent use, tho it was not surfaced. The new road was better than the old because shorter and free from marsh; but its sandy stretches — fine sand at that — were all but impassable for very heavy loads. As the road left the corduroy and entered the woods — the sandy piece — toward St. Paul — track after track was cut on the sides of the main road until there were 13. These made a wide detour. Likely this track making would have kept on had it not been for our new University avenue that came with its good surface. This road was lined straight toward St. Paul and at last intersected a regular St. Paul street at a small angle. Then a part of the Territorial Road died and our University avenue took its travel.

When the University building was built likely the travel to St. Paul led by its grounds before turning over to the corduroy road.

The old road soon was forgotten except by pleasure seekers, and these seldom used it; but there was a romance about the first road, a beauty of scene along it, that the later roads lacked.

My parents used sometimes of a Sunday, coming from church, to take the Fawn's Leap road on the way home, but for business we used the Territorial road, and I did often when I walked to and from church in St. Anthony.

As times changed, my father died and I engaged to work for my Uncle Wm. Duncan, in the summer of 1868. That summer I used the Territorial road a great deal, peddling milk in St. Anthony. The road got to be monstrosly dull, for me a growing and sleepy boy, in a milk wagon behind a sleepy horse, on a hot and dusty trail. There were hills to climb and valleys to jog thru, sand to watch as it half buried the wagon wheels. The corduroy was bumpity. To be sure there was Fawn's Leap brook to cross by a little bridge; but that was nothing compared to a New England brook full of life and vigor.

By the brook lived Mrs. Kiefe and her stepson Mike Donovan, my playmate. Their neighbor had a son of whom he was very proud, for as the father said, his boy had an interest in the Northwestern Hot Hell.

To the west of the road near home was a high hill, and strange to say I never climbed it those days, tho I should have done so

Duluth, a Town in a Wilderness

the view is so fine. It was made a fine park and a water tower was built upon it.

In front of our Buckmore Place close by the road we had a well, noted for its good water — or perhaps it was noted because it was handy for teamsters. Most teams stopped at it, and most who went between the two villages drove a team. Few walked and few took the train upon which I think the fare was 50 cents round trip and likely it was more.

The teamsters told me that their chief mark as they came out of the woods, coming to St. Anthony, was our big white house on 5th street and 13th av. s.e. There was not a building, other than Mrs. Kief's shanty and that of her neighbor on the brook, between the woods and our house.

1921 showed millions in factories, elevators and dwellings covering the whole distance and stretching wide from the river gorge to the far away bluff on the northeast. The Territorial Road, like the Buckmore farm and the Eustis farm is a forgotten and almost blotted out thing.

1869

*DULUTH, A TOWN IN A WILDERNESS**

Springfield Weekly Republican

*Half Way across the Continent,
Duluth, Minn., June 23 [1869]*

THIS IS THE POINT upon which all eyes in the northwest are now turned. It is, as yet, literally a town in a wilderness. At Cleveland I was told that five hundred houses were being put up in Duluth, this spring; at Detroit, the number was put down at three hundred, and as I proceeded up the lakes I could only hear that one hundred and fifty were being erected. By actual count, standing on the ground to-day, I find between seventy and eighty buildings, all told, some sixty of which have been and are being built, since the opening of Lake Superior, now some six weeks since. There will doubtless be some three or four hundred buildings erected in the "city limits" before fall sets in. The foundation for a new fifty thousand dollar, first class hotel, to accommodate some one hun-

**Springfield (Massachusetts) Weekly Republican*, July 10, 1869.

dred and fifty guests, is already laid, and the hotel will be completed in about two months. The building which is to accommodate the banking house, already established, of George B. Sargent, the managing general of the town, will be finished and occupied to-morrow. A brewery is already in operation; the trees are being cut to-day, and the stone dug for the foundation of an Episcopal church, and the stakes are also being driven to mark the spot where a Presbyterian church will be erected at once. The press is also already represented, Dr. Thomas Foster, a pioneer editor of many years standing, and thoroughly versed in Minnesota matters, having issued six numbers of the Duluth Minnesotian, and filled them all with interesting Minnesota and Lake Superior reading.

The new city takes its name from Father Duluth,* one of the Jesuit priests who early visited the northwest country with Hennepin, Marquette, etc., who planted the seeds of Romanism in all the wilds of the northwest; and wherever the foot of civilized man has trod, in all this vast country, the result of their early labors is now seen in flourishing churches or missions, and that too in numberless places where the Protestant religion has no semblance of a foothold.

The site for the new town is a handsome one, and lies at the extreme upper point of Lake Superior, and also at the head of Superior bay, on a handsomely sloping ground, facing to the southward, well protected from western or northwestern winds, and right over against Superior City, which was so magnificently laid out some fifteen years ago, on that point of the state of Wisconsin which lies directly on Superior bay, and which is now a dilapidated town of a few hundred inhabitants, who, having invested their all there when the city was first laid out, have sat down and waited for the fulfillment of their hopes, with no business, no back country, no nothing, but a handsomely mapped out town, some three miles by five, on a considerable portion of which the forest trees are still standing.

This great uprising, and hue and cry, which has lately sprung up at the west, and caused so much to be heard at the east, even, of Duluth, takes its prominence from the fact that the lake terminus of Jay Cooke's Pennsylvania Central railroad, under the title of the Lake Superior and Mississippi railroad, from St. Paul, is located here, coupled with the knowledge that Cooke, with his

*The author errs. Actually, Duluth was a layman.—Eds.

Duluth, a Town in a Wilderness

brothers-in-law and immediate friends, own thousands of acres of land in this vicinity. Those most enthusiastic about, and most interested in, the building up and prosperity of Duluth, claim to believe that it will be the outlet of one hundred million bushels of wheat, annually to be grown in Minnesota and northern Wisconsin, and that it can be got to the sea-board cheaper by this route than it can by way of Chicago; that a few years will see Duluth not only a rival of the latter city, but far in advance of it in growth and prosperity and public importance. This latter claim is based somewhat, perhaps, upon the belief that the Northern Pacific railroad will pass through Duluth, and in any event may safely be put down in the direct line of "great expectations."

Duluth, it is true, as is claimed, is as near the western terminus of the Erie canal, at Buffalo, by water carriage, as Chicago, and the wheat of a large portion of the extreme northwest can doubtless be carried east cheaper by the Duluth route than by rail to Chicago and thence by water. But there are two important stumbling blocks in the path of the rising town. These are the poor harbor, and the long season of year that the upper lakes are closed against navigation. That portion of the town which lies directly on the lake has a dock, at which vessels drawing seven or eight feet of water can land and lie in pleasant weather; but it would be worse than folly for a vessel to attempt to lie there in a storm, or during the prevalence of a moderately heavy northeast wind. Superior gets up a tremendous tempest at every northeaster, and the sea runs as high here on the beach as the ocean-surf on any portion of our exposed sea-coast. A breakwater is contemplated, which if constructed will doubtless serve to deepen the channel and protect vessels somewhat from the violence of storms. Congress will be asked to come down handsomely on this little job. The channel through which vessels must pass to the towns through Superior bay is narrow, tortuous and exceedingly difficult to navigate, especially in rough weather. I am told that a dredge is to be set to work at once upon this channel, which will make it all right. If it does, so far so good.

Minnesota Point, a strip of land from two to twenty rods in width, and some three or four miles long, has been formed by the washing up of pebbles from Lake Superior, on the one side, against the sand-washings of the St. Louis river on the other, until the result is a crescent-shaped point, dividing the lake from and

forming Superior bay, some half a mile in width, the latter becoming alike the harbor of both Duluth and Superior City. This point projects out from what is intended to be the heart of the new city, along which it is proposed, on the Bay side, to erect wharves, elevators, railroad tracks, depots, etc.

It is not safe to calculate upon navigating Lake Superior, the Saut St. Mary, and St. Mary's river, more than six months in the year. . . .

The opening of the St. Paul and Mississippi railroad will be a great relief in [giving an outlet in the winter.] . . . [If the people of Duluth] will but change their present policy of asking as much for building lots as the same can be had for in the established cities along the borders of the lower lakes, and sell to actual settlers and business men upon favorable terms, she will find it largely to her interest to do so, and draw in, where she now drives off, the best material in the country for her future citizens.

Gold has been found at Vermillion lake, some eight[y] miles north of Duluth, and the mines are being worked this season with the view of testing their merits. Iron ore is also found to a greater or less degree all along the range of country lying north of Lake Superior, said to be of a quality fully equal to that found at Marquette. Copper has also been found and it is believed that it exists in all this part of Minnesota to a considerable extent. Should the anticipation in regard to the existence of mineral wealth in this region be realized, it must of course be of great benefit to Duluth, as this would be the point from which all ores would be shipped outward and supplies inward.

The route of the Superior and Mississippi road runs mostly through a heavily timbered country containing some very handsome pine timber, a heavy growth of maple, some birch, and in some places the tamarac abounds. The first fifty miles of the road out of St. Paul is through rolling prairies of light soil and not valuable for agricultural purposes; the remainder of the way being through an almost unbroken wilderness, the soil of which is heavy and wet, and the water very bad. At Fond-du-lac, some thirty miles from Duluth, the road crosses the St. Louis river at what is known as the Dalles of the St. Louis, the fall of water, in all, being some four hundred feet, and affording excellent water power to an almost unlimited extent. That portion of the road from the Dalles eastward to Duluth will be the most expensive to

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construct, but the magnificent land grant of the state — seventeen hundred thousand acres — cannot fail to make the railroad company a very rich one, even were it to cost five times what it will to construct and equip the road. The railroad company have got a big thing in their land grant, and can well afford to build up a score of western towns without finding the bottom of their pockets.

The emigration hither is very large, and there is not anything like buildings enough to accommodate those who are already here. Some resort to tents, and many of the railroad laborers sleep in the open air until shanties can be erected for them. The only wagon road into all this region of country is the stage road from St. Paul to Superior, and it is the most damnable road ever built in the universe. The distance is one hundred and fifty-six miles, and two-thirds of the way lies through a dense wilderness, with a log shanty for a stopping place for stage passengers over night, at Moose lake a nest of filth, and slime too abominable for human endurance, and a trifle more comfortable quarters, and a little cleaner, at Changwetana, for the second night's entertainment. Think of traveling on a stage route, and by stage line, from 6 o'clock in the morning until 11 at night, and only making forty miles, and then after spending the night at such a station as that at Moose lake, to go at it again at 5 in the morning and peg away until 10 at night, the same thing to be continued again the third day from daylight until 3 in the afternoon. This for pleasure traveling is rather hefty, and if the people who read this don't believe it, let them try it, and if they don't thank God for the sight of a railway car, for the remainder of the trip, then they will never give thanks for anything in this world. And yet, over this road of heavy clay mud, haunch deep to horses, and hub deep to wheels; rocky, full of pit-holes, broken corduroy timbers, and through swarms of mosquitoes, scores of emigrant teams are to-day making their way from St. Paul to this point. Some come, look around, and return, but the larger portion remain and go to work, there being plenty of work of all kinds for all who come.

And thus it is that the problem of a new and large town at the head of Lake Superior is beginning to be worked out. It will be interesting, indeed, to follow up the matter, and see what Duluth is to be, and to find out by actual existence where the great center of the northwest shall finally be found. It is to be hoped by every

one, whether interested or not in the growth and prosperity of this region, that there may be no more duplicates of the magnificent project, and magnificent failure, Superior City.

1880

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS IN THE EIGHTIES*

Springfield Weekly Republican

Minneapolis, Minn., September 15, 1880.

THE NORTHWEST may well glory in her towns not less than in her marvelous country. Minneapolis and St. Paul are cities that any people should be proud of. Though they lie so near together that they [are] apt to be considered by those who know them only by name as constituting essentially one community, they are actually quite distinct and unlike, and, so far as their differing conditions permit, are active rivals. St. Paul is the older and more finished of the two; she has long been an important commercial center and outpost; her growth has been gradual but unbroken, and her prosperity is based on a solid foundation of acquired wealth, advantageous connections and valuable commercial resources. Minneapolis is of later development and exhibits the characteristic sturdiness and ambition of youth; possessed of a great water-power, she owes her sudden leap into prominence to her rapidly growing manufactures. She has already outstripped her older neighbor in population and promises to lead her still further as her factories and mills increase in number and importance. Though both cities lie on the banks of the Mississippi and only nine miles apart by the shorter route, their situation is very different. St. Paul occupies a commanding and picturesque position on the east side of the river, stretching up and over the high bluffs which skirt the stream. One ward of the city lies on the west side, and is connected with the main town by a lofty bridge, which is a prominent feature in the view from all points in the neighborhood. Minneapolis, further up the stream, which makes a great bow between the two cities, spreads over a table-land as smooth as a floor somewhat above the river on its west bank. Several bridges span the Mississippi opposite the city and join to it the old town of St. Anthony, which has

**Springfield* (Massachusetts) *Weekly Republican*, September 23, 1880.

St. Paul and Minneapolis in the Eighties

now been swallowed up by the larger, younger community. In one particular the rival cities are alike; they are populated by a singularly sober, earnest and intelligent class of people, largely, I am proud to say, the product of New England culture.

A morning's drive will give you a good idea of St. Paul. The city has no special objects of interest. You turn up from the shabby and inadequate railroad station, soon to be replaced by a fine union depot, into the main business street of the town. It runs up the easy slope of a side hill. There are plenty of people coming and going with active, alert steps and occupied, intense looks in their faces, betokening busy, useful lives. The retail stores are showy and attractive as becomes a city of over 40,000 inhabitants. On the side streets there are large wholesale warehouses; for this is the base from which practically the entire state of Minnesota, northern Wisconsin and eastern Dakota draw their supplies, a region embracing many populous towns as well as the great farm properties. Passing out of the business quarter of the town, on to the top of the hill, you drive by an open public square past handsome public schools and churches and the state capitol, a plain, square, brick building and enter the distinctively residence streets. These reach out on the summit of the hill for a long distance, commanding a glorious view of the broad, shining river, several hundred feet below, and the bluffs on the opposite shore, above which the eye sweeps over the open country, dotted here and there by a bit of woods or a house, to the horizon. St. Paul has many elegant private homes, some of them facing this avenue on the north side of town, others occupying another bluff to the south, and some apparently across the river. From its hills one always has a beautiful and varied picture of river and country and town, changing in the changing lights of morning, midday and evening.

The town exhibits the dignity of years in its exterior. There is considerable building going on, particularly on the business streets in the hollow, but for the most part the houses and business blocks look as if they had weathered many summers and winters. They are built of various kinds of material, brick, wood and stone, the light Milwaukee brick being the most common, and are patterned in the usual American styles. I have seen nothing especially praiseworthy in the architecture of the city. As is well known, St. Paul has long been a favorite sanitarium for consumptives on account of its dry, clear air. Years ago it was also a popular summer

resort for southerners. But of late years, I am told, its hotels have lost much of their summer patronage, and have in consequence somewhat deteriorated in character. This season, however, the business seems to be picking up again, and one notices many family groups at the hotel tables, evidently of the pleasure-hunting class. The summers here are cool and agreeable, and the suburbs of the town afford many beautiful drives and excursions. Perhaps the single most noteworthy institution of St. Paul is its leading newspaper, the Pioneer-Press, which comes as near to being The Springfield Republican of the Northwest as one could expect in this still measurably fresh and untamed country. It is an able, enterprising and exceedingly well-edited journal, covering the news of the great Northwest with remarkable faithfulness and thoroughness. Though republican in politics it seems to be quite fair and independent and honest in its tone. With a circulation closely approaching that of The Republican it spreads over this region for hundreds of miles, almost wholly excluding the Chicago papers from the field.

Going from St. Paul to Minneapolis by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, the trains follow the course of the river, crossing it just above the former city, and passing through the shadow of the bold and lofty bluff on which is Fort Snelling, opposite the junction of the Minnesota river with the Mississippi. The latter spreads itself out broadly at this point, and in the summer shows a long, low island in its bed; the bluffs covered with a rich verdure rise sharply from the stream; if it is late afternoon, the great mass of green foliage and the waters of the river gleam brightly under the strong, lengthening rays of sunlight; one of the lumbering, shell-like river steamers swings along down the stream, perhaps, and puts the element of life into a striking bit of river scenery. Two or three miles from Minneapolis we stopped to see the pretty falls of Minnehaha in the river of the same name. The stream, not great in volume, makes one plunge of 60 feet over a perpendicular wall, at the base of which you can walk, if you choose, inside of the falling water. The falls are picturesquely framed by the richly leafed trees and dark, somber rocks, making altogether a picture well worth remembering.

Though a young city, Minneapolis, unlike most others of the western sisterhood, is surprisingly orderly and respectable. The stranger entering at its gates, or rather alighting at its railroad

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station, is impressed with the cleanliness and decency of its general appearance. The main business thoroughfare into which you pass directly from the station, though it may be evening and the sidewalks may be full of people, is as quiet, and the crowd is as well-behaved, as would be the case in a New England city. There are even laws against Sunday liquor-selling, and the town has been greatly agitated this summer over an attempt to lighten the penalty for their violation. There is a Yankee flavor of thrift and soberness in the community, strangely in contrast with the rough, reckless tone found in the ordinary western burgh.

Minneapolis did not grow; it was built and mainly in the last decade, during which its population has increased by 269 per cent, now exceeding 48,000. Its streets were laid out straight and regular as the lines on a checker-board. The business part of the town is by the river, the great flour mills and other factories of course close beside it. Back from the river and running out on to the plain are the dwellings of the town's prosperous people. And here again is the New England influence apparent. Each man seems to vie with his neighbor in making his home pretty and attractive. The places are not so showy as they are neat, comfortable and tasteful. Blocks of houses are rare; the prevailing style is the wooden cottage, of infinite variety in pattern, each surrounded by its own plot of green turf, with pretty, bright beds of flowers scattered here and there, and graceful vines trailed over the door-ways and windows to heighten the pleasing effect. There are also not a few handsome brick mansions, belonging to the more wealthy manufacturers. Illustrating the rapidity with which Minneapolis is still growing in wealth and population, is the fact stated to me by one of her prominent citizens, that there are fully 1000 new buildings of all sorts in process of construction here this summer. An ordinary building lot at some distance from the business center, 66- $\frac{1}{2}$ feet front by 165 deep, sells for \$3000, [*sic*] about the same price that similar property in your city of Springfield would command. The fact that there is plenty of desirable land to be had by reaching out into the suburbs has the effect of keeping prices down to a reasonable limit.

The great interest of Minneapolis, to which her prosperity is mainly due, is the manufacture of flour. With the falls of St. Anthony, 82 feet high, at her river front, affording an inexhaustible and almost unlimited water-power, and the big wheat-fields of

Minnesota and Dakota so near at hand, she possessed the most perfect conditions in the world for producing this important staple in vast quantity and with economy. Her 19 mills, now in operation, grind up 50,000 bushels of wheat a day, making from 10,000 to 12,000 barrels of flour, and have a capacity of 4000 barrels more when driven to their full extent. Another and the greatest mill of all, now building by the Pillsburys, will be able to turn out 3000 barrels a day, by itself. The Minnesota flours are famous abroad as well as at home. In 1879 as many as 449,598 barrels were shipped from here direct to foreign countries. They are made entirely of spring wheat and have largely superseded the St. Louis brands, for which the softer winter wheat is used, in all the markets of this country. The business has grown up, almost altogether, within 10 years, and there is every reason to look for its increase to a still greater magnitude. Only the most improved processes of making flour are employed, the French and Hungarian methods have been greatly modified and developed since they were first introduced in this country. The American milling machinery is now unequaled in the world.

The situation of Minneapolis, only 150 miles from Lake Superior, gives these mills the advantage of a competing water route to the East. In the summer their flour is almost entirely shipped to market by way of Duluth and the great lakes. With the opening of the new Welland canal, which will enable the lake ports to load directly into ocean steamers at the Canadian ports, and the growing cheapness of transportation by rail, Minneapolis must be able to largely add to her present export trade, by laying down her flour at London cheaper and better than it can be made abroad, in spite of the difference in the cost of labor. And instead of more wheat we shall send more flour to feed the people of the old world.

The leading concerns in the flour manufacture here are Washburn, Crosby & Co. and Christian Bros & Co. The first of these, ex-Gov Washburn of Wisconsin and the famous Maine family being the chief partner, owns three large mills known as the Washburn A B and C mills, having a total capacity of 4000 to 5000 barrels a day. The A mill is the largest in America, but will be surpassed in capacity by the new Pillsbury mill. Christian Bros & Co are proprietors of the Crown Roller, also a very large mill. C. A. Pillsbury & Co is a New Hampshire firm, composed of C. A., the senior partner, his brother Gov. Pillsbury, a silent member,

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who devotes himself mainly to public affairs, George A., the managing man of the concern, and his brother F. C. Pillsbury, the two latter sons of the head of the house. They run at present, four comparatively small mills, their capacity aggregating 1800 barrels. They are thorough New Englanders and have brought the best kind of Yankee notions from the Granite state. For instance, Gov. Pillsbury, a sturdy, handsome, gray-haired man of 50 or more, as chief executive of the state, and George A. Pillsbury, a driving, energetic and clear-headed business manager, as a member of the state Senate, vigorously and persistently insist that Minnesota shall pay her old railroad debt which the state has several times formerly repudiated. They hope ultimately to work up public sentiment to a point where it will demand an honorable recognition of the obligation, but it is a slow task, because of the peculiar way in which the debt was contracted and the fact that the state has received little or no benefit from the money invested. The Pillsburys have been very successful with their business and are each year extending their operations and adding to their facilities.

. But flour is not the only thing made in Minneapolis. The lumber interest is enormous, the amount annually sawed reaching 150,000,000 feet and more. There are also large harvester works here and various small manufacturers. And the great water-power is yet only partly utilized.

Opposite the city in the older town of St. Anthony, which covers the bluffs on the west side of the river, is the state university where the higher education is dispensed, free of cost, to the youth of Minnesota of both sexes. Minneapolis is justly proud of her public schools of the lower grades, and takes great pains to maintain their excellence. Indeed it is the sort of community in which schools and churches thrive as a matter of course. If one must live at the West and the freedom of choice is permitted this is decidedly a place to settle in. To be sure the winters are severe, the summers are pretty hot, and the dust is extremely disagreeable on this dry plain, but the society is good, everybody makes money and there are beautiful lake resorts in the neighborhood where you may spend it in idleness and ease.

In the matter of railroad facilities the two cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, are especially fortunate. There are competing lines both north and south, and all of the roads make it a point, in one way or another, to land passengers and freight in both places. The

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, which is spreading over this whole region with extraordinary enterprise, and will count up 4000 miles of completed road by January 1, comes here with two lines; the St. Paul and Sioux City runs southwest to the Missouri river; the Minneapolis and St. Louis strikes due south through the middle of Iowa; the Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis is an extension of the Northwestern system; the St. Paul and Duluth connects with Lake Superior; the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba offers two routes to the north and northwest, over one of which you may take the Northern Pacific trains if you prefer. And still further railroad enterprises and connections are talked of. Both cities are soon to have convenient union depots, which it is hoped will take in all of these numerous roads.

Though in this and previous letters I have taken up considerable space with observations concerning the Northwest, the story has been but vaguely told. It is a big country whose resources are hardly measurable. And they are not confined to wheat by any means; the other grains can be raised as well, and even as far out as Bismarck there is no difficulty in making Indian corn grow richly. As for cattle, a few moments' talk with Bill King the ex-statesman, who, in the days of his prosperity, owned the finest herd in the land, will convince you that there is no better country for stock-raising in the world. Fortunately the agricultural products of Minnesota are becoming more diverse, but it is obvious that wheat must continue the greatest interest of this region for years, if not permanently. As time goes on, the great holdings, like those of Mr. Dalrymple, where 75,000 acres of land are under one management and the farming is carried on like a great factory, with 700 workmen in harvest time, will be divided up and the land will be more closely and carefully worked by small farmers in the true American fashion, yielding still more bountifully than now of its richness and breeding a race of independent, conservative and intelligent proprietors.

VII.

Things of the Flesh and Spirit

THE FACETS of pioneer life were many and varied. No simple, descriptive formula can be written which will portray completely the multitude of frontier interests and activities. Minnesotans, then as now, drew their relaxation and strength from both homely and ornate diversions and duties. They mingled and fused together things of the flesh and of the spirit. The result was a sane, well-balanced life for the bulk of the people. Samuel W. Pond and Henry G. Bilbie, one a Presbyterian and the other a Methodist, labored staunchly to carry God's spiritual blessings to Indians, emigrants, and, in the case of Bilbie, to troops during the Civil War. Their reports, like that of Edward D. Neill's to the American Home Missionary Society, are typical of hundreds of others of many faiths and show clearly how close was the relationship between things of the flesh and spirit in early Minnesota.

Yet somber religious hues were not the only pigments splashed across the North Star scene. Elizabeth Kingsley Fuller, writing with a zest that reveals her love of life in St. Paul in the 1850's, paints pictures of brilliant parties where dancing continued until early morning. She describes her parlor with its plush-covered ottomans and takes womanly pride in her three very handsome vases and her cologne bottle. But, as Jessie Marsh Bowen points out, living could be "bleak." Ole K. Broste, coming from far-away Norway, faced innumerable difficulties. The schoolmarm, Anna T. Lincoln, found frontier teaching not always a sheer delight. Not even hardships and disappointments, however, could stem the tide of people coming into the state nor dampen the ardor of Dan Cupid, as the development of a frontier love affair, so charmingly

revealed in the letters of Miriam Little Simons, proves. Both the intellectual and the cultural flourished too. The forceful inaugural address of William Watts Folwell, president of the University of Minnesota, clearly reveals his plans and hopes for an institution of higher learning.

1830s

LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY JOURNAL*

Samuel W. Pond

IN JANUARY 1837, after a residence of six months in an Indian tent, I was coming down from the north in company with a young man, the first Dakota who learned to read, and as there was at that time a thaw, we were wading through the melting snow, and sometimes up to our knees in water, when my companion, who was a few steps before me, suddenly stopped and burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. Such a fit of merriment in an Indian, and under such circumstances surprized me, and I inquired the cause of his untimely mirth, when he replied "I was thinking what a fool you are to be here wading in this melting snow when you might [be] at home in a comfo[r]table house, with plenty of good foods.["] Many a white man would no doubt, have called me a fool, but not many would have laughed so immoderately while standing in cold water up to their knees.

The Dakotas had a general belief in the immortality of the soul, and a vague apprehension that men would be punished in another world for crimes committed in this. They also held that theft, lying, adultery, murder &c were crimes that deserved punishment so they had little to say against the doctrine of future retribution, but when we made known to [them] the peculiar doctrines of Christianity, they maintained that though it was a good religion for us, it was not for them. They however were most of them very reserved in regard to their views of religious subjects, and when we set before them the claims of the Gospel they either listened in silence, or simply remarked that it was all very good, so that it was difficult to ascertain whether they under-

*Samuel W. Pond Papers in the Minnesota Historical Society.

Leaves from a Missionary Journal

stood us but in the summer of 1837 I entered a tent where were some visitors from the upper country, and the man of the house who was a brother of the chief, told them who I was and what I said to them about religion. I was surprised to learn that he had a clear understanding of some of the most important doctrines of Christianity and could state them in plainer language than I could have done at that time in Dakota.

That man on his death bed told me he should die trusting in Christ, and wished to be buried like a Christian. He also requested me to instruct his son in Christianity.

We were not in a situation to hold regular religious meetings with the Indians until we were settled at Bloomington, but we talked with them, or rather talked to them on religious subjects in season and out of season whether they would hear or whether they would forbear so that there were few within our reach who were not compelled to hear how much they needed salvation, and what they must do to be saved. A few of them we believed were converted, but not many[,] though the instructions they received from us may afterwards have borne fruits of righteousness when so many were baptized in one day by Dr. W[.] and Gideon. Among the many children taught by my wife were two little boys, brothers. They were both bright boys and the youngest, though a wild, headstrong boy, was very much attached to his books and notwithstanding the ridicule of the Indians, persisted in carrying them with him wherever he went. He sometimes called on me at Shakopee, and commonly had a portion of the Scriptures along with him, but he was very eccentric, and we did not consider his case a very hopeful one. He was in the prison at Mankato with the men who were condemned, and some who were confined with him told me that it was through his influence more than anything else that they were first led to call upon God. He died at Rock Island, but his brother is one of the best and most influential men at Flandreau. I ought to mention here that other missionaries labored hard for many years among the Mdewakantonwan. The Methodists expended much time and money at Kaposia and, though that mission was so badly managed that they were compelled to abandon it, they doubtless left the Indians there better acquainte[d] with doctrines of Christianity than they would have been if there had been no missionaries there. And the indefatigable and long continued labors of the Swiss missionaries and their

American wives, doubtless contributed to the final success of the Gosp[e]l among the Dakotas. The sudden awakening of the men in the prison at Mankato was not among an ignorant people who had never heard the Gospel, for it had been pressed upon their attention almost daily for a long series of years. So one soweth and another reapeth. But the labor of sowing was often painfully discouraging and seemed wasted. What troubled me most was the apprehension that the mission money that I was spending here might be more profitably applied in some other field, and I endeavored to get along with as little of that money as possible. I drew nothing for my support from missionary funds until I had been here three years, and then I commenced with a salary of \$200, which was never greatly increased.

I think that a few of the Indians at Oak Grove were converted to Christ, and died trusting in Him, but I had no such hope in regard to any here at Shakopee. I was with the Indians here about five years and Mr. Riggs was about as long at Traverse des Sioux, but we both seemed to labor in vain. Indeed before the outbreak in 1862 I saw very few Dakotas that I thought gave decisive [*sic*] evidence of piety. Dr. Williamsons views in regard to the proper qualifications for church membership differed somewhat from ours or at least Mr. Renvilles did and Dr. W. thought it expedient to follow his advice. When I visited Lac qui parle the first winter the Dr. was there, I found that Mr. and Mrs. Renville were already members of the church, and two of his daughters were examined for admission while I was there. In examining them the Dr. addressed his question to Mr. Renvilles clerk in English, and he repeated them to Mr. R. in French who translated them in Dakota, but the girls said little except yes a[nd] no. I asked them a few questions in Dakota to which they gave such answers as their father dictated. As the clerk who was a Catholic told us privately that one of them was "very wicked,[""] she was advised to wait a while, but did not have to wait long. She and most of the family with many others were soon gathered in to the church. Mr. Renville considered himself the head of the church formed there and perhaps there was not much arrogance in his assumption.

During one of my visits to Lac qui parle[,] I think it was in 1838, the first Sabbath after my arrival nearly all of the Indians staid away from the meeting, to the great surprize and disappointment of the missionaries. As I was to have preached I did not

Leaves from a Missionary Journal

know at first but some prejudice against me kept the congregation away, but the matter was explained the next morning when Mr. Riggs received a note from Mr. Renville written by his clerk in which among other things he said "If you can do without me I can do without you, therefore I staid at home yesterday with the Indians whom I have converted." *Avec les Sauvages que j'ai convertd.* The trouble was about a spinning wheel [which] Mr. Renvilles women wished to borrow. Soon after receiving the note Mr. R. and I waited on Mr. Renville and when Mr. Riggs began to explain or apologize Mr. Renville said "It is nothing Mr. Riggs. It is nothing I forgive you" and all was smooth again. He had shown them that he could "do without ["] them and that was all he wanted. The next Sabbath I preached to a full congregation Mr. R. being there with the Indians "he had converted." I was left in charge of the church at Lac qui parle one year and had reason to fear in regard to most of the members of the church that there was too much truth in Mr. Renvilles assertion that he had converted them himself. While I was there he selected four or five men and asked me to receive them to the church and when I refused and asked him to postpone the matter till Dr. W. returned he said "I have prepared these persons for admission to the church and if you do not admit them they will never attend your meeting again." I told the men what Mr. Renville said when I explained to them my reasons for not receiving them to the church they were satisfied, and much to Mr. R.[']s chagrin attended meeting as before. The members of that church were not hypocrites but there was no inseparable connection between morality and their type of piety, for many of them did not know what a Christian should be. One of Mr. Renvilles sons had been accused of traveling on the Sabbath on his way home from Traverse des Sioux, and I was present when he appeared before the officers of the church to give an account of himself. He seemed frank and honest and freely admitted that he had traveled on the Sabbath and that he had no excuse for doing so. The Dr. who seemed desirous of finding some excuse for him, suggested that he might have been out of provisions but he said he had plenty of food with him. Then the Dr. said "you did not intend to travel when you left Traverse des Sioux" but he replied, "Yes I did intend to travel when I left the Traverse, but I expected to repent of it when I got home." The fact is Mr. Renvilles ideas of religion were

THINGS OF THE FLESH AND SPIRIT

derived chiefly from Catholics, and we could have had plenty of such converts as his at Lake Calhoun or Oak Grove if we had had a Mr. Renville to "convert" and "prepare" them.

Though we had many other things to occupy our attention we did not in the mean time neglect the study of the language for we were convinced from the first that our influence over the Indians would depend very much on the correctness & facility with which we spoke their language. When we had been here five or six years we had learned most of the words in common use. Indeed I see very few words in Dakota books now that I had not then learned and after that new ones came in slowly. But we observed that no white man among the Dakotas pronounced the words correctly or spoke the language grammatically though some of them had Indian families and had been among the Dakotas thirty or forty years and we labored hard to avoid the defects we observed in others for we wished to speak like Dakotas and not like foreigners.

1849

PLANTING SALVATION*

Edward D. Neill

St. Paul, Friday, September 21, 1849

BRETHREN

My commission to labor at this place and vicinity dated June 18th was received while in Philadelphia. In making my report for the quarter ending on the 18th inst. I would state that I arrived here on the morning of July 12, [he had arrived in St. Paul for the first time on April 23] and immediately entered upon my labors. You have already been informed that I have completed a small building 20 x 30 feet, the first Protestant Sanctuary in this portion of the valley of the Upper Mississippi. The Services on the Sabbath at the several points where I preach have been well attended.

The people by their actions, often lead us to suppose that the motto of the present Territorial Seal "Law, Liberty, Religion and Education" are not without significance. Two weeks ago I established the first weekly lecture ever held in this place. On the first night there were some eight or nine present, and last evening the

*Edward D. Neill Papers on microfilm in the Minnesota Historical Society.

Planting Salvation

number was doubled. Among others were Brother Boutwell formerly of the Chippewa Mission, the present Chaplain of the Council, Brother Pond of the Dakota Mission, and member of the House of Representatives, and Brother Magoun, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Galena. It was truly refreshing to have the presence, assistance and prayers of these well-beloved friends.

Sixteen years ago Brother B. traversed this region with an exploring expedition returning from the source of the Mississippi and little did he then suppose that in so short a period he would find a country, then a pathless wilderness, the abode of enterprising men and be a witness of their legislative and religious assemblies.

The evening of the day that the canoes of the party passed White Rock, the Indian name of St. Paul, they pitched their tents at a late hour near a lofty eminence not very far from the spot upon which the village of Stillwater now stands.

The number of ministers in the Territory is on the increase. Since I was here in the Spring, there have arrived 3 Methodist, 2 Baptist, and an Episcopal minister is expected. These with your own missionaries make a goodly number. If we do not "walk as men" but closely imitate the pattern of the catholic Paul and know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified we and the people shall be blessed, but if we evince a disposition to say "I am of Calvin," "I am of Wesley," "I am a successor of Peter," "I am scripturally immersed," there will be "envying, strife, and divisions."

The legislature is still in session and will probably do something to promote Common School education and suppress intemperance. There is at the present time a bill before the Legislature which enacts that every groggery keeper shall pay \$100 annually for a license, and that this shall not be granted unless the applicant gives a bond of \$500 that he will not suffer his house to be disorderly, or allow gaming of any description upon his premises, and also that no liquor shall be sold to any person under eighteen without the consent of their proper guardian. Something more-over is about to be done to provide against the traffic in ardent spirits with the Indians. Several times during the Summer the peace of the Territory has been disturbed by intoxicated Savages and every good citizen will rejoice to see the mean white men who engage in this ignoble traffic suffer the penalty of law.

THINGS OF THE FLESH AND SPIRIT

The Assembly has just appropriated a block of Egan-Shale or Red Pipe stone for the use of the Monuments Association of Washington City and has ordered the Governor to procure the proper inscriptions to be placed upon it, and present it as an offering of Minnesota, to the memory of the "Father of his Country."

In conclusion I would ask that the *Home Missionary* and a few copies of Rev. A. Barnes' sermon be directed to me at St. Paul.

I have performed nine weeks of Missionary labor and as I have not yet received an answer to the letter asking for an increase of appropriation, I merely append a list of my *necessary* expenses since I came to St. Paul, leaving it to the Committee to act, if they have not already acted, as their wisdom may direct.

Board	- - - - -	\$ 66.00
Washing	- - - - -	12.50
Expense of hiring horse and buggy	-	12.00
Freight paid for moving furniture, library, etc.	- - - - -	50.00
Postage and incidental expenses	- -	10.00
Clothing Bill in Philadelphia	- - -	30.00
		<hr/>
		\$180.50

From this you will readily see that the appropriation asked is not extravagant. I stand very much in need of money and should like to have a draft as soon as convenient. Please acknowledge in the *Home Missionary* and deduct from my salary the following donations—

Col. Loomis	Fort Snelling	- - - - -	\$10.00
P. Prescott	" "	- - - - -	10.00
Mr. Stevens	" "	- - - - -	5.00
			<hr/>
			\$25.00

Yours in the best of bonds,

E. D. Neill

Social Life in the Fifties

1850s

*SOCIAL LIFE IN THE FIFTIES**

Elizabeth Kingsley Fuller

*St. Pauls, Minnesota,
Feb. 3, 1853*

AS FOR OUR MANNER OF LIVING, we dress well, eat of the good things of the land, and make our abode in comfortable houses. You will not meet a *greater proportion* of well dressed people on Broadway than on a pleasant day on St. Anthony's, or a greater display of rich furs, velvets, bright cashmeres, ribbons and plumes, (feathers are obsolete except with the red men) and an infinitely less display of poverty — indeed, rags seem to be a name unknown here. St. Pauls is improving very fast, we have already churches, the court house, elegant State house, and a new hotel on quite a magnificent scale, and handsome brick blocks are building, three or four stories high. The dwelling houses, until within the last year or two, were mostly cottages, but now in every part of the city you see beautiful mansions rising as suddenly and almost as silently as Aladdin's palace, and furnished as luxuriously as our homes in the East. Pianos and other musical instruments, mahogany, black walnut, velvet cushions, silver services, &c., greet you as naturally "on the border" as in the heart of the country.

For amusements, excepting the opera and theatre, (and those we had last season until the river closed, besides Shakespearian reading) we have anything that is usually found in either city or country. Our social parties this winter are really quite brilliant; the first was a wedding, and when the folding doors of the parlors where the guests were assembled were thrown open, and the bridal group was presented to view, you surely would not have thought as you gazed on the priest, with his white robes, and the long flowing veil falling over the beautiful costume of the bride, that you was witnessing a "border wedding." The next party was in a beautiful cottage of gothic architecture, that looked as though it had just been transplanted from some pleasant road in New England. We had dancing, singing, and splendid amateur performers on the piano, flute, guitar and violin.

*Elizabeth Kingsley Fuller Papers in the Minnesota Historical Society.

Just to let you know that if in close proximity to the Indians we do not live on "dog soup" altogether, I will give you a bill of fare as far as I can recollect for one evening, and that with variations will do for all. We had sardines, lobster, oysters, sandwiches, salads, turkey, chickens, venison — indeed fish, flesh, and fowl of almost every description in abundance, then cake, sweetmeats, fruit, confectionary, ice creams, *fixings of all kinds served in style*.

Beside social parties, which are numerous, there are balls, cotill[i]on parties, fairs, musical soirees, literary unions, sleigh rides such as you never dreamed of, gliding over the rolling Mississippi, and any quantities of social visiting. . . .

. . . Oh, Lizzie I wish you could get me a pair of long black mits, nice ones, and send me in a letter, they would do me as much as six pairs of white kids. I can't get them here. . . . I have got my delaine on and your black silk apron, and occasionally take a side glance at it and when I am not writing and nothing else to do, keep my hands in my pockets. I have got my rosettes on my wrist. . . .

. . . They have been having Theatrical performances here for the last three weeks, had the last one night before last, Mr. Jenny & Sam Abbe went with us one night. They were held at the Empire Block and there were no windows excepting in front, and the staging took those off, and all the air there was for the audience were the skylights over head, we had been there about ten minutes when it commenced raining and they closed the skylights, and it was an oppressive warm night and they had been closed about five minutes when I began to grow faint and Sam went out with me to the door, and went for a tumbler of water for me and when he came back I had fainted and fell upon the doorstep, he carried me back into Fonseca's store in the same building, and when I came to such a looking object you never saw, my bonnet was completely covered with mud, lamed one side of my face and had to wear a patch for more than a week. I did not attend any more theatre I'll assure you it was the first and last. Abby wrote you she says of our party at Major Sherman's Quarters & so I will not write it over. I have a bouquet that General Shields gave me at the party, pressed in remembrance of it. We had a charming time, got home about four in the morning. . . .

Social Life in the Fifties

. . . Sarah told me she had written you all that was in my parlour, but as you say in your letter you do not know I will inform you. In the first place a very handsome carpet, two divans, two ottomans, four chairs, a beautiful little side table and centre table, and those two little stands that stood in the old parlour. My furniture is covered with plush very near the color of yours. I have some very pretty white muslin curtains, with sert, and a very pretty but simple cornice. I believe I have told you everything, excepting three very handsome vases and cologne bottle that Mary Ann presented me also not a very pretty lamp. Things are not at all crowded, although it looks very neat and pretty. . . . We were all invited to Mrs. Filmores to a party last night. . . . The Girls went had a very pleasant time. Em. wore her tissue, Sarah hers, short sleeves, they danced, had a fine entertainment, there were about thirty five there, some from the Fort. . . .

I am getting along nicely and am very comfortable and consequently contented . . . clam in high tide expresses it pretty nearly. Amusing how people condole with me on having to live away from society — think I'd be very lonely & when I'm laying off in lavender and wearing my old wrapper all day to my hearts content with Kate to wait on me and Sam [her husband] to do whatever he can find to do to make me comfortable. I have had two or three weeks hard work, of course, — carpets to make, comforters to tack and worst of all a matrass [*sic*] tick to make and a hair matrass to make over and then positively *two chairs* and one little stand were the only whole pieces of furniture we had, but Sam is a perfect tinker and Spaulding's glue will mend anything (I think it would fix up the Mission if applied judiciously). We should have got everything looking first rate but we smashed our bottle of varnish before we got here but we polished with oil, and look tolerably. We are real warm and that is the best of anything. The weather is so cold that our well, over forty feet deep, has to be covered up every night for it has frozen over several times so the bucket would hardly break the ice. I'll put Sam against the world to build snug. We hav[e]n't a closet or spot in the house to keep a thing frozen in. I received Mr. Cruttenden's compliments with some oysters the other day, and had to bury them in the snow outside to keep them frozen (I mean the oysters not the compliments.)

We had a very pleasant service Christmas, went to service and Mr. and Mrs. Peake (The Episcopal Clergyman at Crow Wing) came home to dinner with us and we enjoyed our oyster soup, roast turkey, and plum pudding, coffee and fixings largely. . . . After dinner, we all went down to the Fort [Fort Ripley] and spent a pleasant evening. The Christmas tree looked beautiful. I found a very pretty embroidered cushion for me and Sam came into possession of a watchcase with a mouse in it, with other funny things. . . .

Well, besides our evening at the Fort, Mr. Boileau gave a party Thursday evening, at his house. Sent to St. Cloud for music (eighty miles) had an elegant supper and though not as elegant as some of our St. Paul affairs of the kind, wasn't to be despised. The Garrison were all present and all down from the Agency . . . and the *Arrowstocracy* of Crow Wing. So you see I am dissapating a little. . . .

Monday morning Ellen and I baked. David told me in the morning that Mr. Divoll and Mr. Byrt would be here to dinner, so did not wash until Tuesday. I made some cake and some gingerbread. I wanted to make a pudding for dinner, but where to get the milk was the *trouble*. We have gotten it at Mr. Daniels until within a few days. Went down to the store in the morning to get some things for dinner, coming back stopped at Mrs. Simpsons, and asked her if she knew of anyone that kept cows near, she said that they had cows at Mr. Frebornes, the house just below here, but did not believe that they would sell me any, for they would not her. Well I told her I was going to stop there when I came back, and so did. The man sat in the door when I went in. I asked him if he kept cows, and sold milk &&. He looked rather gruff at me, told me to go in and see the women, so I went in, they looked rather cross at first, was afraid I should not succeed, but sat and chatted with them a few moments. I saw very soon there was little hope of success so kept on talking, and before I left, she said I could have two quarts that morning, and if Ellen would come in the evening could have a quart a day and they let me have it for 5 cts. a quart so think that succeeded admirably. . . .

Pioneering in Southern Minnesota

1860s

*PIONEERING IN SOUTHERN MINNESOTA**

Jessie Marsh Bowen

HOUSES WERE MADE WARMER by chinking clay into the spaces between the logs of the walls, but often in winter there would be snow on the floor in the mornings; there were few plastered walls until years later. Houses had one or two rooms downstairs, — three at most, — and one or two upstairs. Roofs were of pine boards, and as nails were expensive, having to be handmade by a blacksmith, wooden pegs were used instead, wherever possible. Floors were of rough pine boards, — often of puncheons. Carpets, even rag rugs, were scarce. A few houses had cellars beneath, where vegetables did not freeze. The cookstove, generally with the stovepipe projecting above the roof as a chimney, was, in almost every house, the only means of heating. Lucky families had piles of tree-trunks for firewood, but marsh hay was the only fuel for many a cookstove. Barns were mostly of upright boards or poles, roofed with hay or marsh grass.

The early homesteaders on Claremont Street and at Rice Lake were mostly people of moderate means, coming from prosperous communities, and any lack in their equipment came from inexperience in selection. But many others in the township came from frontier settlements with meager supply of money and goods; and many, like those in the German settlement, were recent immigrants to this country, with their slender resources practically exhausted in reaching their new home.

So, within the log houses, living conditions were often pretty bleak. Many, like Homeyers, had only milk and cornbread for food for some time after their arrival. They made clay ovens for baking and roasting purposes, and ground the corn in a coffee-mill. All found the food problem eased by the plentiful wild game in season, — ducks and geese, prairie chicken, quail and a few sandhill cranes. Fish were scarce in the lakes and river, except in the spring run.

Mothers made clothing for the family, — even hats and caps, as well as stockings, mittens, dresses, suits and underwear. Cloth

*Jessie Marsh Bowen, *A Chronicle of Claremont Township and Village*, 24-26; 36; 37-39 (Claremont, 1937).

brought from Red Wing was expensive, even calico being 50c a yard, so many a housewife spun the yarn and wove the cloth for the family's needs, — a small patch of flax and a few sheep looming large in the householder's resources.

Gophers preyed on garden seeds, and rattlesnakes were a constant danger, in dooryards and fields; sometimes the larger children hunted them in the grass and teased them with sticks; on the whole, actual death from snake-bite was remarkably rare. Prairie fires were not uncommon, and were awe-inspiring, especially if seen at night. The lead fire would shoot fifty or seventy-five feet high, and with a forward-curling motion a great mass would break off and drop to the ground ahead of the advancing main fire, thus starting a new one to sweep forward with increased speed and volume. Farmers plowed wide firebreaks around their buildings and stacks, and at favorable times burned off between the furrows, thus reducing the danger to their homes.

Many had only wooden plows at first, and all farm work was done with oxen. Wheat, the principal grain raised, was hauled by ox-team to Red Wing or Hastings. S. E. Mosher set down the record of 49c, the lowest, and \$1.10, the highest price per bushel that he received. Mills at Zumbrota, Dundas, Eagle Valley and Rochester also ground some Claremont Township wheat.

Brooms were made of fine hazel brush. Some made rope by putting flax straws between boards and rubbing until the fiber separated enough to be twisted into a thick cord. Candles were the sole means of lighting the houses; each family had a candlemold and made a supply of tallow candles whenever a beef creature was butchered. Soap was of home manufacture, made by leaching wood ashes and combining the lye with grease from meat scraps; the finished product was colored like medium molasses and had the slithery consistency of bulk oysters, while its aroma and complexion-preserving qualities were not to be recommended. Soda was called *saleratus*, and was often made at home by burning corncobs carefully on the hearth and saving the ashes for cooking.

At first, man power did about everything around the farm but the plowing and hauling, and the extra machinery that came slowly into use would seem primitive and inadequate to us. Some farmers had harrows, but others had only an A-drag, which, for some reason had big teeth sticking up as well as down. After the land had been plowed and harrowed, grain was sown broadcast

Pioneering in Southern Minnesota

by hand and dragged in with the harrow. When ripe it was cut by a man with a scythe, who was followed by a man with a cradle.

This implement, common in 1869, was like a scythe, but had four or five long, slender wooden fingers paralleling the blade. It took a mighty good man to cradle an acre of grain in a day; so the implement was facetiously called the Armstrong reaper. Freeman Hoard used to walk to O. B. Kidder's to cradle grain, and carried his own cradle. A man with a hand rake frequently followed the cradler, and the grain was made up into bundles by hand. Wages were \$3 for harvesting and \$1.50 for stacking. . . .

Early day threshing was done with a flail, or by driving oxen over the grain, then ridding it of chaff in a fanning-mill. Horse-power, — or oxpower, — threshing machines came into use about the same time as the reaper. Manchester had one of the very first.

Hay was cut with a scythe, raked by hand, cocked up and pitched to wagon and haystack with a fork. The first mower in the south part of the township, a McCormick, was owned by L. T. Baker. O. B. Kidder had one of the first horse hayforks. The first corn cultivator had one beam and one shovel, and had to be held up like a plow or it would go nose down. Someone had to ride the horse, — a job for a boy.

Fences were of poplar poles, but John Doig had a "snake fence" made of split rails. Few pumps were in use, as water could be lifted with a rope, or sometimes a well-sweep, from the shallow wells. Surface water was avoided, as the settlers recognized it as a source of typhoid. Other diseases were diphtheria, consumption and, in children, croup; but people were mostly pretty healthy.

With the advent of the railroad, yarn and cloth were available, but for some time men's hats and coats were about the only ready-made apparel in the markets. After the war, heavy blue army overcoats with capes and belts were common. Women still made their men's overalls and workshirts. Shoemakers were necessary in each community, as there was no readymade footwear except for small children, who wore shoes that fitted either foot. Children's new copper-toed shoes and red-topped boots were generally made an inch or two longer than the foot, to allow for growth. Women mostly wore button shoes of good, durable calf-skin. Men liked moccasins for general winter footwear, with high cowhide boots the rest of the year. Every household had a bootjack. Barbers

were few and razors little used, the men generally wearing full beards and the women of the family doing all the necessary hair-trimming.

Buffalo robes for sleighs were plentiful, costing \$1.50 to \$2. Bare floors, scrubbed often, were still the rule. Houses and churches alike were lighted by candles of wax or tallow. Those who could not afford tallow candles in their homes made smaller, "dip" lights by putting a flat button into a small piece of cloth, tying the cloth about it with a string, and pulling the clothcorners to a point above the button, which was then set into a small dish of lard and the upright point lighted. Women in the poorer homes economized on candles by threading several needles in the daytime and doing their sewing on white goods by moonlight. Lanterns were made of tin, with holes to let out the light of the enclosed candle.

On many a farm the women thought it no shame to help in the hay or grain fields, when male help was scarce or too expensive to be afforded. Mrs. Fritz Meyer, so working, left her baby asleep one day beside a shock of grain; returning to see that all was well, she found an angry rattlesnake within a yard of the child, which was barely saved from being bitten.

Food was mostly what was raised on the land,—potatoes, squash, cabbage, onions, turnips and rutabagas; tomatoes, called "love apples" were not considered worth the bother of raising, and many even believed them poisonous. Most families had pork, beef and mutton in sufficient quantities, especially during the winter months, when freezing kept them fresh. Salt pork and corned beef were used in summer. Chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys, with eggs, milk and butter, gave variety to the diet; wild fowl in their season helped also. There were great flocks of wild pigeons in many localities; prairie chickens were so plentiful that a bag was easily secured, coveys often being seen only a few rods north of the village stores and dwellings, on what is now Second Street. Sandhill cranes, less relished as food, were especially numerous in 1867.

Eggs were 5c a dozen and butter brought 3c a pound when offered in trade at the stores. Some housewives made cheese when milk was plentiful. Wheat, corn and buckwheat furnished white and graham bread, johnny-cake, buckwheat cakes, cornmeal mush and soda biscuits. In the poorer households, meals were apt to con-

Pioneering in Southern Minnesota

sist of potatoes cooked in their jackets, and a kind of soup made from water and browned flour, with small floating pieces of fried fat pork.

Pies, cookies and doughnuts were rare in those early homes, and considered great treats, while in many families cake was only for birthdays and very special occasions, and only a wedding warranted frosting on a cake. It was a matter of pride in some households to make a dollar's worth of the damp, dark brown sugar last a year. The later, more expensive, yellowish-white coffee A and loaf sugar were slow in coming into use. Granulated sugar was of a much later day. So sorghum, or "blackstrap" (New Orleans) molasses furnished most of the sweetening in food, augmented, of course, by occasional happy booty of wild honey. For some years the only sorghum mill in the township was at Rice Lake; but a man named John Halleck had a portable mill and evaporation-pan, and for a few years he made periodic visits throughout the township.

Many housewives made coffee from crusts of bread roasted very brown in the oven, or from parched barley or wheat. Del Chamberlain, living north from Hythecker's raised hops. L.T. Baker, Hiram Hissam and one or two others tried to raise broomcorn, but were not successful.

Some of the stoves of that time would seem queer to us. They were called elevated-oven stoves, and had four lids in front, with the oven behind and above them, supported on two long legs at the back. Testimony is that bread, pies, etc., baked in such an oven were first class.

Money was scarce. Small coins were 1c, 2c, and 3c. Dimes, quarters, etc., of paper were common for a decade after the war, and were called "shin plasters". Mexican dollars were not uncommon.

Oxen were used for all farm work and hauling, and generally for trips to town. They could cover about the same distance in an hour as a tractor now makes in five or six minutes. Some farmers had small crescent-shaped shoes made at the blacksmith shop for their oxen, — two for each foot. Horses were faster for travel than oxen, and were always used on the stages. Most of the light travel was on horseback or on foot. When horses began to be used in farm work, Herman F. Buehring and many others would walk to Sunday services in harvest time, to let their horses rest. We are told that Tom Marshall and Janet Connell started out on their wed-

ding morning and walked to Mantorville, to be married and establish their home there.

1868

*WE CAME FROM NORWAY**

Ole K. Broste

NESTLED between the mountains of southern Norway lay the Romsdalen fjord. The inhabitants of this valley were a thrifty, God-fearing people who wrestled with the elements for a meager living. But each day in the lives of these people was given the strength for its tasks. The sense of something accomplished, something done, daily bread honestly earned, and very few burdensome debts, gave the Norwegians a feeling of contentment.

However, the blood of youth stirs easily. Ticket agents and land promoters seized their opportunities in the eighteen sixties and seventies to spread the "America fever" like wildfire in the Norwegian "bygder." In the absence of our modern wave of verifying information very attractive tales of the broad stretches of productive soil, that just lay waiting for people to guide the plows and erect homes were sent from mouth to mouth. It was something different than stones, stumps, steep mountainsides. It sounded good.

With bright hopes, then, the following families, poor as they were, embarked in a little sailboat that left the shores of Norway about the middle of March 1868:

1. From Lesjeskog
 - a. Johannes Kjelsus and family
 - b. Hans Teigen and family
 - c. Hans Frydenlund and his wife
2. From Romsdalen
 - a. Torstein Hovde and family
 - b. Knut Broste and family
 - c. Mathias Broste
 - d. Ole Brudeli
 - e. Lars Alnes

The wind often blew the wrong direction for the sailboat, therefore it was not until nine weeks afterwards that we arrived in

*Ole K. Broste Manuscripts in the Minnesota Historical Society.

We Came from Norway

Quebec, Canada. Five more weeks were needed to get to Linden Township, Brown County, Minnesota, making a total of fourteen weeks for the trip.

The captain was a God-fearing man who conducted devotion with the passengers of the ship every evening. They surely felt the need of God's protecting care as twice storms came up which trounced their little ship around almost beyond survival. What a tearing and creaking there was in the wooden masts as the wind twisted and tore! What a hurrying to get all port holes closed! But everything and everybody got a drenching anyway. Each family had their food along and their survival also depended upon preserving this food. So all the flat-bread had to be taken out after each of these storms and dried — and the skriwa bröd too. Then there was the dried mutton and ham, the primost and gjatost and the butter. After being wet the food wanted to get moldy. This able captain also acted as doctor for me, who then at the age of two years was daily expected to die. Two or three people did die on the trip. These were wrapped in sails fastened to a board, and lowered amid the waves of the Atlantic.

The railroad was at that time built as far as Owatonna. From Owatonna to Mankato this company had a ride in two wagons.

Our family and the Tosten Hovde family rode in one wagon. The other wagon with the Teigen and Kjelsus families tipped. As the folks were only sitting on trunks, boxes, whatever was at hand they had nothing to steady themselves with and Teigen's one daughter was fatally wounded. Thomas Kjelsus was badly hit but recovered.

The driver of this wagon expected the men to walk behind and only women and children to ride. However, occasionally, due to extreme fatigue the men would hang on the backs of the wagons. For this the driver demanded \$10.00 when they arrived in Mankato; and it was only by gathering about all the coin from everybody that they managed to total ten dollars. Therefore from Mankato, this group of families started out as penniless "fant." This was July 4th, 1868. It meant that men, women, and children started out on foot from Mankato to Linden. The smallest children and some provisions had to be carried. An encouragement to go farther west was the fact that Hans Frydenlund had a brother there named Engebregt Afdem who had arrived in Riverdale a year or two earlier.

The first day they walked as far as where Lake Crystal now is located. There they saw a little farm house. It was evening and their strength sustained them no longer so they had to dare to ask permission to stay over night. Their pleasure can hardly be described when they found there was a Norwegian family living there and that they would be welcome remaining.

For the evening meal this woman cooked gröt, a gruel of coarse flour and water. But really it was a holiday meal for the guests. They all said they hadn't eaten anything so good since they left Norway. And this did not end her hospitality. The next morning she went to her neighbors and borrowed enough food so she could feed them breakfast.

That day they came as far as Mikkell Mikkelson's place, in Linden. They decided to stop and go no farther. The journey was at end. It was a time to marvel at God's leading hand. Just after their most despairing time they found themselves among Norwegian people who were friendly to them.

A son of Mikkell Mikkelson had put up a log house and with him he sheltered the Hovde and Broste families for two years. My father Knut Broste took blue clay and weeds to plaster it. However, we had absolutely nothing to live from so two kind neighbors, namely Anfin Martin, and Mikkell Mikkelson took turns supplying milk until the menfolks could earn enough to buy a cow.

One time when mother went to get milk through the waist-high prairie grass a mad muskrat attacked her legs. She tried to defend herself with the milk pail and before it was over had tipped the milk. Then she sat down to cry. She hated to think of the hungry children at home and she hated to impose on her neighbors for more milk. But she had to summon courage to ask for more.

Tosten Hovde was a woodworker and found employment in Mankato making kegs and various articles. My father Knut Broste worked at various places but mostly at Anfin Martins.

The first house that was really our own was a sod hut. It was built in 1870 and we lived in it for several years. A double wall of sod was put up and loose dirt poured in between to make it solid. There were dirt walls, dirt ceiling, dirt floors with dry hay for rugs, and two small glass windows. The benches were of logs split in half and legs fastened on with wooden pegs. The table was made to fold against the wall when more space was needed. Then

We Came from Norway

there were cupboards with shelves and an iron stove with a bake oven. This was the only article that was purchased outright. The trundle bed had a compartment like a drawer underneath that could be pulled out for an extra bed. Flat beds were made on the floor until the last one could hardly find room to stand on while undressing.

When company came they were heartily welcomed, and anyone who came along was really an honored guest. At no time since then has the pleasure of going visiting or having company been any greater. Sitting around visiting was the only entertainment but it was relished by everyone.

The worst of the sod hut was the spring thaw. A person would hear a little jar here and a little jar there in the earth. Pretty soon it was tr-tr-tr-tr-, and the next thing a gopher came through. Then there was a merry chase around and around until it ended up worst for the gopher. The fright given by an occasional snake was much harder on human beings. Snakes in Norway were poisonous and people lived in deathly fear of the American ones too.

Neighborhood gatherings similar to prayer meetings were held. Everybody sang hymns and some member of the group read the "hus postil" which was a book of sermons or devotions. Sometimes laymen traveling from community to community conducted these meeting and sometimes some member of the group did.

One thing these immigrants had from Norway and that was their Christian religion, soundly and thoroughly taught,—they had that much more thoroughly than those who grow up nowadays.

Dr. Cooly made the remark once concerning these pioneers: "Reverend Green took care of their souls and I of their bodies." Both men belong to the landscape of the day. Neither is the story quite complete without Rev. Green's faithful horse "Kab."

We went to services at the Linden Church on the Sundays when there would be services there. In winter we had to contend with the cold in the open-air sled and in summer we had to contend with our oxen wanting to run into any of the sloughs at that time so prevalent, or getting into other herds of cattle roaming on the prairie. These animals would start on a wild gallop when they had hopes of getting into water, swim so deep that just their backs would extend out of the water, swish with their tails, and water would come way up in the wagon box and the wagon and all its

THINGS OF THE FLESH AND SPIRIT

contents would be immersed in the lake. Well can I remember father before starting on one of these trips. He would yell to mother and us children, "Crawl in now before I untie them." Modern roads with grades and ditches would have been hazardous with those brutes. Without reins, as they were, they could not be made to follow any straight and narrow path. About the best a driver could do was to whip them on one side to avoid one slough and whip them on the other side to avoid another. One advantage that oxen had over horses was that they never got stuck. They floated in the mire. We used oxen until I was about sixteen years old.

1857-1865

*A FRONTIER ROMANCE**

Miriam Little Simons

Glencoe Apr 24th, /57

Mr. Simons

I received your handsome present this morning and thank you very much for it indeed.

I remain yours truly.

Miriam C. Little

Mr. Simons

Glencoe May 24th [1857]

Mr. Simons

I thank you very much for those books you sent me. I am *very* sorry I was not at home last evening when you called, I hope I shall the next time. Will you please accept of this purse as the trifeling gift of a friend.

Yours ever most truly

Miriam C. Little

Mr. L. G. Simons

Glencoe June 23rd [1857]

Mr. Simons

It is with feelangs of pleasure that I take my seat to reply to your kind letter. I am not at all discouraged on account of the wet

*From Luman G. Simons Papers in the Minnesota Historical Society.

A Frontier Romance

gloomy weather I think all will be right in the end, and still keep hoping for brighter days.

In refference to that visit to St. Paul I consulted Mother about it she thinks perhaps I had better not go; I am very sorry for I had anticipated a great deal of pleasure in that visit. She has no particular objections but thinks upon the whole best not to. I thank you very much for your kind invitation and hope you will not feell disappointed, probably, we may yet make it at some future time.

You said you thought certain persons intended to convinse me that you was not true-hearted, no one has even intimated anything of the kind to me, beside I think I would be pretty hard to convince as I have allways had so much confidence in you.

I never was so happy as while perusing your last letter. I always enjoy my-self more in your society than in the company of any one I ever became acquainted with.

No more at present but remain your ever true and affectionate
Miriam

Mr. L. G. Simons

Thursday, July 16th [1857]

Good morning Dearest Luman

Thinking a few words from me would be acceptable I take my seat to write. It is only a little over three days since I saw you and it appears as long as three weeks. Dont forget my birthday next sunday you know I expect to see you.

It gives me very much pleasure to get a letter from you, write often if it is only one line. I would not care if you would write every day.

Good-by I am your loving

Miriam

Luman G. Simons

St. Paul Aug 22nd /62

Dear Husband

I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know where we are. We got to Carver wednesday about noon we stayed there till yesterday afternoon there was no accomidations there we could hardly get anything to eat, so I concluded we had better come down to Orlando's we got here this morning and I guess I will stay untill we here from you let me know when it will be safe for us to

THINGS OF THE FLESH AND SPIRIT

come home and how you are getting along, I want to go home just as soon as I can you or Newton I guess will [Ms. unreadable] Carver we are all well except [Ms. unreadable] has a little diareah but I think will soon be well if we take care of him I was obliged to borrow two dollars from Mr. Homes in Carver to bring us down here If you can raise a dollar please send it to us, from your affectionate wife

Miriam

Red Rock Oct 6th /62

My Dear Husband

I am down here 7 miles below St. Paul I came down Friday Afternoon I am at Mr. Holtons you can easily find us if you should come down. I dont know how long I shall stay here but I presume I shall be obliged to stay as long as they will keep me, for I have no where else to go but oh dear I dont know what I am going to do I have eat more dirt since I have been here than I ever eat in my life I have come very near vomiting at the table several times Mr. Lyde's would board me, but they expect their daughter and her husband and two children everyday, so they would not have room for me, I don't know but I shall go up to Bloomington before long and stay with Bitha awhile, if I ever get a home again I shall know how to apreciate it I am getting so tired and sick dragging the children about from place to place my teeth have not stoped aching an hour at a time since I left Glencoe.

Kittie is well and hopping about here like a cricket Henry has the diareah but is not sick with it, how are you and Newton getting along I wish you would take care of the Repository's you get — put them away so that they do not get torn and dirty.

If you write to me while I am here direct to Newport-Washington County

Miriam

Tuesday Morning

Dear Luman

I thought I would [send] you a few more lines this morning I am so lonesome I want so much to see you if it is not safe to live in Glencoe this winter perhaps you could get work down about here Mr. Holton has a comfortable little home he rented last year for (\$2.50) two dollars and a half that we could get and I presume

A Frontier Romance

he would rent it for the same or less now I am going to send this letter to St. Paul to have it mailed the mail dont go from Newport till saturday.

I will have to close remaining your most affectionate and loving wife

Miriam

Glencoe Aug. 14th 1863

Dear Husband

I received your letter Wednesday evening, we are all well except Henry he is not entirely well of his complaint I get him almost well sometimes and then he will eat something that makes him worse. Newton has his grain all cut but we have had so much rain he cannot get it dry enough to stack it rains almost every night or day, he movved the the greatest part of it and he thinks he shall loose all that — Mother is very much out of heart she wants to sell their place she will take twelve hundred for it — if you hear of any one wanting to buy a place send them to her.

When you come home I wish you would bring me some sugar to put up some plumbs for winter, that you brought me I have traded part to mother for vegetables, If you think we can afford it when you come I would like to have you stay a day or so and get some plumbs for us they are beginning to get ripe.

We had a great time here last night about twelve oclock there was a man came to Mr. Andersons and told him that somebody in town had sent him down to tell us there was Indians around and that we had better all come to town, that Mr. Bates had seen twelve at his barn and heard them talking Mr. A. was frightened he said he thought I had better bring my bed into their room so I took some quilts and made a bed there and took the children in as soon as I heard who had seen the Indians I was not frightened because Mr. Bates is always seeing and hearing them, so I did not believe it. Mr. Anderson loaded all the guns about the house darkened the windows and kept the candles burning all night, this morning we learned that the alarm was false Mr. Bates wants to get up another company of scouts and be Captain so he did it to frighten the people. You need not be surprised if you see us down there some of these days people here are getting more afraid every week Mrs. Williams has gone to town to live Mother talks of coming up here to stay, do you think there is any danger? I shall look

THINGS OF THE FLESH AND SPIRIT

for you home in two weeks from tomorrow that will be almost the first of Sept please bring me five cents worth of rasin.

Saturday it is very warm and raining a little again Henry is better this morning Kittie wants me to tell you she has got through her book at school

no more

from your wife

Miriam

Glencoe Nov. 23rd /64

My Dear Husband

I received your letter No 21 last Saturday evening No 20 did not come it is the first one that has been lost perhaps it will come yet. I am glad to hear that you are well and getting along well The children are getting better of their colds but the baby was quite sick after I wrote last — he had a fever two nights and a very bad cold I was fearfull it would turn to the lung fever I sent to town and got some Hwe Sirup which I have been giving him and he is better now but he is very cross and he wants me to hold him most all the time.

I got Newton to help me put up the other stove Saturday and just got it up in time Sunday it blew up cold and since then has been very cold my meat and every thing is froze up solid I have not sold any of the beef yet Mr. Anderson said there was poor sale for it now — he did not think he could sell it but I think I shall get a chance to sell part of it — Mothers killed their animal they called Jeff so that they do not want any.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving day but we are not going to have any big dinner because you have none nor any Christmas dinner either we are going to wait till you come home and then have them.

The baby is nine months old today I presume you will be home before his birthday.

Those persimmons you spoke of I know what they are I have seen them when they are dried I like them almost as well as figs bring a few seeds with you if you can get them and pick up a few pebbles of the top of that Mountain and bring with you.

You spoke of soldiers clothing being cheap there I think you had better get yourself a suit and bring along I can color them black and it will not cost more than twenty-five cents and they will not look a bit like soldiers clothes Newton got one of the coats and

A Frontier Romance

Mother colored it black and put other buttons on it — and it makes a nice coat and nobody would ever know that it had been a soldier's coat, — I would like to have one to make over for Henry if you can bring it without much trouble cloth is so very high I have not bought him any new clothes this fall.

I have not had an opportunity to get your tool chest brought up but I will the first chance I know of I do not think the express carries such freight since they have a covered stage.

The children have not been to school for a week and I presume can not go any more the weather is too cold, I presume it will not be of any use to write to you after the first of January as a letter would not reach you in time for you to get it before starting home the time will soon pass round now and you will be home, then I think we shall be so happy I miss you so much these long evenings

Goodby for the present

Your affectionate wife

Miriam

Glencoe Feb. 4th 1865

My Dear Husband

I have written you once this week but must write you a few lines again to tell you of a little buisness transaction of mine day before yesterday the men of our town had a meeting to try to raise money to hire volinteers to fill our quota in the next draft — I do not know what the quota is and yesterday Mr. Lewis and Mr. Anderson came in to see if I would do any thing Mr. A.— said you was just as liable to be drafted as any one I told them I would be glad to do something but that I had not the money Mr. Anderson offered to lend it to me till you came home or till you could sent it I told him I did not like to borrow they said they had hard scratching to get enough this is the third bounty they have raised and the first time they asked me so I thought I had better take a bond and I borrowed 40 dollars from Mr. A and am to have a town bond Mr. Anderson gave 75 dollars they have got nine hundred (900) dollars now Mr. Lewis said if they could not succeed in getting the men they would give me the money back the bonds draw seven per cent interest and are to be paid within eight years I thought you would have no objections to me lending the money what I disliked was the borrowing of it I knew if you had been here you would have done as much as any of them.

Newton still intends to enlist — he says he has no money to pay

THINGS OF THE FLESH AND SPIRIT

the bounties he says if he had 36 dollars to give towards it he could stay at home he has been hauling wood he thinks he has enough to do mother a year.

I think he ought not to go. I have been thinking perhaps I had better borrow 36 dollars from Cynthia for him to give to help to hire the volunteers there would not be time to get an answer from you before the draft — it is to be the 15th of this month.

We have been having some rain this week yesterday it rained all day to-day it snowed all day but it is quite warm and the snow is very soft and slushy.

Baby has been quite sick since I wrote you last — he has a swelling on his neck just below the ear it was almost as large as a hens egg I was fearfull it was [not] going to heal I think it must have been caused by a cold settling there yesterday I gave him some oil and keep rubbing his neck with linament and today he is a good deal better and the swelling has gone down very much so I am in hopes it will soon be gone I received four papers from you last mail and last week I got the twenty dollars you sent — I believe I have nothing more to write at present —

Your wife

Miriam

P.S. since writing the above Newton has been here he says he is going down to the Fort Monday to enlist — I offered to borrow some money and lend him to send to pay the bounties but he would not — he is going in the heavy artillery the recruiting officer told him as soon as the company is full they are going to Chattanooga if he comes there you can hunt him up.

Dear Pa

I have not sent you a letter for some time and I have had several from you so now I am going to send you one I am glad mamma got me a pair of boots this winter, since this deep snow has come I am out every day wading through it every day I will be glad when I get a new axe I chop and hackle at the wood with my old one but cannot cut much.

Ma made me that cake on your birthday that you told her too, it had my name carved on it — Kittie took part of it to school for her dinner and we eat the rest and were sorry you was not here to help to eat it

a little letter from

Henry

A Frontier Romance

Glencoe March 18th 1865

My Dear Husband

I received your letter No. 41 last Saturday also some little papers and books for the children I am glad that your health keeps so good we are all well except Kittie she has had a cold and sore throat but is getting better. This is a very cold stormy month we did not have a pleasant day until the thirteenth since then it has been a little more moderate we have had our coldest weather this month the murcury fell as low as 33° today it snowed four or five inches this evening it has cleared off cold we have very deep snow now and I think it will make high waters when it goes off. I presume you have seen Newton down there before this time the last letter we had from him was written at Nashville and he said they were going on to Chattanooga I sent you a paper this week with the Roster of his regiment in it contains over 1700 men H. L. Baxter is the Lieut. Col. Newton is in Co. G. James Hankerson is a Lieutenant in that Co. Mr. Anderson is in Co. G.

There was a man here to-day to see if he could have the use of our house from now until the first of June he has about a hundred oxen he wants to keep there (they are Mr. Burbanks cattle that were out on an expedition last summer) at first I refused to let him have it — I thought the cattle would do a good deal of damage to the trees and bushes and tramp up the yard and lot, but he insisted so much on having it said that he certainly should keep the cattle in that three cornered field uncle used to keep his hogs in and that they should not damage the place in the least and if he took any rails from any other part of the place to repair thar fence he would replace them again he has bought up hay around here to feed them and think the grass will not be good enough for them to graze till the first of June, he said I should send two men to look at the place and if they damaged it any, he certainly would pay it, so I told him he might have the house for three dollars a month there are five men of them.

Baby walks every where now and Oh! is so mischevious, he gets at the stove and scratches out ashes and at the cupboard and pulls down vituals or anything he can get — one day when I was out he pulled down a pile of dishes and broke three and when I try to skold him he looks so pleasant I cant when ever he sees me spread the tablecloth he runs to the cupboard and wants to help to set the table, he is very regular about his sleeping I rock him to sleep

every day about ten and two oclock he sleeps about an hour each time then he goes to sleep in the evening about seven and generly sleeps good all night and gets up about half past six I get up a little before six unless I happen to oversleep myself.

There is a little prospect of having the College built the Legislature appropriated a sum of money and a number of acres of land towards it — Mother received a paper from you last week Kittie wishes me to tell you to bring her some story books along home with you I believe I have written all I can think of so I will close

Your affectionate wife

Miriam

The draft came of in this state the 8 of this month there was six names drawn from this town Newton's was the first — so it is fortunate he enlisted the others were D. McDugal N. Hinman Tom Hankerson Christopher Hanson and another norwegian one of the norwegians was drafted and paid his exemption money last summer and now he wants to get a substitute McDugal, Hinman, and Hankerson have run off so they will not get any of them our quota is three. I am in hopes this is the last draft I think the war will end soon.

Glencoe Apr. 15th /65

My Dear Husband

Three cheers for Lincoln, hurrah! for Grant Sherman and Sheridan and all the other brave fellows hurrah I say! We all think the war is coming to a close and that very soon. I have heard several say they would not be afraid bet 500 dollars the soldiers will all be home till the fourth of July we got glorious news a few days ago and that Lee and most his whole army were taken prisoners you would hardly believe how prices have come down callico that sold for sixty cents two month ago is only 25 now

I received letter no. 44 since I wrote you and last mail I got 46 containing twenty dollars I also received some papers from you Mother received a letter from you last week and one this week with her present she was very much pleased with it she thinks she will take it and buy a cow We have pleasant weather now but not very warm the nights are cold we had two days of rain this week the grass is beginning to get a little green a long the sides of the marshes We are all well baby is so delighted with the warm weather he tries to run out every time the door opens the school exhibition

A Frontier Romance

came off last Saturday Evening Kittie spoke her peice well Henry did not speak his there is to be three weeks vacation Mr. Coon is going to teach again We had a couple of letters from Newton this week I am glad that he stands soldiering so wel all he complains of is that he does not get enough to eat it seems rather hard but I think it is better for him than if he had every thing he wanted he will not be so likely to get sick.

Mr. Newton came home this week he has been south since last summer Mr. C. G. Mickle has moved on his farm above town

That present that you have had the kindness to make me I think I had better invest in a U.S. 7 — 30 bond do you not think that will be the best thing to do with it and I think I will write to Orlando to keep it till he gets a hundred dollars and then get me a bond with it he sent me the first 30 If you want to send your money by mail I think it is safe to send it to me I have not lost a letter since you have been down there, I shall continue to write to you till you tell me to stop That twenty dollar article we talked of buying I think we had better not send for till we inquire the price again the man said his price would be regulated by the rise or fall of gold and perhaps they are cheaper now.

Do you not think you will be home soon since the war is going to end they will not want any more Hospitals built will they you have been gone so long and I do want to see you so much, you must have a rough set of women down there are there no ladies among them at all I believe I have written all I can think of so I must close good night dear husband

I am your affectionate wife

Miriam

Glencoe Apr 26 1865

My Dear Husband

Your letter No. 50 came to hand last evening also the 20 dollars it contained. We have beautiful weather now clear and cool at night but warm through the day the farmers are busy plowing and getting in their grain I weaned the baby last week he and I were both sick for a few days but am pretty well now he is quite fretful and cross yet but I think when he gets thoroughly weaned he will be good he is the greatest boy to be out he just wants to stay out doors all the time. Mr. Coon's school begins monday I want to have Kittie and Henry both go this summer I have been making

THINGS OF THE FLESH AND SPIRIT

soap yesterday and today and I am awful tired it is hard work We have plenty of fresh fish now Asa was out fishing all night last, and with some men and boys and he said they caught about five hundred

Cynthia had a letter from Newton last evening he seems to be getting along very well and seems in good spirits

How do you think the assassination of the President is going to effect the country I see that Johnson has been sworn in and I hope he will hang every traitor he can get and I think he will be more severe with them than ever President Lincoln was I think his death was the greatest loss our country ever met with and I hope the vile witch that caused it will meet with his just dues you ought to see how the Saint Paul Pioneer has changed its tone you know how they used to abuse Lincoln now they say there is not a man in the country good enough to take his place.

You could not guess who took dinner with us to-day it was George the deaf and dumb man that lives near Young America he came in the forenoon and set till dinner was ready I invited him to eat which he did

Our old cat has had 20 kittens since you went away and I had to drown them all myself (a thing I never did before) except one each time which I let her keep I carried a brood away today I made a mistake in saying I drowned them all I hired Brown to take one litter away

My paper is full so I must stop I am your affectionate wife
Miriam

1860

*"SCHOOL MARM, AIN'T YOU SCAIRT?"**

Anna T. Lincoln

MY ONE AMBITION from the time I was twelve years old was to arrive at the mature age of seventeen and be able to teach school. Rosy were the dreams and bright the visions of that delightful day to come. And when it did come, and with it a call to teach in a little bit of a log school house on the prairie, I felt that I had reached the acme of happiness, to say nothing of importance. However, at this point there did arise a little cloud in my horizon,

*Anna T. Lincoln Manuscripts in the Minnesota Historical Society.

"School Marm, Ain't You Scairt?"

I must needs go to the Rev. Mr. Thomas and be examined in order to get a certificate: the cloud grew black as the time approached, and denser still as the examination went on. The minister seemed very solemn and very old /I presume as I look back now he was about forty/ and I was greatly in awe of him. The little knowledge I thought I had was not forthcoming, and I was so afraid I should cry; I feel to this day the sting of mortification on not being able to give correctly a simple rule in grammar. At the close, I tremblingly awaited my fate, faintly pleading that the children of the district were so young I did[n]'t think it would be necessary to teach grammar. The certificate was granted — upon what ground I have never been able to determine — and my spirit rose. I don't remember looking with contempt upon the seven dollars per month and the privilege of boarding round which was offered me as wages. I remember distinctly rather the keen satisfaction with which I looked upon the twenty-one dollars paid to me several weeks after the close of the term. There were great possibilities to me in that big sum of money — possibilities I am sorry to say I have never found in any like sum of money since.

Two little girls constituted my whole school on that first day, and twelve was the maximum number of the term. How the hours of that first day dragged! What in the world to do with the children for three hours in the forenoon — and three in the afternoon I did not know, particularly as the infants did not know much more than their letters. I was determined however to be faithful and do my whole duty, and keep them there till four o'clock, but having to guess at the time I surprised the mother of the children and myself by arriving at my boarding place at three. In this school I was constantly addressed as "school marm" by the pupils and by their parents. I tried to stop it in school, but home influence was too much. And this suggests an incident which took place at one of the houses where I was boarding. This house consisted of one room below and a loft above. The whole family of four or five occupied the room below while I was given a bed on the floor in the loft. This unfinished chamber under the roof was so low that I could not stand erect under the ridge pole, the highest part. A little opening a foot square served as a window, minus glass. However there was more ventilation than this statement would indicate, for the roof was open and leaked so badly, that one night during a heavy thunder shower an umbrella would really have

been a great conv[en]ience — now I should say necessity, then I thought of it as a luxury and got along without it. One night after retiring I heard a great commotion below, much loud talking and children crying. As the stove pipe came through the floor near my bed and an open space was left around it as protection against fire, I could easily hear all that was going on. The man of the house had just returned from town and brought the news of the Indian massacre at New Ulm. He was literally frightened almost out of his wits, and told his wife and children the Indians were coming and they would all be killed, then they all howled in concert. Somehow the situation struck me as so ridic[u]lous I was not frightened, so that when Mr. M. called up through the stove pipe hole, "school marm ain't you scart?" I in most assuring tone answered "not a bit," anyway I thought it would take a pretty smart Indian to find me tucked away under the roof. Mr. M. stood guard with ax in hand all night nearly, and the cows coming near the house and hitting their horns against the wire clothes line, gave him fresh cause for alarm; he was sure then that the Indians had come. Every slight noise was magnified and his terror increased, and once again before morning he called "school marm ain't you scart?" and again I answered "no." But the following day I went home and when on Sunday I helped my father run bullets all day long in preparation for an expected attack from the Indians I was "scart" enough to suit my nervous friend on the prairie.

At another home in this district one room — and that not over large — constituted the entire house for a large family of five and their boarder. I have always had a great deal of admiration for that woman who could ingeniously transform this room from kitchen and dining room into a comfortable sitting room, and then at night with the aid of heavy quilts into several sleeping rooms. The only thing which I recall in connection with this room is fried chicken. My mouth waters this minute as I recall it as we used to have it for supper. A deep flat iron heater was used for a frying pan, and although this use often struck me as funny, I rejoiced in its size and in the abundance which it held.

Most of the families lived in quarters nearly as limited as those already mentioned so that the teacher could not indulge in a suite of rooms with bath attached. However, I was not quite so inconvenienced as a co-laborer teaching in the adjoining district that summer, who told me she always had to look before retiring to see

"School Marm, Ain't You Scairt?"

if the egg had been taken from her bed, as an old hen came regularly every day and laid an egg in the middle of her bed.

When the following winter I was asked to go to the southern part of the state to teach a winter school, I will admit that my visions were not of the same roseate hue as before. This school instead of being on the prairie was in the woods or "oak openings" as they were termed, scruboaks at that. Here the school numbered thirty and a goodly proportion of the pupils were big boys of whom I stood in mortal terror, a state of feeling which I managed to conceal, even from the big bully of the school. He made his boasts of what he had done, and would do again if occasion was given. My boarding round in this district does not suggest for elegance and luxury the West hotel. In all the winter I did not once see fresh meat; barley coffee sweetened with sorghum, home grown and home made, and to me so distasteful. Fried salt pork, boiled potatoes, sour milk biscuits with no lack of saleratus in them, formed the basis of every meal with but little added. At one place we did have mince pies several indredients [*sic*] of which I still remember: salt pork was substituted for beef, pumpkin for apple /apples in those days sold for ten cents a piece, when they were sold at all, — they were rarely seen/ sorghum for sweetening and dried gooseberries for raisins. For breakfast at one place we did have buckwheat cakes upon which we put hot pork fat and added the ever present sorghum. I did not like the fare and wrote home pitiful tales of starving, but at the end of the term when I went home my tales of woe were listened to with incredulity as my physical condition was twenty pounds better than ever before. In this district lived one of southern Minnesota's ablest lawyers and at his house I boarded two weeks. When he first came to this country he built himself a one roomed log house with loft above, access to which was by ladder. As clients increased he was enabled to build another one roomed log house which he put close to his old one, so near that one could step from one to the other. The old house was used in the summer for a living room, but in winter for a corn crib, — into which I was put to sleep, in mid-winter and a winter nearly as severe as this has been. After the husking of the corn in the fall 250 bushels of corn had been put into this room. Just before I went there two immense hogs had been killed and brought in and put on the pile of corn and there they were, lying on their backs, feet in the air, frozen stiff, just at the foot of my

bed; to make my surroundings still more picturesque their heads had been cut off and placed a little higher up on the corn. I suppose I shall never quite forget my sensations as I awoke in the middle of the night and looked about my apartment. It was bright moonlight, which made shadows and added to the uncanny effect. The decapitated hogs and their severed heads, mice scamp-ering about in all directions, made a combination which resulted in my once more being "scairt."

The first night when I was shown to my room a little space had been cleared about six feet square, by the corn being thrown back upon the pile, but I ceased to be company after the first day, and as the men went every morning to the room for corn for the stock the little space was soon covered by corn as it rolled down, so that I stood on corn and walked on corn as I moved about my room. O, but wasn't it a cold place! The feather bed was so small I could almost put it into my pocket, notwithstanding the lawyer had picked his flock of geese in midwinter to add to its size and warmth. At the close of the first week I went elsewhere to board returning a month later for my second week. Mrs. Blank met me with the remark "that 'he' had gone to the river," and if I didn't mind occupying a part of her bed she would prefer not to "fix up" the other room; by "fixing up" I never knew whether she planned to add more pigs or more corn. I accepted her offer with the mental protest that she weighed over two hundred pounds my share of the bed might be somewhat limited, I was not prepared, however, to have two other members of the family added, a little two year old girl and a girl twelve years, the latter laying across the foot of the bed. This girls name was Helen always shortened by the loving parents to Helly. It is needless to say that before the week was over I sighed for the corn and the hogs!

Once during the winter I went to the county seat to spend the Sabbath. On Monday it was 21 degrees below zero, and I had a ride of seventeen miles in an open stage to make before nine o'clock in the morning. It never occurred to me that I could do anything but go, but when I arrived I found no one had dreamed of my coming. But I was proud and happy at an old Englishman's words of commendation as he said "well if you ain't the smartest gal in seven cities." I doubt if I have ever received sweeter words of praise. One evening the "young folks" were all invited to a party at a farm two miles away. The electric cars did not run that

"School Marm, Ain't You Scairt?"

night so the oxen were yoked up and with a wagon box on "bobs" with plenty of straw upon which we sat and blankets for robes, we had a jolly time in going. When it came nine o'clock, time for refreshments, we were not put off, as in these days with so-called light refreshments, a spoonful of sherbet, two olives and a bit of angel's food, but our hostess put on a big apron, pinned up her sleeves, stirred up her fire, heated her oven, made and baked biscuits, fried salt pork, boiled potatoes, made barley coffee, added great generous cucumber pickles and twisted doughnuts to the feast, set her table regularly as for dinner, and we gathered round and did ample justice to her generous hospitality. All this was done in our presence as we were all in the one room of the house. At the close of this year's experience, somehow my zeal for teaching school began to wane never again to be revived. And yet I have always felt grateful for these same experiences. The privations endured did me good. As a result the common every day comforts of life took on a new value, and some of the things a trifle hard to bear at the time, have proved sources of much amusement ever since. It takes time for some people to see a joke.

1870

*INAUGURAL ADDRESS,
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA**

William Watts Folwell

THERE CAN BE NO University worthy the name, without the interest, and co-operation of the *people* of this state. It will be vain that they vote the millions of money that will be needed to fully organize and furnish an American University, if they withhold their constant watchfulness and unflinching devotion.

And here, if anywhere outside our own walls, there will be lack. We are all so busy with farms and our merchandise, we so doat [*sic*] upon our great mills, factories, and warehouses, we are so engrossed with cent per cent, and the fluctuations of the exchange; we fall down and worship so many "gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone," that we forget the

*William Watts Folwell, *Addresses at the Inauguration of William W. Folwell*, 36-38 (Minneapolis, 1870).

higher life of men and of society, swamping the nobler duties and opportunities of the spiritual existence in a swelling sea of earthly troubles and triumphs. The state of Minnesota has, or will have, a magnificent endowment for her common schools, but let her not trust to the balances in her treasury to give her such schools as she needs and may have, and which if the people will have them *they* must create them — breathing the very breath of life into them. They may not rely upon some beneficent monarch, by the grace of God their born ruler, to bestow upon them ready-made, the means and machinery of education. They must themselves personally and collectively interfere and co-operate. But let them trust vainly to their princely school fund, and go to sleep leaving demagogues, “tinkers, rowdies and snobs” to manipulate it, and they may curse the day it came to them. Eternal vigilance is the price not of liberty alone, but of all the blessings which flourish beneath and around it. The people then, must build, endow, and forever sustain by their unabating care the University; and it would seem that a people forever free from any heavy burden of taxation for the support of elementary schools, were in a peculiar manner and degree bound to foster and develop those institutions for higher education, so necessary to stimulate and supplement them. The existence of this great endowment can never form any just excuse to cease from their interest in, and their contributions to good learning, but furnishes the best argument why, leaving the foundation so broadly and generously laid, they should go on to perfect the structures based upon it. I think it safe to say that no political community in the world has ever held such vantage ground as that occupied by the State of Minnesota to-day. Upon a clean sheet she can write a few words, which will give her within the lifetime of these youth here, a system of schools such as the world has never seen. I can tell you what these words are: “DIVIDE YOUR RESOURCES FOR PRIMARY EDUCATION. COMBINE THEM FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.” Carry the common school to every village and cross road, to reach and illuminate every household in the land. Build some high schools, and academies (colleges, as I have called them,) but not too many. Found but one University, for it is not the Uni-versity unless it be one.

You have your choice as yet between the one, great, rich, free, populous, cosmopolitan University which shall be your chief pride and joy, and the dozen or more petty, starveling, ill-appointed af-

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fairs, in which as a *people* you will have no common interest. And you can take your choice between educating your artisans and professional men here, on your own soil, and sending them to Yale, to Harvard, to Ann Arbor or Madison; for depend upon it, whatever you may think about it, the young men and women are going where the brains are, and the means of instruction, fullest and freest.

The University then, is not merely from the people, but for the people. True it will put bread into no man's mouth directly, nor money in his palm. Neither the rains nor the sunshine do that, but they warm and nourish the springing grass, and ripen the harvest. So higher education, generous culture, scholarship, literature, inform, inspire, and elevate communities. Minnesota will become a great and rich commonwealth. Her rare, bracing, salubrious, but not too genial climate is bringing here a population of men who expect to work for their living. Shut up in-doors during the long, though not dreary winters, in workshops and around firesides, our people must by and by become thoughtful, serious, studious, inventive. And though the owners of your soil, and the forests, the proprietors of your railways and factories will gather imperial fortunes, there will yet be richer men here than they; rich poor men, who landless and moneyless, will win for you new victories over nature, delight and instruct you with the products of genius, and whose names will be the proud heritage of future generations long after Dives and his palaces mingle in undistinguished dust. I mean no sentimental depreciation of material prosperity. Wealth is the inevitable portion of diligence and virtue. Only let men who grow rich in worldly gear, not forget to grow "rich toward God."

1836-1887

*FROM ENGLAND TO MINNESOTA PARISH**

Henry G. Bilbie

ONE OF THE earliest recollections of my life is being carried, by a dirty-faced collier just out of the mines of Paulton, England, out of a burning house and across a court-yard to the home of my

*Henry G. Bilbie Reminiscences, a manuscript in the Minnesota Historical Society.

uncle James. The same sooty man had rushed through dense smoke and in the midst of flame to my bedside; had awakened and rescued me from an early death. I think it was immediately following this, that about the age of five, my parents moved from Paulton to Kingswood, where father worked for some years for Samuel Budgett, another uncle, afterward named by his biographer, Rev. Wm. Arthur, "The Successful Merchant." After enjoying the privilege of attending a private school in his house, in which his three sons and one daughter were the only scholars except my brother and myself, and after a whole year spent in the counting-house of his immense grocery business, having more than two years previously been bereaved of my mother; my father, brother, and myself set sail on my twelfth birthday, on the *Ransom*, a brig of three hundred and sixteen tons, from the port of Bristol, for the city of New York. After a birthday trip of forty-eight days, we entered harbor on July fifth, 1848. By way of the Erie canal to Buffalo and by boat to Milwaukee, we reached our home in the woods twenty miles distant from this city; in which wilderness we spent eleven uneventful years. Deer were so plentiful and so tame that it was not an unusual event to find a dozen or so in the clearing within pistol shot of our door when we rose in the morning. So unabashed were they that they would sometimes continue their browsing and stamp their feet at us in defiance. One of our nearest neighbors owned a dog which greatly resembled a timber-wolf in size, build, and color. Several times during the earlier of the eleven years, after a trip in the woods, I have told my father that I had seen this neighbor's dog and one or two others like him as I passed along; that I had whistled to them but could not get them to come very close; in my innocence never suspecting that I had been in any danger in their proximity. But I was exposed to much worse dangers than the wild animals of the forest. Germans and Irish made the large majority of the population, and the morals of these and other residents were very low. Drinking was almost universal by both sexes, and other vices abounded. Shortly before leaving England we three had attended a temperance meeting and had signed the pledge, and to this more than to any other influence do I attribute my salvation from a drunkard's grave. In most of the homes upon calling on business or otherwise whiskey was urged upon me; men at work in the field or the woods usually carried a supply of it, and generously pressed it

From England to Minnesota Parish

upon the motherless and puny youngster as an act of sympathy and kindness. Schools were very imperfect and ungraded, but of these imperfect opportunities, few came to me. In the first four winters of American experience I went to school for about nine months in all and thus completed my education as far as the schools could educate, and have had no other since, save such as the perusal of books and contact with people of education and refinement could communicate.

We counted ourselves Methodists, and were faithful in attendance on what means of grace were accessible to us. Often while lying awake in the night, or roaming the wilds, or working on our place, my soul would seek communion with my mother's God, and often would my heart be strangely warmed with a glow not from earthly fires, and comforted and strengthened with fellowship apart from any earthly ties or kinship. The preaching was usually very meager and unsatisfactory to me; consequently the Quarterly meetings were always occasions of great interest and profit. Many of them can never fade from recollection. One stands out with peculiar distinctness beyond its fellows. Our newly appointed Presiding Elder, Chauncy Hobart, conducted it, and seemed to my boyish appreciation as great and as worthy of respect as either Moses or Paul.

The nine o'clock lovefeast was very precious, and while the cross of testimony therein was heavy, the blessing bestowed was an overwhelming reward. But the morning's sermon from "Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity," seemed to lift me above earthly things, and to minister visions of superlative beauty and eternal value. In all the years intervening until Bishop Simson preached at our conference in Rochester in 1867, I heard no sermon which could be compared with it in excellence. Indeed its power to move me has not even yet passed away.

One of our circuit preachers too can never be forgotten. A peculiarly plain man, with such a dread of a horse that he had never dared to drive one until we persuaded him to take our steady mare to convey him through the mud. With a delivery which alternated between a screech on a high key with piercing and painful penetration, and the rumble of a discordant bass. With gestures which were more expressive of a man in torture than a soul on fire with the message of the King; nevertheless this man

of God; familiarly known throughout the conference as "Sammy Leonard," did more than any other preacher of my acquaintance up to the age of twenty-three to confirm my faith and develop my religious character. I came to forget his uncouthness, to forgive his eccentricities of gesture and delivery, and to hang eagerly on his words for the information his sermons communicated, and the explanation of the mysteries he treated. His delineation of gospel privilege developed a hunger for God and holiness which can never be satisfied until I "awake in the Divine likeness." In Nov. 1859, with my wife and daughter of ten months, I moved to Minnesota, and settled in Winona. Religiously the change resembled the transfer from a Minnesota winter to the semi-tropical atmosphere of Florida. Dr. Quigley of precious memory and of striking pulpit power was pastor; and under his ministry my vision of the possible in religious attainment, and my conception of the ideal in stature and usefulness were greatly enlarged. A series of meetings for the promotion of a consecrated and holy life was held at the home of James Norton Wednesday evening of each week. The first time I attended this meeting I told of my long and unavailing struggle with an unruly temper and an untamed tongue; and through his wise instruction and advice was led to trust for the deliverance and the victory of faith. Since that date grace has proved to be sufficient and prevailing. Under the new stimulus my early conviction that I was called to preach was revived, and I mentioned my impressions of duty to my pastor, who promptly warned me on no account to tell anyone of my convictions; he evidently not being similarly impressed with myself.

One night I woke with a scripture text vividly before me and with an outline of a possible sermon therefrom. The next day during nooning, in the shop, I began to write my first sermon, and continued to add to it day by day in my pocket memorandum until it was complete. I then read it, under the pledge of secrecy, to my employer, who enthusiastically praised it. He persuaded me to write it in a book with ink, to be sent anonymously to Rev. T. M. Gossard our Presiding-Elder for his opinion. While the book was in my employer's hands for the purpose, Charles Griswold, then pastor of the Money-creek circuit, came into the shop to ask the privilege of putting his horse in the stable. While he was out for this purpose, I was urged to permit him to read it. Judging by my tell-tale face probably, he deemed me its author,

From England to Minnesota Parish

and declared without asking my consent that he would leave an appointment for me to preach in three weeks at Homer, six miles down river from Winona. I went on the day appointed at considerable risk of drowning on account of high water and a furious wind, and met with a loving welcome.

Several months later I received an exhorter's license from my pastor, Rev. Sias Bolles, and filled an appointment at Homer every two weeks until I enlisted in Aug. 62, and also preached occasionally elsewhere. Upon enlisting at Fort Snelling we received a nine day's furlough to close up our affairs for our three years absence from home; but three days thereafter the Indian Massacre broke out, and we were hastily summoned to the fort, and rushed out on the frontier for its protection. There were eight professed christians in our company, and we found great help and comfort in frequent meetings for prayer and converse on the things of God. After many hardships, in part due to unpreparedness on the part of Government, about two hundred captives were rescued from the Indians, and they were signally defeated at the battle of Wood Lake, and we returned with many captives toward civilization. One member of our company and also a member of the church and our praying band, had been appointed sutler for our regiment. He had accordingly secured the arrival of a small stock of goods. They reached camp late Saturday evening. He was missing from our usual Sabbath morning services, and rumors reached me concerning the sutler goods which were sadly needed by the men. Tobacco especially was entirely gone. In the afternoon as I was going to the woods to be alone for meditation, I passed a tent in which our sutler was busy selling goods. I felt deeply pained to see one of our little band so engaged on the Lord's day, and wrote on a leaf of my pocket-book "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" It was passed after folding it, to him through the crowd of waiting and eager customers. An hour later upon returning to camp I was surprised to see the sutler store closed and the crowd gone, but did not connect the closing with the transmitted text until the following winter I spent a Sabbath in Winona while on furlough, and received undue credit for this trifling act of faithfulness.

I had been greatly troubled for many weeks of the campaign by the persistent persecution by many of my comrades who took delight in ridiculing my religious life and denouncing me as a

hypocrite. The painful point in this was the conviction that my conduct must somehow be very defective and unworthy of the christian name, or these men, some of whom had known me for years would surely respect and believe in me sufficiently to omit such accusations. But towards winter the persecution abated, and it was an unspeakable comfort subsequently to have them, even some of my severest critics, in the midst of the breeziest hilarity of the barracks, as I knelt at my bedside previous to going to bed still the commotion by saying, "Hush Bilbie is praying." No one can describe the sweetness of such a victory. The second winter of my army experience was spent in St. Louis. A commission was appointed by Government to examine candidates for officers in Colored troops. I was persistently urged by my comrades to apply for examination, and finally consented and received a commission as First Lieutenant. My appointment came just following the capture of Fort Pillow and the wholesale slaughter of the colored soldiers who defended it. The same comrades who had urged me to seek the position now urgently dissuaded me from accepting it, as, in their opinion such acceptance meant to rush into the jaws of death. But my sense of duty led me to accept with the expectation of unspeakable danger and suffering. But notwithstanding the outlook it led instead to ease and the escape of many severe hardships to which my comrades of the old regiment were exposed. This seems to me a good illustration of the motto "The path of duty is the path of safety." In the fall of 1865, having been discharged, I came to my friends in Winona with a conviction that my age and ignorance formed an insurmountable barrier to success in the ministry, and therefore seeking their endorsement with a view to asking a place in the Freedman's Aid Bureau, for which I fancied my army experience had somewhat fitted me. I was met with a flat refusal, save upon condition that I would assume all the responsibility of refusing to enter the conference. This I dared not do; and so, contrary to my conviction of wisdom, I accepted the call of the church as the readiest way to forever settle the question of preaching for me, and demonstrate the utter absurdity of placing me in such responsibility. But, greatly to my surprise, and as greatly to my comfort and protection as in the other named case of facing a second Fort Pillow, the path of duty was easier and better than the path of personal selection and preference. I can have no doubt now in looking back, but the ministry was God's choice for me.

From England to Minnesota Parish

Yet several months of my first year were spent in sad perplexity in relation to this fact. An incident in illustration of this perplexity, which may now be amusing, was then to me bordering on the tragic.

Rev. James S. Peregrine, my Presiding-Elder had made appointment for our Quarterly Meeting on December 31st, at the Homer Ridge school-house, and for a watchnight service at Rushford, where I lived, for that night. Leaving the evening service of the Q. Meet. in care of the preacher-in-charge, the P. Elder and the junior preacher left for Rushford. On the way he informed me that I must preach in the evening, and that he would be responsible for the rest of the service. I consumed about ten minutes of valuable time in floundering in the vicinity of my text, and sat down with the full conviction that the question of my call to the ministry had at last been definitely and finally settled in the negative.

When the lovefeast began I remained seated until Bro. Peregrine called me to relate my experience. I told the congregation that they had witnessed my repeated failures until no doubt all present were satisfied that I had no business in the pulpit; but that I intended by the help of God to show them that I could at least be a true christian. I noticed many indications of surprise, and possibly a twinkle of amusement, but to my apprehension, I had made one of the most sensible speeches of my life. After reaching the parsonage I said to the elder, "I suppose you are satisfied now." "Satisfied of what[,]" was his answer: "That I ought not to preach," I replied. "Don't let the devil fool you[,]" said he, after which there was a long silence. Then he said, "Tomorrow I am to hold Q. Meet. at Warren, and you must preach tomorrow evening." At first I refused, but finally submitted to authority. It was a great relief to me to find in the school-house but one tallow dip to enlighten our proceedings. As I talked the wick grew long and the light became so dim that the merest outline of the faces of the congregation could be discerned. I had fair liberty, and received some commendation.

On our way homeward the following morning Bro. Peregrine reminded me that the door into the ministry had been opened for me by the church so widely that I had not dared to refuse to enter; and extorted from me a solemn promise that I would never again discuss the question of my call until the church and the providence of God had opened the door for my exit as distinctly as it had

been opened for my entrance. This promise has been sacredly kept, and has saved me from much distress, and many a temptation.

During this first year my colleague and I held several protracted meetings on the various points of our extensive circuit, and met with excellent success in soul-winning. As Spring approached, the calls for such meetings appeared to be more numerous than the remaining weeks of winter, and it was deemed best to divide forces. I was sent to the Dick Schoolhouse, and for a few nights encountered a disappointed congregation which baffled all efforts; but by a vigorous appeal to their sense of fairness and by reminding them of their share in this great responsibility, I secured their cooperation and the conversion of about a dozen souls. I shall never forget the rapture of the night following that victory, when sleepless until two o'clock in the morning, I rose and went out into the woods to shout and sing, and praise God for my first gleanings of precious grain for the eternal harvest, and as "seals to my ministry." In the summer of that first year I attended my first camp-meeting as a preacher, near the village of Fillmore. A good work was accomplished. Many years afterwards, while attending a conference at Redwing, at the close of the morning service of sabbath a stranger approached me asking if I remembered him and stating that he was a young man whom I had taken into the woods, and had led into the christian life at that camp-meeting.

The following conference the large circuit (Money-Creek) was divided, one appointment on it was placed on the La Crescent charge and I was made preacher-in-charge. Here I was brought into close contact with Spiritualism and had a clear proof of its desolating influence in the church and community where it holds sway. Many of the families of La Crosse were separated by its agency, and many members of the various churches lost their interest in the church and their Savior, some of them descending into dissolute lives. On the next charge which fell to my lot (Marion) it was my fortune to be brought in close touch with Adventism and Camp-bellism. Both of these deemed the young man fair game and by many arts and devices sought his confusion. An Advent preacher named Lamb invited me to dinner and at once entered on controversial points. In self defense I was compelled to assume the aggressive, and asked him if he did not sometimes find it difficult to interpret scripture with exact literalness. I was assured there could be no difficulty, and that it was the only

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right or reasonable method of interpretation. I suggested that the frequent mention of the feathers and wings of the Almighty seemed to me impossible of such interpretation. He replied that it was just as easy to conceive of God as a bird as in any other way. I then quoted "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him." And added that as nothing could run without feet and legs, these eyes, if we gave a literal interpretation to the passage, must be fitted with these members, and thus, independently of their owner, pursue their investigations. A little nervousness could be observed in his manner, yet in the interest of his theory all of this was admitted, and its reasonableness affirmed. I then asked him if he was familiar with John's description of the New Jerusalem descending from heaven. He said "he thought so." We agreed that the wall was 144 cubits in height [*sic*], and that the gates must have been about equal height and width, at least two hundred feet in extent, or more than four times as high as any tree or building about his premises. I then asked him the material of which these gates were composed, and he answered "Of pearl". Yes, I said, and each of them of one pearl. This he at first denied but was finally forced to admit. After giving him time to weigh this point, I asked him to be kind enough to tell me what sort of an oyster produced such pearls as these. This closed the argument, and I afterward had peace with the Advents while on that charge. Among the Disciples was a prominent man and a pronounced controversialist named Smith, whose wife and three daughters were Methodists. One Sabbath evening this man asked me to go to his house for the night. I consented on condition that I could at once go to bed, as I was very tired. This however was very difficult on account of his fondness for argument. After retiring, having to sleep with him, I had to feign snoring to check his stream of talk. Before breakfast in the morning he was at it again. After breakfast and prayers were over, he sat with his back to the kitchen in which his family were clearing up the dishes and in easy hearing of all we said. I told him that he had led the conversation since I entered his house, and that he had also broken his promise to avoid controversy, adding that in my opinion it was now my turn to lead. To this he consented and I asked him which, in his opinion, was of the greatest importance, baptism or communion. After carefully considering

the matter he replied that possibly communion must be placed first, as baptism was needed but once, while communion was administered every sabbath. I then enquired why it was that his church was so strenuous to observe the exact mode of baptism, as they understood it, and so utterly careless as to the form of the communion. At first he denied that this was the case, but I convinced him that in point of time the hour of their communion, (about noon) was as far away from the original time of administering it as one could go: that their posture of sitting bore no resemblance to that of reclining, the posture of its origination: and that leavened bread was absolutely excluded from Jewish households during passover. I then challenged him to explain this careless departure from the mode of the Master. After puzzling over the question some time, during which I observed the eager listening of his family, he frankly said; "Bro. Bilbie, I must confess you leave me where the wool is short." I was amused to see the intense yet suppressed delight of his family at his discomfiture, and better pleased a week later when coming to my next appointment to learn that during the week he had not been able to enter store, office, or shop but some one would shout "Smith, What is the price of wool?" Coming to another circuit I found a Methodist in the position of Principal of the public schools. He proved to be one of the truest and wisest friends I ever met. Many attended the church until it became necessary to enlarge its seating capacity. A protracted meeting was in progress, and among those coming to the altar as seekers was a woman I had never met, who with sobs and tears showed her sincerity. I knelt at her side, and after dismissal talked some time to her in the church. She proved to be a woman of the town. An infidel who owned the largest store in town was present, and in order to damage my reputation and ruin my influence told the loafers who frequented his place of business that he had seen me talking to Mrs. Wells. Congregations at once fell off to one third of what they had been, and my friends and I were at a loss to understand the change. At last this teacher heard of the rumor, asked the particulars of me, and going to the store of this slanderer, and in presence of the usual crowd, demanded of him the facts in the case, and required him to confess his meanness on penalty of being brought to the justice court next day if he declined. His compliance in this public manner restored the congregation, saved my reputation, and caused me to wish

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ever since that every maligned preacher had so judicious and so bold a friend. His name was Richards, and the place of occurrence St. Charles. I will venture the relation of one more incident. While on the Plainview charge a man living some six miles away, came to the parsonage to get me to attend the funeral of one of his neighbors, to be held in his house rather than his neighbor's because it was the largest thereabouts. I took for my text that which Christ read to the Nazarenes. The Lord gave me unusual liberty in declaring the benefits of salvation, and much emotion was manifested. No meetings had ever been held in the neighborhood as far as I was able to ascertain, and one section of it had been dubbed "Whiskey Ridge" and well named at that. A week or two after the funeral the same man who had come for me at the first, came asking me if it was possible for me to hold regular services for their benefit. I agreed to do so. The first meeting the school-house was less than half full, but the attention was good, and at the aftermeeting quite a few were willing to tell us where they stood religiously. Two weeks later the room was well filled, and in the after meeting several confessed their need of a better life. So impressed was I at the indications that I announced a protracted meeting would begin a week from the following Monday. Few indeed of them could sing at all till the progress of the meeting taught them, none were familiar with religious hymns, and only three in the entire neighborhood had ever made a profession of a religious life. After seven weeks of services in which I preached every night but two, over forty united with the church, all but three of whom were over twenty years of age. The depth of the work was manifested by the fact that the following summer a weekly evening prayer meeting was sustained by them without outside help, the men leaving their work in the field, even during harvest, and some of them coming three miles to attend it. During a pastorate in Duluth, in the Spring of 1881, I had the pleasure of preaching the first sermon, and holding the first meetings ever held in Cloquet, or rather in the lumber-camp where that city is now situated. Afterwards while in North Dakota, I held the first quarterly meeting ever held in McIntosh County, administering both sacraments for the first time, also then organizing the first church of any denomination in the county. In Logan County, at Napoleon I also was privileged to organize the first church, the first S. School, as well as administering the first ordinances, and

preaching the first sermon. These things occurred in 1886.

In the summer of 1887 I held the first campmeeting held by our church on the Fargo District, near Milnor; and another near Winchester in Emmons County. At both of them I did nearly all of the preaching, having no help aside from the pastors, except Bro. Hambly (now of Worthington) for a service or two at the one near Milnor, and a colporteur whose name I have forgotten at the one held near Winchester. As a result of the campmeetings, although the largest audiences were less than three hundred, more than a score were converted and added to the church.

It is a precious thought to know that some are now in glory, and others on the way, whose feet were turned into the path of life by my instrumentality. I anticipate great pleasure in meeting them in the better world when I am called home.

VIII.

Red River!

THE RED RIVER is sufficiently important in the annals of Minnesota to have an engraving of its typical high-wheeled cart placed on the postage stamp that commemorated a century of Minnesota history. Both Major Stephen H. Long and the versatile Italian, Giacomo C. Beltrami, left their impressions of Pembina and the Red River country early in the nineteenth century. But they were by no means the first. In 1811, the Scotch Earl of Selkirk had interested himself in the region and a few years later had transported settlers there. Some of them, seeking a warmer clime where farming was easier, traveled south to squat on land near Ft. Snelling. A trader complained that "these people that come from Red River have lodged about a hundred head of Cattle in the Bottom where we had inclosed for our Stock and they are destroying the Pasture."

By the 1840's regular trade had been established between the Red River and St. Paul. Indeed, in 1857, about five hundred carts arrived to trade buffalo hides and furs for necessities — tobacco, salt, and other groceries. The total value of furs brought down from the Red River in 1858 was estimated at more than a hundred thousand dollars. It was this rich trade that stimulated interest in a railroad to tap the Red River valley. "Establish, as we are now trying to establish, a Railroad communication with the Red River valley," said the St. Paul Pioneer and Democrat in 1858, "and the whole trade of the Hudson Bay Company would fall into our hands, or at least seek this avenue of exportation." A picturesque account of the annual arrival of the carts from Selkirk was written by an unknown author, who in July, 1851 visited their camp near

RED RIVER!

the St. Anthony Road. Levi Thortvedt describes one aspect of the settlement of the Red River region in 1870. By then, hundreds of emigrants were moving north from St. Paul to Pembina and vicinity to take up land. By then, too, the oxcart days were over. Thortvedt was not over enthusiastic when he wrote: "The Red River Valley in 1870 [is] waiting for the settlers just to come and take it, and sir! this Red River Valley is now known as the BREAD [BASKET] OF THE WORLD!" Wheat finally had conquered over furs.

1851

THE RED RIVER CARTS*

Minnesota Democrat

Saturday Morning, July 19

WE HAVE BEEN OUT to see the camp of a part of the Red River train, about 20 carts and 12 men, that arrived in advance of the main body on Thursday last. They are encamped near the St. Anthony road, about 2½ miles from town. The whole company left Selkirk on the 4th of June. As we stated last week the entire train consists of 102 carts, drawn chiefly by oxen that are hitched up very much like horses, wearing a collar, instead of a yoke. Mr. Henry Cook, to whom we are indebted for the facts in this article, is a merchant and native of Red River — a full blood and intelligent white man. This is his sixth trip from Red River to St. Paul. He says that the oxen improved on the journey, and are in a much better condition now than when they started.

The Red River carts are curiosities. In most of them there is not a particle of iron, the fastenings being made of wooden pins, and thongs of buffalo hide. A few of them only have small iron bands around the hubs. There is one ox to each cart, and the load is usually about a thousand pounds. They are very light and will float in water. They are easily drawn over new, or rather, wild roads are readily repaired and therefore preferable to any other sort for such an expedition. When a number of heavy laden carts are in company, they are conveyed across streams on hastily con-

**The Minnesota Democrat*, St. Paul, July 22, 1851.

The Red River Carts

structed rafts. When few, or light, the wheels are taken off, laid on a buffalo hide, or two or three sowed together, and made water tight, the stiff hide is then draw up, and tied so as to form a canoe, the wheels constituting the frame work of the bottom. This hide canoe will float 1000 to 1200 lbs. of freight. A canoe of this kind is constructed in a few minutes.

About one-half of the carts in this train belong to residents this side of the line — chiefly to Mr. Kittson, or rather the American Fur Company of which he is a partner. The other half is the property of different persons who belong to Selkirk, and in this way come down annually to exchange buffalo robes, clothing made of buffalo skins, moccasins, &c., buffalo tongues and pemmican, for groceries, stoves and hardware chiefly, as well as for other merchandize.

The people of Red River — who are mostly half-breeds — rely mainly upon the buffalo chase for their exports and prosperity. The failure of *that* crop would be to them a dire calamity. They have two summer hunts; they start on the first about the 10th of June, the second the 10th of August. The party usually consists of from 600 to 700 men with their families, the women and older children of which are employed in cutting up and drying the meat. They take with them from 1300 to 1400 ox carts, each of which will hold the product of from nine to ten buffaloes. The best meat is obtained in the fall, when the buffalo is in fine condition. The hunting plains are very extensive reaching to the Missouri river. The buffalo has but little hair in the summer — the skin is then valuable only to be converted into dressed hides. The *robes* are procured in the winter, when the animal is well supplied with a thick coat of hair — the best early in winter, when the hunters go out with flat sleds made of thin boards 26 to 28 inches wide, and 15 or 16 feet long, turned up at the prow, which are drawn by horses or dogs. Three dogs will draw a sled bearing a load of 700 to 800 pounds.

The train was met at Sauk Rapids by C. C. Cavileer, [*sic*] Esq., who has been appointed Collector of the Customs for Pembina, and was on his way there. This office was created at the instigation of the Fur Company, to cut off the competition of the Selkirk hunters. Mr. Cavalier informed the Selkirkers that they must pay 20 per cent. duty on their buffalo robes, and 30 per cent. on their moccasins, which will leave them just that much money less to

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expend among our citizens in making purchases. The Red River gentlemen we have conversed with on the subject, assure us that this high duty—they never paid duties before—will compel them to abandon trade with us, and to depend upon the Hudson Bay Company for supplies, in exchange for their robes, &c. They pay a duty of 4 per cent. to the British authorities for all the goods they take from here.

The time used in making a trip and transacting the necessary business here, is about three months—The distance from Selkirk to York Factory on Hudson's Bay, *their sea port*, is about 700 miles—that trip is made in summer with boats. From two to three ships arrive at York Factory each season.

The people of Selkirk are highly gratified to learn that there is now a monthly mail at Pembina, which is only about 60 miles from their settlement.

1860s - 1870s

SETTLING ON THE RED RIVER TRAIL*

Levi Thortvedt

FRIDAY JULY 8TH on the morning of which we broke company again, crossed the Hutchinson Ferry and started south on the Red River Trail . . . Heading for Ottertail County . . . Coming as far as Probstfield, where we camped for dinner. Probstfield who had returned from St. Cloud, was plowing his corn. He recognized our party, as he was one of the fellows we met down by Lightning Lake, and he asked father where he was heading for now?

"Ottertail County!" said father.

"Whats the matter with the land in Dakota," asked Probstfield, and father said it was too low, with too much slough grass, and even driftwood was found on the prairie; and these were the chief reasons for leaving it.

"Well if it is higher land you want, I can tell you where you can find it!" said Probstfield, and father asked where that was? Probstfield in answer, points over to the Buffalo River, the timber of which could be plainly seen. Probstfield makes the remark about the Buffalo River Country being so high, that all the Hud-

*Levi Thortvedt, "The Early History of the Red River Valley," a manuscript in the Minnesota Historical Society.

Settling on the Red River Trail

son Bay Company had to do at Georgetown during high floods, was to drive their cattle and horses a little ways up on the Buffalo River — and it was dry. And Sir! Probstfield goes on to say with considerable effect.

"If the land on the Buffalo River does not suit you, you can just as well drive back to where you came from, because you won't find land in the whole United States that will suit you!"

Well father became very interested and asked Probstfield if they could get him along over to show them the land.

"I can't," answered Probstfield, "I have to plow my corn!" "Well," said father, "We will get somebody to plow in the corn!"

"Well can he drive straight?" asked Probstfield. Father then said they would put on two; one to lead the horses, and the other to hold the plow, and this was perfectly satisfactory to Probstfield. So, after dinner, Tarjei Muhle and Ola Midgarden offered to do the plowing. Jim our big breasted bay horse was hitched to Probstfield's buggy, and father and Probstfield got in and my Uncle Aanon put Probstfield's saddle on old man Weum's mule Jerry, and thus the trio started for the Buffalo River.

"Now we will make for the South end of the heavy timber you see over there . . ." said Probstfield, while pointing in a North-easterly direction to what was known later as the Kassenborg point.

When they got there they stopped there a little, while Probstfield explained that all the land north of this point was surveyed a long time ago and sold to Speculators by the Government, for 25c an acre, to get money with which to carry on the War (CIVIL WAR) "Oh my," said father, "This is too bad that this fine land is Speculator Land, as this is the finest land we have seen with the nice bends of the little river, plenty of timber etc."

"Just wait a while," said Probstfield, "and you will see just as fine land, if not finer, when we come further up the river. Now all the land South and East of here is un-surveyed land as yet, and you can take land where ever you want to!"

Now they proceed in a South Easterly direction along the West banks of the Buffalo River with openings here and there, so they could see the prairie on the East side of the river, and heavy bunches of timber here and there. And coming about three miles further up there was heavy timber on both sides of the river.

Started again — about where Gunder Lee's farm is now and kept on going up along the river; nice small bends of the river —

RED RIVER!

and coming to what we now call "Old Fish Place" father wanted to stop and just look. Here was a big and very fine bend of the river, and this is our home now — The Thortvedt farm.

After a while they proceeded further up the river till they reached the "Forks" where the South Buffalo enters the North Buffalo.

They followed the South Buffalo up about one and a half miles. Here is no timber on either side of the river, and the river is about three times the width of the Buffalo River but very shallow, with wild rice growing all over the river; and the water is hardly moving. Looked something like a big slough with hundreds of wild ducks and brants.

Coming to the first bunch of timber where the Buffalo turns South Probstfield got so dry that they decided to turn home to the Probstfield place as fast as they [could] go; but here and there big stretches of rough prairie where the short stubby buffalo grass grew, and it grew in bunches and between the bunches were deep crevices, and this made it impossible to go fast, as it would shake the Liver out of almost anybody. So Uncle Aanon suggested that Probstfield ride the mule and he then could make good time over this rough ground; "But what will Old man Weum say?" said Father to Aanon and Aanon to Father, to which Father replied "We don't care what he says!" So Probstfield got on the mule and went in a good gallop as far as they could see, and was soon out of sight.

Father and Aanon went more slowly and at dusk reached camp near Probstfield. Father had made up his mind and was thoroughly convinced that the land they had seen to-day on the Buffalo River was the finest and the most inducing for settlers to settle on in the whole state of Minnesota! and father had made up his mind to settle there, even though the rest of the company would leave again.

Saturday the 9th of July, was a very fine day. Good and early in the morning we started off, with father in the lead, across the prairie to the Buffalo River and father's aim was to hit the big fine bend previously mentioned, and Sir! in a straight line across the prairie and hit the north side of this fine bend which a little later was called Old Fish Place, and has that name to this date.

We reached here about one o'clock — all the wagons was set side by side, with the wagon poles pointing to the big bend —

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everybody stood dumfounded and looked and looked on this wonderful land, and the whole bend looked something like a field of tall barley; so high that you could not see the sheep. None of the company knew at that time what this wonderful grass was called, but later found out it was called "needle grass"; which probably is not the name given it by the botanist, but, just the same, the most fitting name for it was Needle Grass; because it has a lot of sharp needles on it with twisted tail and would bore itself deep into the flesh of the sheep, which we found out so well later.

One of the first things I done, was to go down to the River to see if it was deep enough. I like big rivers; but to my regret it was a small and easy going river, that seemed to take its time to reach The Red River. The river is about 25 feet across and averages 4 feet deep of nice clear water. It is fed entirely by spring as we have found out later and it runs in a North-Westerly direction until it hits the Red River at Georgetown. The river was full of catfish, pickerel and pike, a fact which was quickly found out when a couple of the younger men had got out their fish lines, and Sir! — we had good, fat boiled catfish for our first dinner on the banks of the Buffalo River!

The afternoon was taken with leisure, but they made a little trip around. Tarjei Skrei, Halvor Salvesen and Ole Midgarden went up the river a ways, as far up the river till they came to a big slough, which was later known as the "Skrei Slough". This place suited Tarjei fine, as here would be plenty of hay. Tarjei was a cow man — took much interest in cows.

Father and Uncle Aanon went a little ways down the river to look at this magnificent land. Aanon got "stuck" on the next bend north of the camp at Old Fish Place.

Next morning was Sunday July 10th — a big, fine morning a bright sunshiny day! and some skirmishing was done around to get more settled on which claim to take, as there were plenty of them. absolutely free! with the exception of the \$14.00 dollars filing charges etc. for 160 acres.

But it was a little difficult to space themselves, because none of the party knew exactly how big a space 160 acres would take; as there were no Section or Quarter stakes, for the land was unsurveyed.

WONDERFUL LAND ON THE BUFFALO RIVER! just think of it! here is the fine bends of the little river, with plenty of timber: elm, oak,

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ash, boxelder and basswood, and the wild fruit trees like choke cherry (Hegber), plum thorn apple, "Gris ber" and grapes. Plenty of water in the river with plenty of fish, and sir! catfish at that! the very best fish in the world; and this fish is so fat that it fries itself in the pan!

And then the nice high, level land of the very best, ready for the plow with out having to move a stump of stone! and land like this, or very much like it, laying, hundreds of hundreds of acres on the banks of the Red River and its 27 tributaries. The Red River Valley in 1870 waiting for the settlers just to come and take it, and sir! this Red River Valley is now known as the BREAD [BASKET] OF THE WORLD!

The four young men that were in our company said that you people with families, take first, and we will find land near by as close as we can.

Monday July 11th the wagons began to spread out. Tarjei Skrei had picked his claim just around the bend to the South, and Uncle Aanon had picked his claim over by the next point of the river North, and it was commonly accepted that father was satisfied with the land where the wagons and camp stood, and he certainly was — but a funny thing happened. Father made a trip around the "Odden" as we called the big bend of the river and sir! what did he find? White spots here and there on the trees where the bark had been chopped off and on them was written "G. G. WEUM" This was a surprise for father when he saw this.

This Old man had been the tail end of the expedition all the time and had never been consulted about anything, and here he was the first one to pick when a place to settle was found.

Early in the afternoon, Tarjei Skrei came over to our wagon and was surprised to see that nothing was done in the way of settling down, as G. G. WEUM's wagon still stood there. Tarjei said to father: "Hos kan do ha seg! ä du shi fornögdde mä dette lande Olav?" "Jou de a eg!" said father, "män gamle Gunnar Veum he tekji de!" "Mi jev faen i gamle Veum-en! Mi vi ha du i mitten, som he Slipe-steinen!" said Tarjei Skrei, and there upon asked my mother: "Hor vi du ha stoga, Thone? (and now I will translate the above conversation into English) When Tarjei Skrei came and saw etc. he said:

"What is the matter Ola? ain't you satisfied with this land?"

"Yes" replied father, "But old man Weum has taken it!"

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To which Tarjei Skrei answered with vehemence:

"We don't give the devil in old man Weum!" and then asked my mother, "Where do you want the House?" to which my mother promptly pointed South to the other point, just where our house now stands. Then Tarjei took the whip and drove the oxen that were hitched to the wagon and drove over to the spot indicated, and father followed with the horses on the other wagon. The oxen were then unyoked and the horses unhitched and some our stuff loaded out.

(I omitted the translation of the conversation that followed the cussing of old man Weum, so here it is: "Ola, we want you in the center that has the grindstone!" And this tool was one of the most important factor in Pioneer life, to keep axes and scythes sharp)

The stove was the first thing that was put up out near the bank of the river. But after a while a wonderful elm tree was found just down by the river — a big elm tree that 'stooped' against the West with wonderful thick foli[a]ge, so that if it rained, it did not hardly get wet under this tree, and no grass of any kind, and no wind to bother the fire. Here the stove was set and stood there till the log cabin was erected. This elm was called "Stove Elm" (Stov Almen) and another big elm stood a little to the East, about 20 ft. SE to be accurate, and here father put up his blacksmith bellows, and put up a stump for the anvil. This elm was called "Båg almen" meaning the "bellows Elm."

Down here by the river our cooking and eating was done in the shade of the 'stooping' elm tree. And the sleeping was in the Wagons that stood up on the level prairie.

A while later the wagons were moved down to the river near the stove, as here was more shelter because of a thick 'Thicket' of young trees, on the North side. The wagon box with the covern, was taken off and set on the ground to sleep in.

(From now on dates and days is forgotten)

The next thing to do now that was of the most importance, was to make hay for the stock, as it was nearly in the middle of July.

The grindstone was mounted and the scythes ground. Father and Ole Anderson started to cut hay down in the point, and as soon as the hay was dry enough, my sister Thone and I, and sometimes Mother went along and cocked the hay. After a while father and Joraand started to break up some of the virgin land

down in the Odden (Meadow) the point and Buck and Bright the oxen, were put on the beam. Jim and Roudy, the horses were put on the lead. Joraand drove the horses. About 5 acres were broken up.

This first little field was 'broken' down in the point, "Odden" as we called it, and it lay closer to the South woods than to the North woods. I don't know how long it took them to break this land, but it was broken! The Homestead Law of those days called for 5 acres to be broken and a shanty put up before it could be filed on; but in this case here on the Buffalo River, the Claims could not be filed because the land was not surveyed, and consequently no description could be given.

From now in the full force was put on the Hay. A hay rack had to be made, and they were made from ash poles — young sapling elms were used to form the bows over the wheels, so the hay would not rub on the wheels. Perpendicular stakes about 3 feet long were put on to hold the hay.

One thing happened when Thone and I were cocking hay down in the Meadow or bend was this: Ole Andersen was cutting hay with the scythe and he called to us to come and get some honey. He had found a bumble bee nest in an old gopher hole, I guess. We come and Ole warned us that we had to look out for the bumble bees or they would burn us. But anyhow my curiosity was aroused and I had to come close to the hole. Ole was poking with a stick to get the honey. Buzz! suddenly came a big swarm of bees right out of the hole! I made a quick jerk backwards and my back hit hard against Ole's scythe that had been dropped close by the bee's nest. I became terribly scared! I thought my whole back was cut clear across. I thought sure I was going to die! An awful feeling. Ole and Thone pulled off my shirt to see how big the cut was. I asked how long it was? "Aw Shaw!" said Thone, "It is not quite one inch long!" I will tell you that I got new life again when I knew I was not going to die from this. We got honey and Thone and I went home and reported what had happened. My mother dressed the wound.

Every other day, two men came around the bend from the South.

It was Tarjei Skrei and Ole Midgarden that come over to have their scythes sharpened or ground, as we call it. This I remember well, Tarjei was doing the grinding and Ole was doing the turn-

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ing of the grindstone. They chewed the rag all the time. Ole wanted to show Tarjei how to grind scythe and thus get Tarjei to turn the grindstone, — but nix!

When the haying was done and the hay was home and stacked; the next thing to do, was to build a house.

A little bridge was built over the river, so as to be able to haul logs home for the house. Ole Midgarden, Halvor Fendalsveit, and Tarjei Muhle helped to make the bridge.

Next morning father had a lame back very bad. He could hardly turn around in his bed. This looked kind of blue and the mosquitoes were terrible. We had to build smudges every evening and they were worst when it rained. Mother and my older sisters Joraan and Thone were along with mother milking and I had my job with a bush from the willows trying to keep the mosquitoes off the cow my mother was milking but I failed. I managed though to keep most of them off. One of the girls had to do the same while the other girl was milking another cow. I remember that when it rained all night the mosquitoes kept the horses and cattle marching around, hollering to the skies for help. A person who has not seen this, has a hard time to believe it.

I remember one morning after one of these nights my mother told father — “Well, we will stay here ten years, but if there don’t come any people by that time we will move out of here again.” Father who was always optimistic about the future of this fine country answered.

“Yes, if no people come here in five years we will go again.” We never saw anybody here outside of those that belonged to the party and it really did look wild, way out here one hundred and forty miles from civilization, which meant was Alexandria, Douglas county, Minnesota.

When bridge was ready father got a lame back, and we were still camping down by the river under the big elm-trees. His back was so bad that he could not turn around in the wagon box bed, and it lasted about a week.

One day as I was up on the level of the prairie I noticed a dark speck away out on the prairie to the south-west. It moved. I watched it a while. It was coming closer and closer. Finally I saw it was a man coming. I ran down to the river and reported that a man was coming. Father asked, “Where did you see him?” I explained. “Run up again” he said, “And if he comes, tell him to

come down here". I did. Finally the man was at my side. He asked where I lived, I pointed down to the covered wagon boxes by the river. Then he asked if we had bread and milk. Yes I said, we did. Then we went down to the camp. I told mother that this man wanted some bread and milk. She started to prepare the meal. In the meantime I asked if he would see father. I took him to his bed in the covered wagon box. It did not take long before there was a good conversation going on. Father asked what his name was, and what he was doing out here in this wilderness. "My name is Martin Wells" he said, "And I can give you some pretty good news. I am one of the locaters of the Northern Pacific railroad, and you will have the railroad not much over two miles away."

This was great news for these pioneers, so far out from settlements and towns, as it was 140 miles to our nearest supply town, Alexandria, Minnesota. Mr. Wells had his bread and milk, and butter too. Some more talk followed, then Mr. Wells returned to his camp upon the south branch of the Buffalo about two and one half miles to the south.

At this time father's lame back was much better, so was soon out of bed and around again. My sister Thone and I had the job of furnishing fish to the household. We hunted frogs as the rear legs of the frogs were the best bait we could get and I believe it is the best of all baits as we caught all the catfish, pickerel and pike that we could use. Catfishes up to 16 and 17 pounds; pickerels 4 to 6 pounds. My favorite fish was the catfish and fathers too, as it was so fat that it fried without fats. Father started to cut logs for the house on the other side of the river. The house was a small one 12x14 in size.

Father had taken the extra work to hew the logs and it was log gables, shorter and shorter till it got to the ridge of the roof, with long straight saplings with 5 inch top to carry roof; then elm bark from big growing elm trees was placed on the logs for roof; then prairie sod was broken up and cut with an ax in square chunks, 14 by 14 inches, was placed on the bark the rough side of the bark turned up. Sod packed tight, this made a waterproof roof with river mud. A small upstairs was also in this little house. The house door was in the center of the south wall, facing the river. A full window 8 x 10 lights was on the west and a half window on the north wall.

Settling on the Red River Trail

The stove was placed on the east wall and the table close to the window on the west wall. A double deck bed was made from hewed bass-wood boards 20 inches wide and 1½ inches thick. I guess this bed stood on the north-east corner of the house and was called "Ovri säng" (upper bed and lower bed). Later in the fall a big elk horn was found by father and it was bolted on the projecting roof ridge log in the west end. It stood there two or three years.

The next thing was to get up a stable. This was a long low structure, rolled up from round logs built in two departments, and roofed with willow hay and sod, and plastered with river mud. This stable stood about 100 feet east of the house, right out on the river bank, so as to get plenty of fall for the manure. The haystacks stood north of the stable facing north and south. Some long big logs went in to the stable.

There was one elm log 50 feet long, nice and straight, the oxen were next to the log and the horses were on the lead, and it was all they could do to pull it 20 or 30 feet at the time. But this is what I am going to get at that took my curiosity; Ole Anderson, our hired man, made the remark that we could hear his watch tick easily by placing the watch at the butt of this long 50 foot log, and placing the ear at the top end of the log. Father had heard of this before, but doubted it a little on this long raw elm log. And Sir! he heard the watch tick plainly. Then I wanted to try and to my surprise I heard the watch tick plainly. Ain't it wonderful? —This little curiosity has stayed in my head all these years.

Now, when house and stable were built and hay all home and stacked, only common routine business went on day by day. Until, the later part of August, I think it was, that something new happened. It was over at my Uncle Aanon, our next neighbor to the north. It was late in the evening as told by Mrs. Aanon Gunderson . . . they heard voices around the point or bend of the river and she thought it must be Indians, so she was quick to quench the greased lamp and fire of any kind in the house, in the hopes that they might pass by. But listening with both ears wide open, the voices had turned to singing. They all stood and listened. "O, my God, it is a Norwegian song!" she said and being sure that it was not a mistake, she ran in the house, lighted the lamp again and when these people come far enough around the bend, they seen the light from the house. They promptly turned in. It was a happy surprise in this wilderness.

IX.

Three Minnesota Disasters

PIONEERING was no easy task. The farmer-settler, like husbandmen for untold generations, was dependent upon the whims of Nature. Too much rain would drown his tender corn shoots. Too much sun would burn them to death. His life was a constant gamble with the weather. Many an agriculturist earnestly prayed that God's heavy hand would not fall upon himself, his family, or his crops.

Three great tragedies marred Minnesota life in the period from 1873 to 1894. The first, as told by Michael Holden, was the blizzard of 1873, when the mercury dropped to forty degrees below zero and the wind blew seventy-five miles an hour. Milk cows, precious treasures in rural households, were frozen in their stalls, and chickens shivered to death on their roosts. Snow was so fluffy and thick that farmers, going to feed their stock, lost their way from house to barn and were frozen only fifty yards from the warmth of their kitchen stoves.

Equally disastrous was the grasshopper plague, an invasion of flying pests that between 1873 and 1877 destroyed crops and so ruined farmers that some of them packed up and left the stricken areas. Actually, the grasshoppers were Rocky Mountain locusts, and they came, said one settler, like a "vast cloud of animated specks, glittering against the sun." More than twelve hundred farmers in 1875 were utterly impoverished, and the legislature appropriated seventy-five thousand dollars for their relief.

The year 1894 was an unusually dry one. Lumbermen were apprehensive that fires might start in the pine country and carry all before them. Their worst fears were realized in the vicinity of Hinckley beginning on September 1. Local peat bogs had been

A Tragedy of the Blizzard of 1873

burning for several days, and a heavy wind from the south carried flames to kindle stands of second-growth timber. When the ashes cooled, Hinckley had been entirely destroyed. Peter McNamara, a boy of twelve when the fire broke out, tells of his escape from the disaster which took the lives of his mother and two brothers.

1873

*A TRAGEDY OF THE BLIZZARD OF 1873**

Michael Holden

ON TUESDAY MORNING, January 7, 1873, we left home before daylight and by sunrise were five miles from home. My companions were John, Charley, and Stephen O'Neil and my brother, Thomas Holden. At noon we arrived at a place called Long Lake which was fifteen miles from home [Beaver Falls]. Here we fed our horses and ate our lunch. As we arrived there a train of eight oxteams started off ahead of us, having already stopped for feed. Driving these eight teams were Owen Heaney and his son, William, and six other men from Flora township (Renville county).

There still remained 22 miles of wild prairie before reaching Willmar, with only one settler, a Mr. Erickson, living in a sod shanty four miles north of Long Lake, between us and Maher's place. Having proceeded about two miles from the lake, we noticed a storm coming from the northwest. It appeared like a hailstorm, so dense that it covered everything in its path. As soon as it struck us we were unable to see anything. We pushed on, however, and when we reached Mr. Erickson's sod shanty we found the oxteams and their drivers ahead of us. Mr. Erickson had no stable room even for those teams.

We stopped at Erickson's and I suggested that we unhitch our horses, blanket them, turn them to Mr. Erickson's haystack and get shelter in the shanty for ourselves. The shanty was only about 16 by 16 in size. There were six children in the family and eight men already ahead of us. John O'Neil settled the matter by declaring there was no danger and that five such strong young men could

*Michael Holden, "The Blizzard of 1873," in *The Southern Minnesotan*, 1: 3-4; 30 (March, 1931).

safely reach Maher's place. As the road was high on top of a deep snow, he thought we would have no trouble in keeping the road. John Maher's place was seven miles away. After a time the road became so drifted the head team could not keep the road, so we changed and Charley O'Neil drove ahead. He had an old team which we thought would keep the road. John followed, my brother was next and I was fourth, with Stephen following me. We had proceeded but a short distance when I saw the storm was getting worse. The road was getting so drifted that I called to all to halt and suggested that we would unload, which we did. The bottom tiers of sacks [of wheat] were well filled and we could not get them out with our mitts on, so nine sacks were left on each load, and we pushed on.

We had succeeded in making about five miles when John O'Neil's team refused to go further against the storm. We then proceeded by having Stephen O'Neil walk ahead of John's horses, leading them. John went back to drive Stephen's team, I kept looking back for John but soon saw that he was not following, so I ran ahead and told Stephen to stop. We returned to my sleigh and called to John and after a short time he answered us from a south-westerly direction. We waited a few minutes, but he did not come, so Stephen went in search of him, being guided by his call. He had lost the road and in turning when he heard us call one of his horses stumbled and fell. John and Stephen had a hard time getting the team up and half an hour must have elapsed before they came back to my sleigh. Stephen was leading the team without the sleigh or harness.

John, in the meantime, had lost his cap. He had tied a long neckscarf around his head and neck. During this time Charley was not with us, he having driven on ahead, but when he found that we were not coming he had stopped and called and received no answer. So he turned his team east of the road and came back to look for us. He did not find the road again until he struck against my sleigh. Charley, I believe, would have reached Maher's place if he had continued on at that time. We had lost a great deal of time and it was getting dark. We were now all together but we could not see the road ahead nor did we believe that we could follow it. We supposed that we were within two miles of Maher's place.

We talked the situation over and concluded to make a shelter

A Tragedy of the Blizzard of 1873

for ourselves, blanket the horses and tie them to a sleigh, thinking that the storm would be over in a short time and we would then be on the road ready to push on at the first opportunity. We had plenty of blankets, so we unhitched and put the blankets under the harness of the horses. We put about two and a half bushels of oats in the sleigh to which we tied the horses. About 16 feet west of this we arranged our shelter.

We took the wagon box off one of the sleighs and, turning it over, laid it on top of the box on my sleigh, the front end toward the north. We had taken out the tail boards and this left an entrance. Over this we hung a blanket and placed sacks of wheat to hold it down. Then we crawled into our cold bed. John O'Neil and my brother, Tom, went in first. Stephen, Charley and myself lay down in the back end of the box at the feet of the others. Before long Stephen and Charley said their feet were freezing and they left the box and stamped around on the leeward side of the horses to get their feet warm. Charley soon came back and lay down beside me in the box. Stephen said he would have to tramp around all night to keep his feet from freezing as he wore boots. He came to the sleigh every 15 or 20 minutes to inquire as to how we were getting along.

About 10 o'clock John began to smother, and he thought it was from the snow that was filling the box. We then tried to get out so as to permit him to crawl out and get more air, but found the snow so packed that we could not. We called to Stephen, but could not make him hear, although we could hear him tramping. We waited until he came again to inquire about us. Then we asked him to lift the box from the east, which he did. I stepped out and assisted John to get out. In the darkness and the fury of the storm we were unable to see anything, and the cold was terrible. It seems that the scarf John had put about his head and neck had closed down over his mouth and prevented him from breathing, as we had no difficulty in breathing in the snow. So we got back into the box again.

We had been saying our rosary together all evening. Before long John got cramps in his legs. Again we called on Stephen to assist us but could not make him hear; neither could we lift the box. As soon as John got on his feet he got over the cramps and we put him back in the box. It was only with difficulty that we did so as the snow had drifted in and packed hard. I did not get back,

but kicked a hole in the snow along the east side of the sleigh and lay down. In this manner we fought the cold. The chills were terrible. I was afterward told that the mercury was 40 degrees below zero and the wind blew 75 miles an hour. About midnight the horses drifted around the sleigh so Stephen and I turned them all, except one we could not untie, loose. I lay down in my bed beside the box. Soon one of the horses began to freeze and he stepped back and lay down on my legs. I then believed that I was trapped, but after a few minutes the horse moved so I could get up. I took him by the halter and moved him away. He was afterwards found dead about 20 feet from the sleigh.

The morning found the storm still unabated and the cold more intense. Both John and Tom wanted to get out of the box, but Stephen and I advised them to stay where they were. They insisted that they must come out, so I took my brother and Stephen took John, and we tried to have them walk, but they could not stand up in the storm. We were obliged to place them down beside the box where I had lain all night. Charley remained in the box and soon he did not talk to us any more. We called to him but got no answer. We thought him dead.

Soon after this my brother, Tom, died. The last prayer we said together was the rosary. He could hardly finish before he fell asleep. Then we tried our best to revive John O'Neil. We took him to the side of the horse that was still tied to have him stamp his feet. He fell against the horse, knocking it over and the animal took Stephen and I down with it. We got up with difficulty. Then we decided to cover John up. We got blankets from the box where Charley lay and wrapped John in them. Then we undertook to take off the top box and place it over him, but could not. We had now lost the use of our hands, as they were frozen. We gave up that plan, and soon John was covered with snow. He did not answer, so we believed he was dead. Then only Stephen and I were left. In a short time he gave out and lay down beside the wagon box. Soon he did not speak. I was alone.

I was terribly lonely, and started to look for the road. It was very indistinct and I was uncertain in my mind whether to attempt to follow it or not. Then I thought of the long night ahead. We had supposed we were within two miles of Maher's place. I knew the wind was from the northwest and I also knew Maher had a 40-acre field fenced. If I could get to that I might follow it

A Tragedy of the Blizzard of 1873

to the house. I followed the road about a mile. At times I could see the trail and then again I would lose it. I walked with my head down. I watched the angle of the snow drifting across my path and in that way kept my course due north. I knew that Maher's house was north of me. Soon I lost the road entirely, but continued in the same way, watching the direction of the blowing snow.

In a short time I struck the fence. The words 'Thank God' escaped my lips. I found the plowing bare, something I had hardly expected after such a storm. I selected a sod of plowing and followed it north, and soon reached a small grove near Maher's house and found a small shanty. After a few minutes I could see the house, looming before me like a shadow in the murky light. I went to the door and rapped and fervently thanked God when I was let in. The Maher family was frightened when I entered, and, of course, grieved to hear of the fate of my companions. I was nearly exhausted, having been out in the storm for 30 hours with nothing to eat. My mittens were frozen fast to my hands like lumps of ice and had to be thawed out. My hands and my arms up to the elbows were badly frozen. It was night when I reached Maher's place Wednesday evening. Mrs. Maher was getting supper. Thursday it stormed all day and up until midnight.

On Friday morning, Mr. Maher with a couple of men, went to where we had camped. They met Owen Heaney and the other teamsters who had been sheltered at Erickson's. They had Charley with them, still alive. It had been impossible to hear through the snow and we had not heard him speak for that reason. Mr. Maher took Charley to Willmar at once to obtain medical aid. In taking off the upper wagon box to cover John, we had bared Charley's legs and arms. Thus it was that one arm to the elbow and both legs were frozen. Eight days after the storm the railroad opened and Charley was taken from Willmar to St. Paul. He died there days afterward after his arms and legs had been amputated. Two of our neighbors, John Morgan and George Nicholson, who had been at Willmar during the storm, came by and took the bodies of my dead brother and his companions to their homes. On Saturday, John Morgan, came for me. I had suffered intense pain from the withdrawing of the frost from my hands. My weight was cut down fearfully during those days and I carry a crippled hand to remind me of the frightful experience.

1873-1877

*THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE***I. G. Haycraft*

WE GOT OUR CROPS IN, in splendid shape, and more acres than ever before. The season was good as to rainfall. Crops grew magnificently. We had a wonderful promise of a crop. Small grain was beginning to head out. Corn had made a dandy growth and was some three feet high in places. When out of the clear sky came a calamity. The sun was darkened by flying millions of grasshoppers. Our doom was upon us. How serious it was we could not realize at the time. By nightfall the ground was literally covered. The green corn was tackled first. The stalks were covered from bottom to top with as many hoppers as could find room. There were so many of them that the noise of their eating could be heard some distance. The next morning daylight showed us our corn lying limp on the ground; and the small grain was almost as bad. Within a few days we had nothing left. There was, however, enough grass left on our river bottom land to make hay for the livestock. The whole earth's surface for miles around was a seething mass of grasshoppers. Only those who were there and saw this terrible scourge can really comprehend the sight and what it meant to this settlement. These grasshoppers stayed and made a clean job of it. They laid millions of eggs in the ground. Several settlers pulled up and left that first season, but we went ahead and plowed some fields and were ready to try our luck again. We cut a chunk of dirt, about six inches square, and it was literally full of grasshopper eggs. The ground was frozen hard as ice. We placed it near the heating stove and watched results. It was not long until little hoppers, about three-eighths of an inch long, were hopping all around, spry and healthy. Freezing did not affect them.

We really should have known better than to put in a crop in the face of all this, but we did, and fought like trojans to save it. It was plain enough that we were licked before we started but we were bound to put up a fight, and we did. We got a sheetiron contrivance, about eight feet long, with a small shoelike runner to slide on. Some had a small wheel at each end. This apparatus,

*I. G. Haycraft Manuscripts in the Minnesota Historical Society.

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made like a road scraper, was about two and one half feet wide. We cover the inside with coal tar. I think the state furnished the coal tar. By the time the wheat was three or four inches high, the hoppers were all hatched out and moved right in to chew up the wheat. He hitched on to this hopperdozer, we called it, and drove across the field. These little hoppers would hop into the coal tar and, of course, stick. When we had a load, we would take a shovel and clean the dozer out and pile them up like shocks of hay. There were bushels upon bushels of them. Of course, none could get away from the tar. We did this kind of work until the wheat grew too high to go over any more with this rig. Then we had to figure out some way to keep on fighting them. We had tried a smoke screen on our vegetable garden last year and managed to raise quite a lot of vegetables. Mother planned a smoke screen early in the morning before the hoppers got active. We would light up a row of smudges located so the wind (if any) would carry the smoke over the growing stuff in the garden. Any hoppers there would get up and get away from the smoke. That would clear the garden. Then we would extend the line of smudges clear around and prevent the hoppers from getting in anywhere as long as the volume of the smoke kept up. In this way we did manage to raise enough vegetables to carry us through until the next year. This smoke treatment promised to be a success, in a measure, on a small tract. Father and Em arranged a lot of weeds, grass and straw, etc., in the wagon box, secured some dry material and made a fire, and then laid wet green stuff on and made a heavy smoke. They would drive on a straight line through the wheat, on the wind side. This would cause the hoppers to get out of the grain where the smoke reached them and move on until they were clear of the smoke. Then we would turn around at the end of the field and drive through again, close up to the hoppers, on the wind side again, and make them move on, until we drove the horde out of that little field, then go back to the beginning and start over and do it again. We were able to use about the same wagon trail each time and did not destroy much grain that way. We did manage to raise a little wheat on this small field. It made some seed for the next year but was very poor for flour. All in all, this year was a miserable experience, but we managed to live and keep going. But the hoppers were there in full force and filled the ground with eggs again, and there was nothing we could do to

prevent them doing just that, and all the future we had to look forward to was another fight the next year.

Grandfather Haycraft, in Illinois, sent father one hundred dollars to help us live through until another crop year. County boards helped out with a cash bounty for every bushel of grasshoppers the settlers could gather. All kinds of devices were used to catch hoppers. One I recall was a big, burlap sack, with a wooden barrel hoop fastened in the open end and a stout stick, four or five feet long, fastened to this hoop. Two men would take hold of this stick, one at each end, and walk through the field carrying this sack. There would be a continual stream of hoppers going into that sack, until it got so heavy they would have to empty it and destroy the hoppers. Then they were measured, or weighed, and a record kept. In this way the settlers destroyed thousands of bushels of hoppers, and the money they received in bounties helped them to carry on in a primitive way.

I have seen hoppers so thick in a wagon road that the juice from crushed hoppers would run in a stream down the wagon tires. I must say that a boy, with bare legs and bare feet, was up against an awful problem to undertake to travel through a path in the grass or even an open wagon road. The hoppers would soon have a boy's bare feet and legs raw and bleeding from the legions hopping against his bare limbs, and the continual squirming of those on the ground was awful. I made a trip or two on the range, the so-called "Heirs' land," after the milk cows, and I know what happened to me. Up to the time the hoppers appeared, I had always worn short pants and gone barefoot during the summer months, but these grasshoppers were just a little too much. I had to have pant legs extended and some kind of foot covering or stay indoors.

I cut and hauled weeds and grass to put on the smudges and hauled a lot on my two-wheeled cart. It was a steady job, with no time off, not even on Sunday, and no pay for overtime. Those were trying days. Many settlers left their homes. Some never came back. Those that stayed were mighty near on their last legs. Here we were again, hoppers everywhere and the ground filled with eggs again. We managed to get hay enough to keep our horses and cattle, even raised some young stock. Chickens and ducks did well on a grasshopper diet. But the yolks of the eggs were red, colored by the hopper diet. The eggs were so strong, with an un-

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pleasant taste, that one could hardly eat them. I believe we were unable to sell the eggs at any price.

We raised no corn to amount to anything and even cut down the number of hogs, thereby decreasing the pork supply for the table. We lived through another winter and made plans to do the best we could for the coming year. We had some seed grain, and the state furnished some. We had plenty of team force, and, by exchanging around, the horses could do quite a lot of work on hay alone. But we managed to have a little grain for them when we pushed them hard. We managed to get in more crops this spring than any year since the hoppers came. But at that many acres were lying idle and growing nothing but weeds. Of course, the full grown hoppers died off when cold weather came, but the entire earth's surface in this locality was a honeycomb of eggs. The crops came up and got quite a start before the eggs hatched. But, when they did hatch, the whole earth was a working mass of little hoppers. And they all had their appetites and seemed to eat during every hour of daylight at least. Old Minnesota was in a sad way where these hoppers had taken possession. Our good governor, John S. Pillsbury, issued a proclamation for all the people of the stricken region, adults at least, to fast and pray for deliverance from this scourge of grasshoppers. The governor named the day and it was generally observed. I well remember father's attending the day of prayer in the Bundy school-house. No one scoffed at this day of prayer. Even the atheists remained silent.

Now my personal recollection is that, within a short time after this day of prayer there were reports that many hoppers were dying. Soon they were lying dead everywhere — even in the field in some places. On examination, we found tiny red mites, in large numbers, packed close under the wings of the dead hoppers. It took sometime to bring about a complete disappearance of the hordes of hoppers and the removal of the scourge.

Many settlers during this scourge, for scourge it was, pulled up and left, taking with them only such personal belongings and bedding that could be loaded on a single wagon. It was not uncommon to see in an abandoned home the kitchen stove all set and cooking utensils and dishes in and about the room. In some counties the population actually decreased. This was true of the adjoining county of Martin, as shown by census records. Thus: Census of 1870 — population 3867; census of 1875 — population

3738. The scourge, all told, lasted from 1873 to 1877. The devastation was not uniform. Some years one district was eaten out while other districts had a good or fair crop. The next year, perhaps, the districts would be reversed. The late W. W. Folwell, in his splendid *History of Minnesota*, has an excellent map showing the regions of devastation year by year.

A few settlers came back and began all over again. Every one was encouraged to go ahead. Now this was 1877, if I have my dates right. Our whole family got out and hustled as never before. We had teams now, and I could go out and put in a day with a team. Brother Em was a hard man to keep up with, but I was anxious to make a showing. Anyway we went at it and plowed all the fields that had been lying idle and grown up to weeds. Since the hoppers left the weeds had made a terrible growth. We turned this mess of weeds under, when plowing, as it was the only thing we could do. We got all our own fields plowed, and then rented forty acres of Ike Rhoads, who had bought the forty that joined the first railroad forty we bought on the east. It was nearby and good land and nearly all field. We also plowed this burying a heavy crop of vegetation. We were laying our plans to put in all the crop we could and catch up for what we had lost in the hopper years. We harvested a fair crop this year. Our cellar was full this fall. Plenty of potatoes, beets, carrots, rutabagas, cabbages and other vegetables. We had our first barrel of sauer-kraut this fall, also had molasses. We also had flour and corn meal, and it seemed we really began to live again.

This winter was not so severe. It was known as an open winter. It is of neighborhood record that father plowed on New Years Day, January 1, 1878. Sister Eugenia and I went to school pretty steadily. We were getting to have a good school and hired good teachers. The little school-house was crowded. It was plain to be seen that something would have to be done about a larger school-house. The school board consisted of T. J. Mitchell, Clerk, Smith Keech, Director, and Isaac Haycraft, Treasurer. This board had served several years and got along nicely.

Spring came early in 1878. We worked early and late, and put in the largest crops by far that we ever had. The season was favorable and everything grew rapidly. Corn was waist high by the 4th of July. Wheat higher than my head when it headed out. But the straw was soft, the ground remained loose because there had been

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so much rubbish buried when plowing the fall before. It looked like a whale of a crop. It was plain that we could not handle the crop with the old Kirby reaper. There had to be something done about a machine.

1894

*A TRAGEDY OF THE HINCKLEY FIRE**

Peter McNamara

MY NAME is Peter McNamara. I live in Rutledge, Minnesota, but I was a resident of Hinckley on September 1, 1894, when the terrible fire wiped out the village of Hinckley. I was a boy of twelve of a family of five boys and a mother and father. It was about seven o'clock in the morning on September 1 when the wind began. There was a strong wind blowing and at ten o'clock my mother told us children that we would probably have to run for our lives before night. Most accounts say that the wind didn't come up until around noon or after, but, my gosh, by eleven o'clock they had all the men in town down there trying to fight it. The town, as I could see it, even though I was only a child, was doomed at noon. It was four o'clock before the fire burned the town.

My father was section foreman on the section running north from Hinckley and was away from home at his work from seven o'clock in the morning until about three o'clock in the afternoon when he came in to take his family away from the fire. We walked north on the St. Paul and Duluth tracks with hundreds of other people and met the St. Paul and Duluth Limited about a mile north of Hinckley. The Limited stopped and picked us up and stood for sometime waiting for more who were coming. We finally backed up, and the train was on fire. The coaches, after we had moved about a quarter of a mile back, were all on fire and the windows were broken out on the west side from the flames and heat.

Well, there was a lot of passengers from Duluth for the Twin Cities when we got on, and you can imagine how they had to crowd those people in there — in the aisles and in between the seats and all over until you were stepping on one another and crowding and rushing and then they lit the oil lamps, there was

*A taped interview taken by William Connell and Philip D. Jordan at Rutledge, Minnesota, on September 15, 1948.

nothing but oil lamps in the coaches them days. And that day the wind blew them out and it was dark in there except when the flame had lit up and there was confusion of the worst sort and they were praying and cursing and swearing and pleading and begging and fighting and mauling one another and scrambling, and the windows had broken out on the west side and some of the windows on the east side and people were jumping out. They were crazy. People were jumping out the windows after they had started back, and in the coach I was in, I saw one man jump and saved himself. There was not nobody that could keep their head — just a mad confusion because we were just packed in there like sardines.

The train finally stopped at Skunk Lake, and some of the people got into the lake while others walked up the track north to Miller. As I was getting out of the coach, I met my mother face to face coming out of another. We had been separated on the train. I walked with her for about two miles before she collapsed and fell. I lay down along side of her, and she begged me to go on and save myself. After three or four times I consented and walked on through the flame and smoke to Miller Station. We went into the depot there and got some water to drink and while we were there the depot caught fire. We then walked on toward Finlayson. We walked, we got into the Finlayson depot and got some milk to drink and didn't know what to do for a while, so finally the depot there caught fire and we walked on toward Rutledge.

About a mile north of Finlayson we met a freight relief train coming against us going into the fire. The crew on the relief train told us that it didn't look so bad between there and Rutledge and for us to keep on walking. They were going in to see what they could do to save people and they didn't think it advisable to put us back on the train and take us into the fire. They went some distance and ran on to a burned-out wooden culvert which they could not cross, so they returned backing up and by the time they overtook us we were almost to Rutledge. They picked us up then and took us to Willow River, where we were later taken to Duluth on the passenger relief train. I was taken to Duluth and placed with my brother whom I had met at Miller Station — that's Gronigan now — and from there on we were together and at Duluth we were taken care of by the relief society and put into a home until my father was located. Not only my mother burned to death in that fire, but also two of my brothers.

X.

Four Significant Problems

AMONG THE MANY *social and economic problems facing Minnesotans in the last half of the nineteenth century, four stand out. One deals with the revolt of certain classes against big business and a currency based upon gold. Ignatius Donnelly's fiery address to the Independent Party of the United States in 1876 and "The Greenback Catechism" of 1877 illustrate the spirit of revolt expressed by farmers and laborers against monopoly and a "rich man's money."*

A second problem concerns itself with the adequate management of state institutions and with the proper care and humane treatment of the blind, deaf, and mentally ill. Hastings H. Hart, first secretary of Minnesota's State Board of Corrections and Charities and known as the "Apostle of Public Charities," was a pioneer reformer. It was he who launched the first broad program of social work. Hart's comments upon Minnesota jails not only reveal dreadful conditions existing at the time, but also reflect the wisdom and philosophy which were so much a part of the man.

Le Grand Powers, first a Universalist minister of Minneapolis and later Commissioner of Labor Statistics, was a serious student of labor relations, the third problem. In addition to surveying labor unions, Powers inspected factories under authority of an act passed in 1887, wrote a short account of flour milling, and pushed through the legislature an act for the protection of workingmen. Powers' remarks on trade unions, extracted from his third annual report, show him to be a competent observer of the social scene as well as a pathfinder in industrial relations.

Perhaps no man was better qualified to express himself on the

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problem of government than was Cushman K. Davis. Lawyer, legislator, and governor, Davis had kept a keen eye on the development of Minnesota politics. He knew of what he spoke when in 1895 he said that problems of local government had grown more difficult with each new year. His essay on government is another classic in the rich and varied literature of Minnesota.

1876

ADDRESS TO THE INDEPENDENT PARTY*

Ignatius Donnelly

FELLOW CITIZENS and Representatives of the Independent Party of the United States — A little less than one hundred years ago this Nation of ours was founded. It was founded by men who, either in their own persons or the persons of their immediate ancestors, had fled to this great land to escape the oppressions of concentrated and accumulated capital, as represented in the social systems of the countries from which they came. They took a new departure in the history of the world. They fulminated a declaration of principles in which, for the first time in human history, it was enunciated that all men were created equal, with equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that to secure these rights governments were instituted among men. It was upon this foundation the Republican party builded its great work, when it declared in effect that the cry of the most naked and cringing slave, under the lash of his master, outweighed all the capital of the South. [Applause.] It is upon that declaration of independence we propose to build a party to-day. [Renewed applause.] We turn to other lands and find the multitudes oppressed, poverty-stricken, trodden down; the rich, the few, engrossing all the comforts, all the luxuries and all the powers of society. We find the old world governed by dollars. It was the purpose of the men who formed this Nation to create a nation that should be governed by men — [applause] — that should make the man outweigh the dollar. Alas! my friends, we have far departed from that standard. In the Forty-Third Congress of the United States of America there

**The Anti-Monopolist*, St. Paul, May 25, 1876.

Address to the Independent Party

were in the House of Representatives one mechanic, fourteen farmers, and one hundred and eighty-five shareholders in National banks. [Applause.] And just so surely, my friends, as the English aristocracy have diverted all the powers of government to strengthen their class and oppress and impoverish the many, just so certainly must like causes produce like results in this great land of ours.

I find in a morning paper, published in this city, a report of the proceedings of a convention held the other day in the city of New York. Their declaration of principles is meant to be a threat, gentlemen, suspended over both political parties of this country. They say: "Our solemn and often repeated pledge faithfully to discharge all national obligations must be fulfilled not only by the payment of the principal and interest of our bonded debt, when due, but also the removal, not later than the time provided by existing law, of the curse of our redundant irredeemable paper currency, which not only impedes the return to true prosperity but has also largely contributed to the existing demoralization."

You will find in the speech of Charles Francis Adams, Jr. these words:

"Now, I will tell you what I want: I want political and financial reform, honest government and honest money. There are two great political bodies in this country, with either of whom I can act cheerfully, providing they nominate men who will suit my ideas and who will be above reproach. I belong to the floating or independent voters of the country. Among presidential candidates there is one whose name stands unblemished before the country to-day, and by nominating him the Republican party will gain the vote of every honest man, and that man is Secretary Bristow. The good old memories of the war are dying out, and the people cannot be frightened into supporting any candidate. Among the Democratic party also there is one man skilled in political life, of well-known character and high standing — Governor Tilden — whom, if they nominate, I will support as the next best thing to Bristow. If good men are not nominated by either party, then we will put forth a candidate of our own. Thank heaven! this is not a hard-cider campaign nor a singing, nor a wood-chopping campaign, etc."

What is the meaning of all this? Why, my friends, this pampered aristocrat says, in effect to both political parties of this country: "Adopt hard-money platforms, give us hard-money can-

didates; and whichever of you complies with this request shall receive our support." It is a threat; it is a challenge. We accept it here to-day, [cheers, and cries of "good"] — and we say to these men of New York, that no party that fulminates any such doctrines can receive our support. [Cheers] And to that aristocratic sneer about a "hard-cider campaign," alluding to that great movement which placed Abraham Lincoln in the presidential chair — (applause) — we will say that we will give them a wood-chopping campaign, and a hard-cider campaign. ["good."] Yes, and a singing and a whooping campaign. [Applause.]

Why, friends, this issue alone stands before the American people to-day. What have they been squabbling over in Washington for the last six months, apart from the financial question? Simply, whether Jefferson Davis should or should not have the right to hold office.

The Republicans have, of their own gift, given back to every man engaged in the rebellion, his property, his life, the right of suffrage and the right to hold office; but there is one man left — one poor, old wretched fragment of the debris of a great war, who has fallen so low that he has engaged in the insurance business, [laughter] and it is scarcely possible for the human mind to conceive of a lower depth of degradation. [Renewed laughter long continued.] The sole question that to-day divides parties and tears the bosoms of the people of this country is whether that poor old fellow shall or shall not have the right to hold office, and that is all there is left of it. Now, my friends there is a greater question underlying the present state of our affairs. It is, as I have said, whether men or dollars shall rule this country. I believe that the time has come for the formation of a great party in this land — a party in whose judgment and in whose heart the poorest man who toils in the mines of Pennsylvania or in the mills of New England will outweigh in consequence and in importance Jay Gould or Cornelius Vanderbilt. [Applause.] This is a people's country and we need a people's party, (renewed applause,) and I much mistake the signs of the times if we have not formed it here to-day.

See the forces that have been brought to bear against us. Every leading newspaper of this country muzzled; every avenue of public opinion closed. The very reporters who sit here on your platform are probably sent here to misrepresent and ridicule your proceedings. [Immense cheering.]

Address to the Independent Party

My friends, this movement has sprung — I do not say it irreverently — like the Christian religion, from the breasts of the people. [“That’s so.”] It has been driven out of the Jerusalems and crucified on the Mount Calvaries of this country. But it is spreading despite all these influences; and to-day, from far Connecticut to the plantations of Louisiana, from the far Southeast to my own State of Minnesota, we have representatives here to form a party. My friends, plant your banner firmly, issue your declaration of principles, and stand by them. (Applause.) We saw the Republican party spring as if from a grain of mustard seed until it covered this mighty land and blessed it; and we have seen that tree turn into a upas tree (applause) until it has blighted and disgraced the land (great applause.)

My friends let your deliberations be calm. Call to yourselves all the resources of your best judgment. Be careful in the preparation of your declaration of principles. But when they come, let them ring like the old bell that one hundred years ago proclaimed liberty through all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof. (Cheers.) Let our enemies understand that come success or come failure, we propose to fight this battle out to the bitter end. (Long continued cheering.)

I thank you, gentlemen, for the honor you have conferred upon me and we will now proceed with the business of the convention (Applause.)

1877

*THE GREENBACK CATECHISM**

The Anti-Monopolist

Q. Who was the Father of his country?

A. George Washington.

Q. Who is called the Savior of his country?

A. Abraham Lincoln.

Q. Who saved the Union?

A. The Soldiers.

Q. Who robbed the Union?

A. Bondholders and money-grabbers.

**The Anti-Monopolist*, St. Paul, October 4, 1877.

FOUR SIGNIFICANT PROBLEMS

Q. What paid the soldiers?

A. Greenbacks.

Q. What clothed and fed the soldiers' families?

A. Greenbacks.

Q. What paid the farmer for his produces?

A. Greenbacks.

Q. What paid the laborer for his time and muscle?

A. Greenbacks.

Q. What bought the bonds?

A. Greenbacks.

Q. What were the bonds originally to be paid in?

A. Lawful money or greenbacks.

Q. Who changed the law to pay them in coin?

A. Agents of the bondholders in Congress.

Q. Who opposed that change?

A. Agents of the soldiers and producers in congress, who were in a minority.

Q. Are there less laborers and producers than bondholders and Shylocks?

A. No, but money is king, and the people were blinded by false representations.

Q. Who demonetized silver, and discriminated against greenbacks?

A. Bought up congressmen.

Q. Then who are the genuine repudiators?

A. The men who hold the bonds of the country and controlled, by the use of money, her financial course, because they have repudiated their contracts twice.

Q. How?

A. First, in 1869, by a new law making the bonds previously issued and sold for greenbacks and payable in greenbacks, payable principal and interest in coin. Second, in 1873, by law demonetizing silver, leaving the bonds only payable in gold.

Q. Why did they do this?

A. Because gold was less abundant than other money, was harder to get, and, as the greenbacks were only a partial legal tender, gold would be worth more to them, and they could speculate on it at the expense of the people.

Q. Who want specie resumption?

A. The bondholders and other money speculators.

The Greenback Catechism

Q. Why do they want it?

A. Because the people are in debt to them in various ways, and they are secured by bonds and mortgages covering the whole country. With enough greenbacks the people could pay these debts. A specie basis necessitates the reduction of the greenback circulation to an amount equal to the gold at the command of the government. This is taking away the people's money so they cannot pay their debts. When they cannot pay their debts, their property, which they have striven for years to accumulate, passes into the hands of the men who hold the bonds and mortgages, and they would rather have the property, which they get for half its value, than the money owed to them. They thus become the branded aristocrats of the country, and the people who labor and produce, become their tenants.

Q. What is money?

A. A medium of exchange authorized by a government.

Q. Is gold money?

A. Not until stamped by the government as such.

Q. Is silver money?

A. Not till stamped by the government.

Q. Is paper money?

A. When the government stamps it as such, equally with anything else, because it has then the same purchasing and paying power.

Q. How, then, is gold better than paper, as the bondholders and national bankers say?

A. As money when, the paper is full legal tender for everything that gold is, they are at par, and will so continue so long as both answer the same purposes. Hence, gold is not better than paper money.

Q. Why is not a gold basis desirable?

A. Because there is not gold enough in the whole world to do the business of London alone, and what there is so scattered over the world that the United States could not accumulate enough upon which to base her requisite volume of currency, and such a gold basis would be a "living lie" on the face of it.

Q. Is any other basis as good?

A. The basis of the entire wealth of the nation is better, because it is in the form of property, real, and personal, of farms, and mines, and forests and homes and factories, which cannot be car-

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ried away and which possess an intrinsic value equal to fourteen billions of dollars in gold. A gold basis could not and never has been permanent, because the gold is constantly shipped abroad, and when the country becomes drained [of] it, the specie basis ceases to exist, suspension follows and panics are the inevitable result. With a permanent basis, such as all the wealth of the nation, the value of the currency would be permanent, panics would cease, money would be kept in circulation, and prosperity would continue.

Q. What kind of money will answer this purpose?

A. Full legal tender greenbacks.

1884

CONDITIONS IN MINNESOTA JAILS*

Hastings H. Hart

THE QUESTION ARISES: Is it possible to keep prisoners in the same apartments, on the same fare and under identical conditions, and make the imprisonment a punishment, terror, and disgrace to one class, and at the same time, make it to another class a comfortable, humane detention, largely relieved from hardship? Surprising as it may seem, this is readily accomplished in our County jails; but unfortunately the wrong class is affected in each case. The aim is to punish the convict and make comfortable the detained prisoner. The result is exactly the opposite. The sentenced prisoner is usually a tramp; a drunkard, a bully or a petty thief. Vermin have no terrors for him, dirt is his native element; fresh air is distasteful. Given no work, a warm fire, good food, a pack of cards, a pipe of tobacco and companions of his own sort, and he is perfectly happy. He lacks only a bottle of whisky, and in some jails he can get that. He will steal to get back, if discharged in cold weather. He is not punished. But take a man of decent habits, unconvicted of any crime; thrust him into a narrow, foul-smelling prison, constructed exactly like the cage of a wild beast in a menagerie; too dark for reading with comfort; without a chair, or a table, or bed linen; without provision for a bath; locked up from dark to daylight

*Hastings H. Hart in Minnesota State Board of Corrections and Charities, *First Biennial Report*, 1884, pp. 76-81 (St. Paul, 1884).

Conditions in Minnesota Jails

with from three to five other prisoners of all sorts, in a cell six and a half by eight feet, and seven feet high; compelled to listen, day and night, to an unceasing stream of the vilest language in the thieves' dialect. Is a worse punishment conceivable for an innocent man this side of perdition? Yet this is the actual condition of the detained prisoners in a large proportion of the County jails of our State. In some it is worse. In Hennepin County jail, in the fall of 1883, prisoners declared that they could not keep their persons free from lice, and the officers admitted it. Strong prisoners were accustomed to take the best blankets, leaving the ragged ones to weaker men; and the sheriff had to go in occasionally and redistribute. Ramsey County jail has swarmed with vermin; bedbugs infesting the cells, while cockroaches overran the prisoners' food in the dumb-waiter. Goodhue County jail is in a stinking cellar, so damp that a fire is needed the year round, seriously injuring the health of prisoners and officers alike. Douglas County has two dungeons literally underground, like the coal cellars under city pavements. The cells in Mower and Big Stone County jails are untenable in summer for lack of ventilation. Illustrations might be multiplied, but are unnecessary.

It is absolutely impossible to make a single institution a good house of detention and a good house of correction. The sheriff feels on the one hand, that detained prisoners should be treated with humanity, and to do it he is compelled to relax unduly the discipline of the convict class. On the other hand, his common sense condemns soft beds and luxuries for the tramp and the petty thief, and in the effort to avoid this evil, the detained prisoner suffers. With so small a number of convicts, he finds it impossible to establish suitable labor, discipline and diet, and abandons the attempt in despair. The industrious citizen is taxed unduly to build jails large enough to keep them, and to maintain them in idleness. The only remedy consists in the complete abolition of the present county jail system, making our county jails simply houses of detention, in which the imprisonment of convicts is forbidden, and establishing district houses of correction in different parts of the State, to which all sentenced prisoners not sent to the reform school or state prison should be sent, and made to earn their way. The city of St. Paul already has a city workhouse which can accommodate a large district. Minneapolis is taking steps to build one. A law was passed several years ago, authorizing Winona to

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build a workhouse. Similar workhouses should be built at once at Duluth, Fergus Falls and Mankato, either by the city or by the State, to provide for adjacent districts. They can be built at much less cost per inmate than jails, and the saving to the counties in reduced cost of boarding prisoners, will far more than pay cost of transportation. They will rid the State of tramps. They will postpone the necessity for building a second State prison; for short term prisoners can be sent to the district workhouses.

This plan is not a matter of theory. Such workhouses are in successful operation in Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago, Pittsburg, Cleveland and other cities, becoming in some cases, a source of revenue, and in all cases producing great improvement in dealing with petty offenders. The Detroit house of correction ranks as one of the best prisons in the country, and receives even United States and territorial prisoners.

With the erection of district workhouses, the chief obstacles to the renovation exists not only in the rights of accused persons and the just deserts of convicted criminals, but in the economic interests of the State.

We desire to diminish crime to save expense to the State and secure the safety of the citizens; but it is universally agreed by all who have investigated the matter that our jails are now a source of crime and not a preventive. The intimate association which exists in all our jails gives opportunity to experienced criminals to indoctrinate those younger and less hardened; and no missionary ever worked with more zeal and more success. This evil has recently been vividly portrayed in a series of articles by Gen. R. Brinkerhoff, of the Board of State Charities of Ohio, entitled *Crime Schools at Public Expense*. The notorious bank robber Cole Younger, now in the State prison at Stillwater, said recently to the writer: "People have little idea of the mischief that is done to young men in jail. Old hardened criminals have nothing to do but to teach young men all the badness they know; they fill their ears with stories of how somebody 'held men up' and got rich and lives in a brown stone front; and we know such things are not true." Testimony to the same effect comes from jail officers and inspectors everywhere, with no dissenting voice. The State of Minnesota is maintaining a system of compulsory education in crime in every jail in the State where there is more than one prisoner. Young men arrested for a first offence, and filled with compunc-

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tions and good resolutions, are laughed out of their scruples and inoculated with hatred for society, resistance of authority, and a desire for revenge for fancied wrongs. They go into jail novices; they come out fully initiated into the mysteries and the methods of crime.

The remedy for this public scandal is a proper system of grading. Let the different classes of prisoners be kept entirely apart. Our law provides that "the sheriff shall keep separate rooms for the sexes, except where they are lawfully married;" and that "if any sheriff, jailer or keeper places or keeps together prisoners of different sexes, he shall, in each case, forfeit and pay, for the first offense the sum of twenty-five dollars; and such officer shall, on a second conviction, be further sentenced to be incapable of holding the office for the term of five years." Yet not more than twenty out of over fifty-two jails here have a separate room for women.

This law has been violated in at least five counties during the past fifteen months. In Winona County, a woman was kept in the upper corridor, and men in the lower corridor of the iron cage, where they could touch each other, and converse freely in ordinary tones. In Douglas County, a woman was locked up for ten days in a cell, while male prisoners were loose in the corridor outside the grated door. In Washington County, a woman occupied a cell separated from the corridor of the male prisoners only by an iron grating, with openings two by twelve inches. In Dakota County, two women were kept for forty days and nights in the jailor's corridor, having their beds on top of the cage separated from the male prisoners in the cage only by an iron grating, with openings similar to those in Washington County; free to see, touch and converse with the male prisoners. The Ramsey County jail is kept in constant violation of the law. Male and female prisoners can readily converse, and incorrigible males are locked up for punishment on the women's side. The women's water closet is an open sink, unscreened from the jailor's corridor. Sheriff O'Brien admitted the violation of law, but said that the commissioners refused to make necessary changes in the building.

The law provides that "juvenile prisoners shall be kept, if the jail will admit of it, in apartments separate from those containing more experienced and hardened prisoners;" but very seldom is such separation maintained, even in jails having more than one room.

This separation of the sexes and children, which is all that our law contemplates, is evidently not enough to prevent criminal instruction in jails. In Hennepin County, municipal and county prisoners are separated; but that is not enough. Shall we grade according to the magnitude of the crime charged? But an innocent man may be accused of murder and a hardened villain may be arrested for petit larceny. Shall we grade on general appearance of the prisoners? Warden J. A. Reed, probably one of the best judges in the State, said some time ago: "The more I have to do with convicts the less confidence I have in outward signs of character. The most innocent looking man is sometimes the greatest rascal, and *vice versa*." The truth is that in our jails, — especially the smaller ones, — there are usually as many grades of character as there are prisoners, and the only safe plan of grading is that which has now been practiced for several years with complete satisfaction in the Boston jail and the Richland County jail of Mansfield, Ohio, namely, the complete separation of every prisoner from every other during his detention. Popular prejudice is opposed to solitary confinement; but with reasonably speedy trials, comfortable cells, good reading matter, and frequent visits from the officers and other suitable persons, such temporary confinement is not harsh. Innocent prisoners will be thankful to be freed from base associations, and guilty ones will be benefited by an opportunity for quiet reflection. This plan prevents plotting and co-operation for escapes as well as the formation of criminal acquaintances and the maturing of plans for future depredations. It has the approval of the most thorough students of the subject, and whatever objections arise to it at first thought will, it is believed, yield to a careful and candid study of the subject, especially if undertaken in connection with the actual inspection of county jails.

1893

THE VALUE OF TRADE UNIONS*

Le Grand Powers

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY may be called the age of organization, combination and association. Each year beholds capitalists uniting

**Le Grand Powers* in Minnesota Bureau of Labor Statistics, *Third Biennial Report, 1891-1892*, pp. 245-52 (Minneapolis, 1893).

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their wealth for the accomplishment of some profitable undertaking which they individually are powerless to carry to successful issue. Men unite for all sorts of purposes. Labor unions do not in the least differ in their essential characteristics from these other organizations. They are combinations of laboring men who seek by union, by associated action, to secure what their members acting alone are powerless to attain. Their justification or condemnation must depend alone upon the results achieved. They must be judged by the same standards which the world applies to corporations of capital and associations of philanthropists. A bank justifies its existence when it secures to its stockholders or depositors a higher average rate of interest with greater security, other things being considered, than they could realize if banks were not in operation. So with corporations for manufacturing, transportation or for trading.

Now, as associations of capitalists, with their aggregation of wealth seek thus to give to their partners and stockholders greater incomes than they could individually secure, so labor organizations seek to obtain for their members higher wages, greater personal independence of action, freedom from irksome restrictions or regulations, and similar desirable ends. Labor Unions are, then, what Thorold Rogers, the English economic and social writer, calls them,—industrial partnerships. Their organization and development in this century runs parallel with those of corporations of capital. Many grave social and economic questions have been suggested, both by the growth of corporate wealth and the development of these industrial partnerships; the concentration of money in stock companies and trusts and the union of great numbers of workmen in one organization. The investigation, whose conclusions are given in these pages, was not directed with a view of answering more than a few of those questions. It has sought to learn if the modern trade unions of America secure the objects of their aims relatively as fully as banks, railroads and other moneyed companies realize the ends for which they were incorporated. It has inquired if these trade unions manage their affairs as economically as do the moneyed institutions with which they may justly be compared, or with which they compete in any department of their work. The American trade unions, with very few exceptions, invite the closest scrutiny of their management and have no facts about their finances which they seek to keep from

the public. The officers, general and local, of all the unions, whose affairs are here passed in review, have given all possible facilities asked for in the investigation of their business and other affairs. Some unions have established a better system of book-keeping than others, and hence are able more readily to furnish the accurate and complete data desired. A comparison of many trade union reports, of a recent and remote date, give evidence that American organizations of labor, as a whole, are constantly progressing in their system of transacting business and their methods of keeping accounts. The leading unions each year make their official reports with greater care and with fuller details than at first. The oldest unions have developed systems of account and methods of book-keeping for their affairs which, for perfection and adaptability to the ends to be accomplished, are not excelled in any class of mercantile and manufacturing establishments. This is especially true of the older railway organizations and the cigarmakers and some others. The general economy of the administration of these unions is exhibited in the following pages. The exhibits presented showing the financial management of these unions speak volumes in praise of the same. They show how the toilers of the land, who are banded together in these labor unions, secure the ends aimed at in their organizations in almost every case with greater economy of management expenses than any business corporation with which they can legitimately be compared. They do this notwithstanding the fact that they are working of necessity in a field full of difficulties, and embar[r]assments. This relative economy of administrative expenses is the only fact about these several organizations that can be fully ascertained in the case of all the unions investigated. The accounts and data secured from some of the unions furnish the basis for a judgment upon other subjects. Thus, in the statements about some unions, we learn how fully the tendency of their organization is to put an end to strikes and to advance the material, moral and social well being of their members. This data is wanting in the case of many unions, but all the facts secured are full of encouragement for the student of social questions and for all who work for or believe in the progress of mankind, and the success of republican institutions, the government of a people by the people.

The success of trade unions along any line is an augury of great import to the people of the land. This, for the simple reason, that

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such unions or industrial partnerships are little republics by themselves. They are bodies of men seeking to regulate their common affairs relating to wages, hours of toil, etc., by the vote of all who are interested. Some of these unions have carried the idea of self-government to its utmost extreme. Their officers are but clerks, as all questions of importance are referred to the members themselves for decision. A review of the affairs of trade unions then becomes at once a study of the successes and failures of labor organizations, and of the probable final success or failure of our American system of popular self-government. The question before all others in the governmental world at the present time is this: Can the people be trusted to govern themselves? The study of trade unionism presents this fundamental question in another form. Can the members of any craft or body of laboring men manage their affairs as well as the rich or privileged or educated would do it for them? If the failures of these unions are more common and prominent than their successes, then there is no reasonable ground for a belief in the ultimate success of popular self-government. On the other hand, if they make a success of their affairs equal to that found among organizations in the commercial and business world, then out of the experience of these unions can men justly frame an argument for the future of republican institutions. The test for trade unions, as for that of our system of self-government, is found in a comparison of the things accomplished under the direction of the many and under the guidance of the few.

Under the application of the above mentioned test, as applied in these pages, the American trades unions justify their existence. They demonstrate their value to their members. They show that they are a factor for good in society and are deserving of the same recognition before the law as any organization of capital. The successes of trade unions chronicled in this report demonstrate that the working people of our land do not need a guardian. They can be trusted to manage their own affairs and make of their trade organizations a final success. It is true that organized workmen make mistakes and failures, as do bodies of organized capitalists and students. Thus, there have been many labor unions started in the United States which have come to naught through bad management, visionary schemes, dishonest or incompetent officers and other causes. The local organizations which have thus been wrecked are literally legion in number. But these mistakes and

failures are no more a valid argument against trade unions than against insurance companies, banks and other business corporations. Over three-fourths of the standard investment life insurance companies started in the United States have gone out of business, and over nine-tenths of mutual or assessment companies have come to naught. The failures of trade unions do not approximate these figures in their magnitude. Neither do they relatively equal the failures of banks and moneyed corporations. When insurance companies or banks fail, no one cries out against those useful institutions. Rather, men try to profit by past experience, and in the future avoid the causes that had led to previous shipwreck of financial undertakings. The law is adjusted with a view of giving the capitalist the opportunity of rising above past mistakes, and, upon them as a foundation, building prosperous and successful institutions. But the working-men should be as free to correct their mistakes and those of their fellows as are the capitalists. This because the largest possible freedom of action is the best possible corrective of transient errors and mistakes. This is true of the business man and it applies with equal force to the great body of wage earners. To have this freedom of action they should be protected in their moral right of free association, subject only to regulations identical in character to those which control the organizations of capitalists.

Capitalists are free to join or not to join any proposed association for money making. Working people should have at all times and in all places the same right. No employer should be permitted to require his workmen to sign a contract binding themselves not to join a labor organization while in his service. Such contracts practically limit the workman's right of free association and organization with his fellows. They make use of his necessities to force him to relinquish what should be one of the dearest privileges of every free man. The great argument which, in almost every state of the Union, has led to the adoption of the Australian or secret ballot, is that it enables the working man to vote untrammelled. His vote should not be cast from fear or favor of the employer. The employer should have the right to cast one ballot and no more. The principle underlying recent legislation for purity of elections should apply to the right of all to unite as they please in societies and organizations of all kinds. The employer should have the right to determine for himself what organizations,

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corporations or associations he should join or refrain *therefrom*. He should not be permitted to go further and say what societies his workmen shall support with their money and their energies. The right of free association, as that of free ballot, lies at the base of republican institutions, and should be guarded with the same jealous care by the law-maker. No private individual, firm or corporation should be permitted to make laws to abridge this right on the part of his employees. And yet many corporations and individuals thus limit the rights of their workers and usurp for them the functions of the law-makers.

Possibly, yes probably, the future will see the organization of trade unions regulated by law as now are regulated all forms of corporations in which capital is interested. But when necessity for such legislation arises, the state and not the private person or moneyed corporation should be the law-maker.

From freedom of association has come for capital in this century possibilities of accumulation undreamed of by preceding ages. Out of the same freedom has come for philanthropists a great forward movement in human helpfulness. Out of this freedom of association has come to an ever-widening number of people an education in all that makes man self-reliant and independent. Such associations train the working-man as they do the banker and the man of business in a respect for the rights of others. They also teach men their own rights and aid them in the enforcement of the same. They educate them in all the qualities which assist in securing success in life. They also train men in all the arts and practices of self-government on which rests the perpetuity of our republican institutions. To question or abridge the working-man's right to unite with his fellows for industrial purposes is thus an attack upon the basal principles of our government. It is an effort to subvert the workingman's right to govern himself. That effort is seen in the action of some employers who seek, by so-called "iron clad contracts" and other allied measures, to keep their workmen from joining labor organizations.

Such contracts are, in the modern world, a survival of the ancient but not yet outgrown "caste spirit" which assumes that one part of society is by nature unfitted for regulating its own affairs, and that it is just for the employer to regulate his workmen's affairs for the advancement of his interests but not for that of theirs. The effort to introduce and enforce these "iron clad contracts" is

based, it is true, upon the employer's moral and legal right of hiring and discharging men as the needs or exigencies of his business require. It adds, however, to that right the unjust assumption that in such matters the employe has no rights which the employer is bound to respect. Those contracts, in this way, reassert in a form the most odious possible to the workingmen, the medieval assumption, that the wage earners, as a whole, have no right to a voice in establishing the rates of wages and in deciding other questions in which the employer and employe are alike interested.

It is because of this assumption that these contracts are at once so subversive of republican ideas of government and so hateful to all members of labor organizations. The trade unions are organized upon the assumption the very opposite of the foregoing. It is that in making labor contracts or in terminating them; in establishing or changing the rules which govern the employes in any occupation; in regulating wages, hours and terms of service, etc., etc., the wage earners are entitled to an equal voice with their employers, and that such voice can only be secured by the establishment and recognition of unions among all the workers interested. Not only do the unions assume that the wage earners ought thus to have equal rights with their employers, they seek, by all practicable means, to enforce the same. In the reports of the several unions, here passed in review, some unions will be found, as those in the building trades, which, at present, are striving to force the adoption of an eight-hour work day upon the industrial world. Others, as the printers and allied crafts, make their great fight over the rules and regulations for the government of their calling. The "iron-clad contracts" are introduced by some employers as one means of resisting the efforts of the unions to put their principles in practice. With reference to those principles, some employers talk and feel exactly as the old nobility did centuries ago when the proposition was first broached for giving some share in the direction of government to others besides themselves. They urge that business would become impossible under the conditions proposed. They claim that the man who puts money into a business must have absolute or complete control over every detail thereof. Only thus, in their opinion, can business success be achieved. Thus, the nobility once argued with reference to state affairs, but the centuries have seen in the political world the millions given an equal voice with the most privileged. The rich man and the edu-

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cated, the man of character and standing, has not lost by admitting the millions to equal political partnership with himself. Rather, he has gained much by the changes. So the believer in trade union principles argues it will be when an employer on the one side and his employes as a body on the other have equal voice in the settlement of all subjects in which they are equally interested.

Thus is found everywhere to-day one party who believes that blessings will follow the introduction of trade union principles, and another which see in these principles the enunciation of ideas subversive of all success in the industrial world. In arguing against these principles some men think that they have stated a reason for rejecting them when they call them socialistic. The principles of the union world, if introduced, create, it is true, a new condition of society, but that fact is of itself no argument either for or against their adoption. No one can tell how far those principles will ever be realized in practice in the future. The practical man never bothers himself about the possibilities of an indefinite future. He is not in the prophecy business for such long spaces of time ahead of him. The possibilities, in the industrial world a hundred years from now, are as much unknown as our present form of government was to Henry VIII. Of the future, in the industrial world only this can be said with any certainty. If a practical way is found for giving the wage earners an equal voice in industrial matters with their employer, the dream of the trade unionist will be realized, otherwise not. Present legislation about labor, the mutual rights of employers and employees, should not be guided by individual fancies about the possibilities of the future. No bill should be favored or opposed because it may be called socialistic by friend or foe. So-called labor legislation is intimately associated with and has great effect for good or ill upon the business prosperity of rich and poor. That legislation should be shaped, in a large degree, by the practices and usages of the best and most progressive employers and employes in our midst. It should seek to compel all others to do what even now the well meaning do without law. Practically, this is all that any labor legislation has or ever will accomplish for good. Framed upon any other basis it always has and always will work more mischief than benefit.

The foregoing principle may be applied in a thousand ways to the solution of modern problems and the attitude of the state

towards labor organizations. Only one application of it will be made. It is this: The best employers in our midst, the men who have the fewest industrial disputes and quarrels, those who raise against themselves the least antagonism among the toilers, uniformly give their men the same right of association which they claim for themselves. The state cannot err in making the standard of practice established by these men the supreme law for all. This is the meaning and scope of the law which has hitherto been asked for by organized labor. It is a statute making it a penal offense for an employer to require his workmen to renounce all connection with labor organizations as the condition of their employment. Only by such a law can the rich man's right of associating for making money, or securing added profit on his capital, be matched by the laboring man's right to associate for advancing his wages and for improving his mental and moral condition. Only thus can the practices of the best employers in our midst be made obligatory upon all.

Such a statute, recognizing the workman's right of free association, is the first practical step towards bringing all labor disputes, as strikes, lockouts and boycotts under the domain of law. It would open the way, also, for ultimately bringing the union, with all its principles and practices, within the control of law in a way similar to those operative in the case of moneyed corporations. Once all disputes between men were settled by the arbitrament of private war. Step by step the old state of society has been done away with and the right of private war wrested from the private individual. With one exception all disputes and quarrels between individuals or associations must be settled by the courts of the land. That one exception is found in disputes between the employer and his employees — disputes in which the labor unions play such an important part. These disputes, leading to strikes and lockouts, are very disastrous to all concerned and to society as a whole. If at last they are to be settled in a peaceful and orderly way by courts of arbitration or other tribunals of the state, instead of as now by private industrial war, the union must be recognized as now the law takes cognizance of the corporations of capital. As the first practical step towards that recognition, and thus towards the realization of an arbitration of all labor troubles, the law above referred to may be urged upon the attention of all.

A law making it a misdemeanor for an employer to forbid his

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employees joining a labor union embodies the practices and usages of the best employers in our midst. Enforced, it will aid in lessening the present causes for friction in the industrial world. The methods and practices of business men suggesting such a law also points the way for framing a statute for compelling arbitration of all labor disputes. Many of the unions, passed in review in these pages, have made arbitration the law of their members. No strike can be ordered by them until and unless all possible efforts for arbitrating their disputes have been tried and proved unavailing. In the same way many employers are ever ready to settle all troublesome questions with their workmen by this honorable and just method. Out of the practice of these employers and unions will soon develop a way of compelling the over-reaching and unjust men of all walks of life to abstain from private industrial war and settle their disputes before the courts of the state.

1895

*PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT**

Cushman K. Davis

THE PROBLEMS of municipal government are becoming every year more difficult and insoluble. They are the most important of any with which a self-governing people have to deal. Maladministration in state or national affairs rarely affects to an appreciable degree the actual daily welfare and prosperity of the people, or to any extent so disastrously as corrupt or incompetent administration of municipal concerns. The heaviest and most enduring burdens are those of our municipality. The most corrupt popular elections are municipal elections. The most ruinous and unblushing speculations, jobberies and rings are those of the municipalities. They can be repressed much more easily than the more remote and covert evils of national and state administrations. But the attempt has not heretofore been made except in a few instances, as in New York, where it has been easily successful. It is one of the singularities of the American character that the business man, the man of substance, of political sagacity, influence and ability,

*Cushman K. Davis, *An Address Before the State Bar Association of Minnesota, September 13, 1895*, pp. 17-31 (Privately printed, n.p. [1895?]).

will, though not a politician, spend months in a presidential campaign, and will not give a day or a thought or a dollar or a curse even to the spoliation which plucks him in his own door yard.

Other nations excel us far in municipal legislation and administration. Their best intellects have attended to it. Birmingham is one of the most wisely governed cities in the world, and that it is so is largely due to the ability of Joseph Chamberlain. Glasgow is well administered. Her method of disposing of sewage ought to be adopted by every considerable American city. I have referred to municipal government not at all in a political way, but because its problems are more immediately soluble by direct legislative treatment than any other with which the people have to deal.

The Constitution of Minnesota has been operative for thirty-seven years. During that time it has been modified by thirty-five amendments, nearly one for every year of its existence, and more than one for every legislature. They have been of increasing frequency year after year. This is most cogent proof, not only of the imperfections of the original instrument, but of the more important fact that, in the march of events, the changes of relations of various subject-matters, the intervention of new and the unexpected expansion of old material interests, the changes in the social and municipal structure, and the general and the unexampled pressure of new necessities, new methods and new subjects of government which have been the most distinctive features of the state and national life during the last thirty years, the fundamental laws of the beginning of that period have become inadequate to and out of adjustment with existing conditions.

Our constitution is patched with these amendments from Bill of Rights to Schedule. Amendment has been pasted over amendment until the instrument has become a superannuated scrap book, useless in many parts and slightly in none.

The best constitution for a republican form of government is that one which, while it secures the essential and primary rights of the people by large and general provisions, leaves the greatest possible power to legislative action. It is true that legislatures may enact unwisely and corruptly, but, in the general average of many years, it is the experience of all free governments that these aberrations are corrected and annulled. The corrupt use of money, the leg-pulling bill, the coprophagous knot of boodlers, small and great, these larvae of the political dung-heap, held together by the

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nasty cement of the bribery of their job-lot of humanity, the purchase of legislation and offices — all these have their day. The perpetrators come radiant with the phosphorescence of incipient corruption; they will go in the last rottenness of an accomplished putrefaction, leaving a mephitic odor lingering outside the walls of the penitentiary or clinging to their garments as they move unconvicted yet condemned among their fellow men.

I believe in the people more than I do in their servants, and when the people maim their own powers for fear of their servitors the ultimate result is adverse to the constituency.

I do not think that the substitution of biennial for annual sessions of the legislature has produced the good results that were expected. The experiment was a critical one in a new and unfinished State in which two years have frequently worked important changes demanding immediate remedial or assistant legislation.

The fact that a noxious statute cannot be repealed for two years is a temptation to legislate viciously or corruptly for private interests and advantages. Besides, it is well that the legislator shall be tried and judged by his constituents as frequently and quickly as possible. The worthy servant is more likely to be rewarded by promotion or re-election, and he who has betrayed his trust will more probably be condemned by his constituents if the electoral judgment is had six months instead of a year and a half after the adjournment.

I think that the long time that must elapse before hurtful legislation can be repealed has enforced the adoption of several constitutional amendments that would not otherwise have been thought necessary, and which in themselves abstractly are very unwise limitations of legislative power.

The amendment adopted November 8, 1892, prohibiting special legislation, is a most striking example of this abdication of legislative functions thus in some degree coerced. It will, in my opinion, in some of its particulars, prove more injurious than the undoubted evils it was intended to avert.

But the present occasion does not permit anything more than the merest suggestion upon this topic. It is not made in the spirit of disparaging criticism, but as one argument why the constitution ought to be revised all throughout.

During the last thirty years great advances have been made in speculative, practical and philosophic thought upon political,

social and economic questions. The people universally are better informed and discuss these topics more than they ever did before. The constitutions of other states have received the benefit of this new knowledge, of this popular appreciation and discussion.

The highest statesmanship of that period has been displayed in the formation of constitutions. Illinois, Pennsylvania, California, New York and the recently admitted states have furnished examples and precedents of the most valuable character, based upon long-suffering experience, and upon the wisdom which springs from reflection upon practical political evils. I think Minnesota should provide for a constitutional convention as soon as possible.

My views in favor of codification have already been expressed. The illustrations and criticisms which I have applied have been employed to excite reflections that will prove its necessity. Let it not be supposed that it is intended to draw a circle of condemnation around the present system or all of its methods. In many respects it is admirable. A discourse for reform is always partisan in its character, in the assurance that sufficient will always be advanced in opposition or qualification to elucidate the entire subject. But it is certain that the practice of our profession, the administration of the law by the courts and the enjoyment of justice by the people are impeded and are made to a degree inefficacious, and will so continue in intensifying progression by the condition of our statutory and judicial law. We long ago came to the predicament in which other people in ages remote and also in modern times have been involved.

The development of the Roman law and that of the common law from their beginning presents a most remarkable parallelism and duplication of history. From primitive simplicity of the growth of the civil law had proceeded by amendments and special legislation in its various methods of enactment until the people were overwhelmed by the weight and variety of new laws which, "at the end of five centuries, became a grievance more intolerable than the vices of the city." They were engraved on these thousand plates of brass. Some of them contained more than one hundred chapters. These were decrees of the Senate, laws of the people, edicts of praetors, dictators, tribunes, aediles and proconsuls. Those of the praetors were amended and added to annually as those officers succeeded each other. In the reign of Hadrian all these were digested into a code known as the Perpetual Edict, by which,

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it is to be remembered, that the administration of law and that of equity were reconciled and consolidated as they have been in our own time. But the reforms were not sufficiently thorough. This body of law was modified continually by the constitutions and rescripts of the emperors. History repeated and anticipated itself. Gibbon asserts that "the infinite variety of laws and legal opinions had filled many thousand volumes which no fortune could purchase and no capacity could digest." The indispensable reform was accomplished by Tribonian and his associates under the direction of Justinian, and the product was the Code, the Institutes and the Pandects, out of which all modern law, excepting feudalism and its survivals, has been as veritably built as modern Rome has been constructed out of the ruins of the imperial city. The ancient commentaries, the *receptae sententiae*, the edicts and constitutions went into oblivion. Their citation and study even were forbidden. The single fact that this work of a vanished empire stands entire and efficient to this present day, as potent for utility as it ever was, demonstrates the necessity and value of the codification of such a body of laws as our own.

Twelve hundred years after Justinian history again repeated itself, France was governed by several complicated systems, each applicable to its particular geographical province, the product of processes similar to those which have just been described. A great ruler was set over the people. He ordained the Code Napoleon, and this embodies various codes of the several divisions of the law. It was produced between the years 1803 and 1811 by Tronchet and his co-laborers in sessions and consultations, in which Napoleon labored with a knowledge and insight that amazed the jurists. It was the civil law in modern garb, equipped with modern instrumentalities. It is now the foundation and the essence of the laws of France, Western Germany, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Italy. It is the basis of the civil code of Louisiana, and through that channel it has imparted many of its benefits to the statute laws of the states that have been wise enough to profit by it. I commend the code of Louisiana to all students as an elementary text book of living, operative law and to legislators as a most instructive tutor in legislation. Minnesota derived the statute of intervention from that code, and no lawyer will deny its remedial benefits in a field where even the equity practice could furnish no relief. I especially advise all students, those preparatory and even those in

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practice, to read the chapter on Things and their different modifications of ownership; on Conventional Obligations, especially as to damages; on Successions and on Testaments.

He who believes that the law should grow and should be made to grow in harmonious proportions within itself and in adjustment with the subjects of its action, should also give most considerate attention to the civil codes of California and South Dakota. In them we see more of the familiar features of the common law than in the statutes of Louisiana. But they are codifications of principles largely derived directly or indirectly from the civil law.

The civil code of South Dakota was adopted by the legislature of the Territory of Dakota in 1866. It is the civil code which had been prepared for New York, but which that state had rejected. Some singular features resulted from its unqualified adoption by Dakota. Shipping generally, bottomry, respondentia, jettison and general average are elaborately provided for in a state whose chief sources of water are artesian wells.

The provisions of this code as to contract obligations and personal relations of all kinds, including trusts, are minute and admirable. The result is that South Dakota is possessed of a body of statute law infinitely superior to that of Minnesota.

The law of Minnesota, statute, unwritten and judicial, should be codified all throughout. It should be re-edified, as the most useful and enduring material structures are built, slowly and deliberately, but as one continuous task by the most expert constructive talents that we possess, using the plan of other codes, ancient and modern, and at an expense, which will secure the most perfect result.

I do not venture to hope that this work will be done by those who are now the seniors of our profession. Perhaps many of them will not approve it.

I speak now more particularly to the juniors and the students. They should study for this task. I would have them thus instructed in the offices and in the University. Law, like the Nile, has many sources. Let the student seek all these and direct them to the broadening and deepening of that stream upon which float all property and every personal right.

Francis Bacon, who presides over all thought and all methods of classifying and using knowledge, was the glory of our profession and the shame of the bench. In his youth he "took all knowl-

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edge for his province." In his old age, in the agony of retirement, poverty and disgrace, that imperial intellect reverted to the condition of the laws which, in common with the chaotic form and unphilosophic use of other learning, had not escaped his censure. As one of the last of his intellectual conquests he proposed repeatedly to James I. to compile, amend and digest the laws of England. The concluding words of his last appeal to be allowed to undertake this work are of moving pathos. He said: "As for myself, the law was my profession to which I am a debtor; some little helps I have of other arts which may give form to matter. And have now, by God's merciful chastisement, and by His special providence, time and leisure to put my talent, or half talent, or what it is[,] to such exchanges as may perhaps exceed the interest of an active life." Surely what Francis Bacon offered to do because of its necessity, cannot be unworthy of performance by his pupils of these-after-times dealings with juristic systems of aggravated complexity and confusion.

It would be instructive to hear the opinion of Tribonian, Francis Bacon and Tronchet upon our laws in their present condition of method, codification and administration.

Upon a larger field exterior to our state and including it, many questions are forcing themselves imperiously towards solution. They must be solved. The new wine is bursting the old bottles. And because our profession has in all time been the conservative agitator and the thorough reformer, and has thus often averted civil tumults and even wars, I venture to proceed for a moment into the field of thought where the lawyers must become statesmen.

If I were asked to define the controlling political and social elements and questions of this age, I should unhesitatingly say that they are the present and ever-increasing necessity of regulating the internal concerns of the state by government. This is the question throughout the world. By the operation of many beneficent causes, such as universal education, the general use of labor-saving inventions, the instantaneous intercourse of great and distant masses of men and their thoughts by electricity and steam; the great campaigns of industrial production in which a nation shakes with the tread of mightier hosts than were ever arrayed in war and mourns over defeats in these peaceful hostilities more disastrous than was ever inflicted by arms; the disbanding of the

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hosts without provision for the future; the enormous waste of unemployed labor; the rich rewards to commercial, financial and professional genius which make their possessors so indifferent to governmental affairs that, too often, they do not take part in them except to deteriorate and corrupt them; the debauchery of the electoral franchise; the discontents engendered by vast disparities in wealth and actual power; the impotence of the law to deal with some of the most threatening elements of society and of the body politic; the debility of legislation in the same respects; the unquestionable fact of the insufficiency in many particulars of the state and federal constitutions, ordained, as they were, in other times, and not for conditions then unforeseen — all these and much more prove the correction of the definition which I have given.

It is demonstrated by other contrasts. The liberties achieved by our revolution were the liberties of states as communities. International relations which we once found so difficult to maintain and regulate have, within the last fifty years, become comparatively tractable. These were formerly the most difficult problems. Internal administration was easy in comparison.

XI.

Facing Forward

"GOVERNOR LIND's two-year term of service, 1899-1900," says William Watts Folwell, "included the closing year of a century and the fiftieth year since Minnesota had become a territory. Alexander Ramsey and Henry M. Rice had lived to see her grow from a wilderness to a rich and populous commonwealth. The estimated value of all property, a mere unrecorded bagatelle in 1850, had swelled to two and a half billion dollars. The population had increased from six thousand in 1850 to a million and three quarters. Half a million were of foreign birth and nine thousand were Indians. Of the total number of inhabitants, six hundred thousand were urban; the large remainder were rural."

Folwell goes on to point out that although Minnesota had eighteen million acres of improved land, the northeastern two-fifths of the state in 1900 was still a wilderness dotted with scattered mining villages and lumber camps. King Wheat was losing his crown, but to offset this abdication was the phenomenal development in the joint fields of agriculture and industry, including "the rapid extension of dairying, due to the planting of alfalfa and the increased use of the silo and to the introduction of the cream separator, of the Babcock test for butter fat, and of improved refrigeration."

John Lind's message to the legislature in 1899 is in reality an inventory of Minnesota life and problems at the turn of the century. A sound and temperate document, it set forth clearly Minnesota's advance in many fields. George M. Stephenson, biographer of this "crusader for political righteousness," believes the address to be one of Minnesota's great state papers. The message, writes

Professor Stephenson, was greeted with "a chorus of praise" and was acclaimed as "one of the most level-headed documents ever written by any governor." It was "specific and yet pointed in its recommendations, which looked forward toward fundamental reforms in government and changes in governmental policies."

1899

*A STATESMAN TAKES
THE MINNESOTA INVENTORY**

John Lind

GENTLEMEN of The Senate and House of Representatives:

Among the important duties which you have been commissioned by the people of this State to discharge, and one that cannot be delegated or deferred, is to provide the necessary monies for defraying the expenses of government, and for the support of our schools and State Institutions. . . .

. . . The taxpayers are entitled to a reduction in view of the growth of the state in population and wealth, and I earnestly recommend that it be made. This recommendation is not made in a spirit of indifference to the demands of that liberal progressive policy which is characteristic of our people in their views concerning public expenditures, but because it is earnestly believed that the adoption of the measures for additional revenues, and of reform in the administration of our state institutions, herein recommended, will result in increased revenues on the one hand, and a reduction of expenses on the other, and by that means leave a larger sum available for new undertakings than would result under the practices now in vogue.

TAXATION

The subject of taxation is one so vital to the state, so important to the people that it always merits the most earnest consideration of both Legislature and Executive. The observations submitted are necessarily brief and lacking in detail, but they express in a general

*John Lind, *Biennial Message of Governor John Lind to the Legislature of Minnesota, 1899*, iii-xxxv (St. Paul 1899).

A Statesman Takes the Minnesota Inventory

way the views of the Executive as required by the Constitution.

The State, which under our institutions is the people in their organic capacity, prescribes the conditions upon which the individual shall take, hold and enjoy private property. One of these conditions is that the state may appropriate from time to time, as required by the public welfare, part of such property for the public good. Taxation is such appropriation by the state of the property of the individual. It is only justified when exercised for public purposes, and in pursuance of express law.

The question in behalf of what objects state taxation should be imposed presents few difficulties. As to our public schools, the administration of justice and of public affairs, our dependent and reformatory institutions, public buildings and highways, and many other public objects, we feel instinctively that they are matters of public concern, and that reasonable appropriations for those purposes are for the public good. But your duty and mine is only half performed when we have selected proper objects for the state's care. It is equally important that the money required for these purposes shall be levied and taken from such sources that its collection, in itself, will not be a detriment and menace to the public welfare.

A good end does not justify questionable means. In our generous public-spirited haste to provide for the many meritorious objects of the public care, we have been so intent on the end that we have over-looked the means. The truth of the matter is that our state is to-day exacting taxes on the little stock, tools, implements—the means of subsistence—of numbers of our citizens who are struggling to support themselves and their families, while thousands who possess great wealth escape. Besides the inherent injustice of this, the State can ill afford to have those already battling for an independent existence loaded with additional burdens which will sooner or later transfer many of them into the dependent classes. That this condition of affairs exists, the most cursory investigation of the subject will show. It is no more just or candid to charge this to the depravity of the wealthier members of the community than it is to cry demagoguery whenever the subject is brought up. It is in my judgment a condition resulting from the new forms that wealth has assumed under the remarkable progress and the economic changes which have taken place in this century. It is not a subject for declamation or invective, but for

patriotic, speedy solution, now and here, and as rapidly as the forms of our institutions permit.

In the early days of the Republic, when the principles were formulated which still control our methods of taxation, visible property constituted the property of the community. Wealth meant houses, lands, implements and cattle. Franchises, bonds, stocks and securities were practically unknown. To-day they constitute according to conservative estimates perhaps eighty per cent of personalty wealth. They are owned by the wealthy. As a rule, they escape taxation, not because they are the property of the rich, but because the assessor cannot get his eyes on them. The producer on the other hand cannot conceal his stock, or the implements of his trade, and they are taxed. The patriotic desire to volunteer tribute to the state is probably no greater in the one than in the other. . . .

CORPORATE TAXATION

Akin to the question discussed, but separate and distinct from it, and not in anywise dependent upon its disposition is the subject of licensing and taxing corporations. By wise and well-considered legislation on this subject, you can obtain an amount of revenue that will more than make up for the proposed reduction in the tax levy and which will, with other corporation taxes, in the course of time increase the permanent revenues of the state to such an extent that a direct tax for the revenue fund can be dispensed with. Our law now requires the payment of a minimum incorporation fee of \$50 to obtain a corporate charter, and in addition, one-tenth of one per cent on the capitalization in excess of \$50,000. This provision is bringing large sums of money into the treasury annually. It can and should be extended to foreign corporations doing business in this state. This would only be a measure of justice to ourselves and to our own business interests. The license fee should be uniform with that imposed on our domestic corporations and may then be collected on the entire capital stock of the foreign corporation, or on the portion of the capital engaged in business in this state, as is the law in New York. Either course is valid, and has been sanctioned by the courts of last resort, both State and Federal. Much of the time of our courts, especially in the rural districts, is occupied by litigation brought by foreign corporations, who in the past have contributed nothing to the

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expense of government. This license fee, like that collected upon the issuance of a domestic charter, would be payable only once.

In addition to this, many of our sister states levy and collect an annual franchise tax upon corporations. Domestic corporations and foreign corporations doing business in the state are alike subject to it with such exceptions as the legislatures have chosen to make. This, it seems to me, is one of the most available as well as legitimate sources that you can turn to for revenue without burdening the individual citizen. The tax, in itself, is a just one, both on economic grounds and from the stand-point of public policy. The corporation permits the union of the capital of several owners in a way peculiar to that form of organization. It gives the mass a solidarity and efficiency that can never be attained in a partnership. It is a well recognized fact that there is an economic advantage in the harmonious co-operation of numbers over individual effort. Ten men equally capable working together on a building, or in a shop, can accomplish more in one day than one of them working alone in ten days. The cumulative efficiency of capital is even greater. To the old adage that "in union there is strength" might well be added "and greater efficiency," when applied to trade or production. The business of the corporation is not interrupted by the vicissitudes that befall individuals. It enables the owner of limited capital to participate in undertakings that would be beyond his reach but for its aid. If business reverses befall the corporation, the shareholder is only liable for its losses in a limited degree. Numerous other advantages might be referred to, but this is enough to show that the state confers special value when it grants a corporate charter. The state conferring these special powers and privileges, which are constant and continuous in their character, it is clearly just that an annual return should be rendered for them. It is no sufficient answer to say that the capital is taxed in the property in which it is invested. The capital as such would be liable to taxation in whatever form. . . .

The legislation now in force for taxing Express, Telegraph, Telephone, and Sleeping Car Companies in this State is in my judgment radically defective and should be revised. The rate imposed of 3 per cent on the gross earnings computed solely on local business—"originating and ending within the state"—is grossly inadequate. Most of the railroad companies pay 3 per cent of their

gross earnings including the inter-state as well as the local. The earning capacity and rate of profit on the actual capital invested in the monopolies referred to are certainly greater than in rail-roading, and there is no good reason why the state should not collect a fair proportion of its revenues from that source. It is not alone the rate of taxation imposed upon these monopolies (I use the term monopoly in its economic sense) that needs revision. It is the basis for computing it which is wrong.

Situated as is our state on the highway of commerce between the two oceans, with our large centers of population near the state lines, it is but a small proportion of our business that is strictly local, that is to say: business originating and ending within the boundaries of the state. Under these circumstances, the business done wholly within the state is manifestly no criterion by which you can judge either of the actual intrinsic value of the property subjected to taxation, or the actual amount of revenue derived from its use, both of which items are factors in making a proper estimate of its value and of the revenue which should be exacted by the State. Besides, this basis for computing taxation is necessarily capable of gross abuses. Our law was evidently copied from the Wisconsin law. Under the Wisconsin law which limits taxation on sleeping car companies to the gross earnings from business originating and ending wholly within the state (the same as ours), the companies have adopted a rule by which they refuse to sell sleeping car tickets from a point within the state to a point near the state line when there is a city beyond the state line, but insist for instance, on selling a ticket from Madison to Duluth to passengers going to Superior, as I discovered by personal inquiry. A system that leads to such subterfuges cannot be reformed too speedily.

To impose a percentage tax, or any tax levied directly on the gross earnings, state and inter-state, of these monopolies, would be held a violation of the Federal Constitution. The tax, whether it be a 3 per cent or a greater rate, should be computed on a valuation of the corporation's property employed in its business in this state. The method for arriving at such valuation, and the only plan by which a proper rate of taxation can be fairly and legally imposed, is according to the provisions of Chapter 160 of our laws for 1897. This act appears to have been carefully drawn, is in admirable form, and similar legislation has been upheld by the

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Supreme Court of the United States on appeals from the states of Maine, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Ohio. A change in the basis for computing these taxes to that prescribed in the chapter referred to, and which I earnestly recommend, would increase the revenues of the State from this source alone not less than \$75,000 over the Auditor's estimate.

RAILROAD TAXES

Another branch of taxation that demands your earnest attention and well considered action is that of the franchises and property of corporations engaged in transportation by railroad in this state. I believe it has been the practice since the earliest days of the Commonwealth to cover all taxes derived from this source into the State Revenue Fund. I deem this a wise plan, and believe that it should not be departed from. . . .

The total amount of taxes paid on the gross earnings of the railroads in this state for the year ending December 31st, 1897 was \$1,127,950.24. The mileage is something over six thousand miles. A valuation of the railroad property in the state, in the same proportion that other property is valued, would probably not fall below \$10,000 per mile on an average. At this low valuation, a rate of taxation, the same as is imposed on other property in the state, 24 mills on the dollar, would have brought \$1,440,000 for the current year. So it will be seen that our rate of taxation on railroad property on the basis of valuation is only about two-thirds that of the other property in the state.

You will also find upon investigation that our rate of taxation by percentage on the gross earnings is much below the rate that prevails in our sister states, which are within the domain of the systems transacting most of the business in our state. All of our railroads, with the exception of possibly one, are inter-state roads and are not operated with reference to state lines but as systems. The companies do not keep separate accounts in each state. For the purpose of taxation they apportion the gross earnings of the system among the several states through which they run in proportion to the mileage in each. This is the only practicable way and is approximately correct and fair. So far as our railroad traffic is concerned, we are to all intents and purposes one jurisdiction with Northern Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, and to some extent with the states west of us. This group of states are on the whole

traversed and dominated by the same systems, and the business of each system operating within the group is treated as a unit. Our state is therefore (aside from the need of the revenue) interested in seeing to it that it obtains substantially as large a proportion of the earnings of these companies for the support of its government and institutions as is taken by the other states in the group. If we do not insist upon this, we simply compel our people to help pay taxes in the other states. If our railroads were confined in their business operations wholly within the boundaries of this state, the rate of taxation imposed would perhaps not be so material, for a high rate of taxation would necessarily in the course of time, be reflected in higher transportation rates; so also a lower rate of taxation would have a tendency to produce lower transportation rates, but inasmuch as we are part and parcel of the states referred to for transportation purposes, we cannot in justice to ourselves be governed by any such considerations, unless they are also heeded by the other states in the group. Iowa and Illinois have already secured materially lower transportation rates than we have. If we continue to also permit them to exact higher rates of taxation from the railroads which operate in those states, and in ours, than we collect, manifest injustice will be done to our people. . . .

The Chicago Great Western Railway, which is operating under an old territorial charter which fixed the rate of taxation at 2 per cent on the gross earnings, has not accepted the provisions of the "Stillwater Act," under section 1 of Chapter II of the General Laws of 1887, and therefore contends that it is liable to pay only 2 per cent. As we have no general provision of law imposing the 3 per cent gross earnings tax, it is probably right in its contention, at least, it has prevailed with the state authorities up to this time, and it is therefore imperatively necessary that legislation should be enacted to cover that case.

I am fully aware that the argument will be used before you that it is unsafe to attempt any revision of the gross earnings tax law in this state; that by so doing you will jeopardize the benefits that the state now derives from that method of taxation. From the facts stated, you may conclude that these benefits are not on the side of the state. It will also be well to bear in mind that the same argument was made in opposition to the Anderson bill. It should be at a discount by this time.

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There is no question but that the companies will much prefer to pay a reasonable gross earnings tax than to have their property and franchises taxed upon a valuation. They have chosen that course in Wisconsin and other states, though the rate as I have shown is much higher than the rate that prevails here. But if it is feared that any company might resist the payment of a higher gross earnings tax than is now levied on the ground that it is in violation of Federal law to impose a tax upon the income from inter-state commerce, and as a precaution, you can readily obviate this difficulty by also enacting an alternative mode of taxation, providing: That in the event that any railroad company, subject to the payment of taxes in this state, shall refuse to adopt and abide by the rates of taxation on gross earnings which you establish in commutation of other forms of taxation, then the property and franchises of such corporation shall be taxed upon a valuation the same as other property in the state, and at the average rate of taxation in the state; thus leaving it to the corporations themselves to determine whether they will pay taxes on a valuation, the same as the other property in the state, or accept your gross earnings commutation plan in lieu of that form of taxation. You could go one step farther and authorize the companies to fix their own valuation with the proviso that the valuation so fixed should be the valuation and basis for determining transportation rates as well as for taxation. With such an alternative before them, you need have no fears that they would reject any reasonable gross earnings rate. They understand, as well as every lawyer in your body that they cannot escape payment in one form or the other, and they will be glad to avail themselves of the gross earnings tax as the least burdensome. Otherwise, it means the more money for the state treasury.

Thus far, I have only discussed matters relating to the better adjustment of the burdens of taxation and the sources to which you can look for additional revenue to meet the growing wants of our progressive state without further burdening persons or property directly engaged in production. Intimately connected with this inquiry and equally important is the subject of utilizing to the greatest advantage to the people of the state, the monies raised by taxation.

By well considered legislation, the state may be able to so utilize its different resources for raising revenue by taxation that the

rate may be reduced and still an increase secured in the revenues. But it is idle in a young state like ours with a constant and rapid growth in population to speak about decreased expenditures. What we can reasonably hope for, and what we should insist upon attaining, is not necessarily a reduction in aggregate expenditures, but a system of management and administration in all public affairs that will give the people the greatest possible efficiency and the largest possible returns for the money expended. This is as true with reference to our schools as it is in regard to our correctional and charitable institutions.

EDUCATION

The educational interests of the state have kept pace with the other factors in its growth and development in a most gratifying degree, as appears by the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, which, with the recommendations therein contained, I commend to your attention. The cause of education is so close to the heart of the patriotic Minnesotan, and has so continuously received generous treatment at the hands of our citizens, both in the legislature and without, that it is not deemed necessary for me to specially solicit your consideration for this subject, as I am sure that you are already determined to exert your every power and resource to extend its efficiency and benign influence. I would merely caution you that in all legislation and appropriations for this subject, it is as necessary, as it is in every other department, that your liberality be prudent, and that you look to the future as well as to the present. We can never in my judgment devote too much money to our Common Schools so long as the money is economically and wisely expended. In the matter of higher education, it can well be conceived how a policy might be adopted and encouraged that would tend to deprive the general public of that "value received" to which it is entitled for all monies collected by taxation, and also make the whole system of public education severely, and I might say, unnecessarily burdensome to the taxpayer. Such a course should be avoided, not only for the present, but is to be guarded against for the future. If we should ever be guilty of making higher education an undue burden to the taxpayer, we would thereby jeopardize the whole cause of public education. The greatest danger to be apprehended from this source is not in the extension of the sphere of education at public

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expense, but rather in duplicating the means for imparting it.

For instance in the matter of our State Normal Schools. No branch of our educational system is more important in itself and in its reflexive effects upon the system as a whole, than proper and adequate Normal training. But here as elsewhere, a generous public spirit should be tempered by prudence and the best interests of the state as a whole. In the early days, when the demand for trained teachers was [not?] as crying and urgent as it is to-day, and when there were comparatively few grammar and high schools in the state, it was a matter of necessity to have preparatory departments in the Normal Schools, for without them, the schools would have lacked proper material for the professional training and instruction which they were designed to afford. At this time, with High Schools in every community, the conditions are different, and the wisdom of maintaining in the same community schools doing the same kind of work, one wholly at the expense of the state, and the other partly at the expense of the state and partly at the expense of the tax-payers locally, is at least questionable. By the provisions of the High School Act, our high schools are open under proper regulations to all applicants. If the preparatory classes in our Normal Schools were dispensed with gradually, and as the circumstances permit, it would result in a considerable saving in money and enable the authorities to provide Normal training for a larger number of students in our present schools, and also give the students the benefit of the best attainable talent without any increase in expenditures. While this question may in one way be one of administration to be solved under existing law rather than of legislative concern, it is nevertheless so important in its bearing upon the whole system of our school work and your action with reference to the establishment of additional Normal Schools that I deem it my duty to expressly call it to your attention.

THE STATE UNIVERSITY

Our University has continued to prosper. All the colleges embraced in it are making laudable progress in the extent and methods of their work. Its growth and increase in attendance has been more rapid than its most sanguine friends anticipated. The enrollment in the year 1897-8 was 2,890, an increase of 423 over the previous year. This rapid growth will necessitate new buildings, and

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additional facilities. The report of the President and of the Board should receive your careful consideration. The measures which have been taken by the board of Regents looking to a higher standard of attainments for admission are to be highly commended, and it is to be hoped that this policy will be continued and supplemented by your co-operation, so that the high standard for students may also obtain in the choice and retention of instructors. The time has come when it is incumbent upon this, our largest and most important single institution of learning, to look to quality as well as quantity in its work. It has been a source of embarrassment to the University and chagrin to its friends that it has lost many of its strong men in the last few years. This should not be so. Our pride and our interests alike dictate that there should be the same inducements for talent in our institution that are afforded by others engaged in the like work. The Experimental Station and School, and College of Agriculture, though part of the State University, will be discussed later.

STATE TEXT BOOKS

In addition to the specific recommendations submitted by the Superintendent of Public Instruction, all of which merit the earnest consideration of both Legislature and Executive, I would specially commend to your consideration the subject of preparing and publishing on state account the school books required in connection with our free text book system. It seems to me that there are many considerations that will commend this subject to your favorable action. First and foremost, on the score of economy. The prices exacted by the school Book Trust are simply exorbitant. The present system with its well known practices and abuses is corruptive of public morals and destructive of that absolute confidence in the integrity of school officers and teachers that should prevail to give their work and word the greatest efficacy. The typographical and mechanical work incident to the publishing of our own text books by the state would be in itself a great help to our labor. By the co-operation of the intelligent educators of the State, a system of text books for the primary and grammar grades, at least, could be prepared at comparatively small expense, that would be infinitely better adapted to our situation and our scholars than matter compiled in the East or elsewhere outside the State. . . . In this connection, I would also call your attention to the

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necessity for further Legislation authorizing the investment of our School, University, and other funds under the control of the State at such rates of interest as will make it to the advantage of our school districts and municipalities to borrow those funds rather than from other sources. It seems poor public policy to invest our public funds in foreign securities drawing only three per cent interest, and compelling our own municipalities that are equally worthy of credit to go outside the state for loans at higher rates.

STATE INSTITUTIONS

It is not deemed necessary to call your attention specifically to the reports of the various State Institutions. The management of the State prison shows most gratifying results. The net gain in earnings over expenditures is a phenomenal showing, and there is no reason to believe, so far as I am advised, that the result has been obtained at the sacrifice of any obligation that society owes the unfortunates in that institution. The Binding Twine industry, successfully introduced and carried on in that institution, at least so far as production is concerned, has been as salutary and beneficial to the farming interests as it has to the prisoners in furnishing work, and to the State as a means of revenue for their support. The out-put of binding twine for the past season was about five million pounds; the Board estimates the requirements of the whole state at about seventeen million pounds. It will thus be seen that there is ample room for the expansion of this industry, and I believe that it can now be safely and profitably extended, and without the risk of loss incident to experiment in new undertakings. What has been regarded, justly or unjustly, as a scandal in connection with the sale of the product during the last season should not prejudice your minds against the industry on that account. Under proper administration, and needed legislation for facilitating the sale and distribution of the product among the farmers, such occurrences can readily be averted in the future. I commend this subject to your careful attention.

The State Reformatory at St. Cloud is deserving of your attention in as great degree as any institution in the state. The Superintendent's recommendations in respect to providing employment for the population of that institution and his suggestion as to the efficiency and corrective influences of farm work are well worthy of your consideration. It seems to me that if in your judgment, the

sugar beet industry is liable to be carried on permanently in this state, and especially if the experiment of this season has proven reasonably satisfactory, much of the population at this institution as well as at our charitable institutions, could be employed to greater advantage in raising sugar beets than in any other industry connected with the culture of the soil, for I know of no crop that can so profitably engage so much manual labor to the acre as beet culture. . . .

The needs of the other correctional and charitable institutions are set out in the several reports and except as to the hospital for the insane will not be farther commented upon.

The problem of properly caring for the insane has become so pressing that it absolutely demands solution at your hands at the present session. The importance of the subject itself, by reason of the great number and helpless character of the unfortunates, as well as the great cost to the public for their care and maintenance upon the lines heretofore and now in vogue in this state, can hardly be over estimated and justifies all the care and consideration that I am sure you will give it.

HOSPITALS FOR THE INSANE

On July 31st last, the insane population in this state confined in our hospitals was 3,265, a gain of 321 during the preceding two years. The rate of increase during the current biennial period was $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, while in the preceding biennial period, it was not far from 7 per cent. The report of the Board of Trustees estimates that this rate of increase will probably continue until the percentage of insane in this state reaches the average level prevailing in the country, which is about one insane person to each 500 inhabitants. They also express the conviction that the maximum rate in this state is not likely to exceed 1 in 480.

A careful study of the statistics in this and other states reveals the fact that the supposition which has gained prevelancy to some extent, that insanity was more common in this state than in other parts of the Union cannot be verified by investigation. The increase has been greater here of late years than in many of our sister states, and this would naturally be the tendency in a state whose population is made up so largely as ours, from adult immigrants from the other states and from Europe. The problem of providing for our insane population presents no features essen-

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tially different from those that surround the subject in the other states, so far as the rate of insanity, or the character of our population is concerned. There is one feature in our present system of caring for the insane that is in marked contrast with the practice prevailing in a majority of the states, and which in my judgment is unwise, and I might add demoralizing. Our state assumes the entire burden of the maintenance and treatment of those admitted to our hospitals at state expense.

In most of the states, the rule is different. In many of them, the indigent insane are maintained at the joint expense of the state and of the county of which they were residents. In some, the estate of the patient, or relatives bound in law for his support, are made to contribute a portion of the expense. This is notably the case in Connecticut. The Governor of that state writes me that the system is working satisfactorily. That our law by which the state assumes the entire cost of maintenance and treatment of the insane has a tendency to unduly increase the number of commitments to our asylums, is self evident. Anyone who has observed its administration in our various counties for a period of time cannot escape the conviction that many people are committed to our asylums who are simply suffering from senility or some temporary disorder, not at all of a dangerous character, and who might be cared for at home or locally to better advantage than in an insane hospital. In fact, it seems to me that our present law practically holds out a premium to the different counties for loading down the state with the care and maintenance of the indigent who are suffering from any mental disorder or weakness in the slightest degree. This is certainly bad policy and should be reformed.

Such other recommendations as I may submit, being merely the views resulting from study and observation extending over a limited time and sphere, may not be entitled to great weight in your consideration, but on this one question, my convictions are clear and positive and the result of years of observation. It is my judgment that whatever plan we adopt for the future, for the care of our insane population, it is vital to the proper solution of the problem that the expense should be borne jointly by the state and by the county or municipality in which the patient was settled at the time of commitment, and I most earnestly recommend that as a first step to the solution of the question in this state, our law be so amended that each county, or municipality, be required to con-

tribute to the state at the rate of \$1.50 per week toward the care and maintenance of all settled patients committed from it. The figure named is selected simply because that is the amount mostly in vogue under the legislation in our sister states. On this point, both the Board of Trustees of our hospitals and the Board of Corrections and Charities agree, which I venture to say will commend it the more to your favorable action. The salutary effect that such a law would have upon county authorities in making commitments cannot be over-estimated. Another feature that I desire to call to your attention is the lack of method and efficiency in the discharge of patients from our hospitals. The legislature at the 1897 session enacted a law giving the Superintendents of our several hospitals the power to discharge, but the last clause of the act provides that such discharge may become operative only when signed by three members of the Board. This makes the concurrence of the Board as such, or the majority of its members, essential to a discharge. I understand that pursuant to this legislation, the Superintendents of our asylums have designated scores of patients for discharge, but that the Trustees for reasons which I have been unable to ascertain, have failed to concur, and as a result, these patients are still inmates. This is not as it should be. If the Superintendent of an Institution, with his peculiar advantages for observation, cannot be trusted to decide this question, it seems to me that he should be superseded.

2.

THE WISCONSIN SYSTEM

In no sphere of sociological inquiry has modern science made greater advance than in the study and treatment of insanity. The early practices of treating the insane, first, as possessed, and latterly, as criminals, have been wholly discarded, except as traces remain in the forms of our commitments. The modern and rational conclusion is, that insanity is a disease and as such requires treatment the same as any other ailment. In its acute stage, the hospital is the proper place for its care. If it is or becomes a permanent or chronic condition, then the patient is what we might call a mental cripple, and the home or asylum is the proper place for his care. There is no more sense in keeping the acutely insane and the chronic in the same institution than there would be in keeping those who had become physically crippled, as the result of accident or disease, in a hospital designed for the treatment of acute cases of

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disease or injury; still this is what we are undertaking to do in this State to-day. The chronic insane, or mentally crippled, differs in no material respect from the rest of his kind, except that he is helpless to the extent of his ailment. The most reliable information that I have been able to obtain is that he is not subject to fits of incorrigibility in any greater degree than a person crippled in body would be likely to be. I saw recently at one of the county asylums in the State of Wisconsin 164 inmates, the entire population of the institution, observe as good order and go about their various duties quietly and much in the same way, according to their ability, as the like number of sound people might. I saw them at work and at their meals. Restraint of every kind was absent and unnecessary.

In their physical ailments the chronic insane do not differ essentially from sane people. On the whole, they seem to suffer less from sickness than people who are mentally sound. This was evidenced to me by the fact that in the County Asylum of Dane County, Wisconsin, when I was there about two weeks ago, there was not a single case of sickness. Bearing these facts in mind, and the additional one that a human being cannot be content without some means of employment, and that the instincts and craving of the mentally crippled in this regard are the same as those of sane people, it seems to me that the dictates of interest and humanity alike will compel you to abandon hospital extension in this State upon present lines, and to adopt a method which will be more natural and humane to the unfortunates, and which will also utilize such elements of efficiency for production and self-support as they possess. As to what this plan should be the Board of Trustees and the Board of Corrections and Charities do not agree.

The Board of Trustees recommends what is termed the "Colony System," which could be inaugurated by erecting inexpensive buildings at both Anoka and Hastings. They say that the overcrowded condition of the other hospitals could thus be relieved from time to time by transferring to these colonies, which should be in charge of competent physicians whose sole time should be devoted to their care. They further suggest that in carrying out this plan farms should be purchased within short distances from the present hospitals, to which the chronic insane could be transferred and cared for under the same staff of officers who now conduct our hospitals, and that this latter method is the best and most economical that can be adopted.

The Board of Corrections and Charities, on the other hand, recommend what is known as the "Wisconsin plan" to relieve the congested condition of our present hospitals and to provide a humane and economical method of caring for the chronic insane. Under it any county that may so elect should be authorized and empowered by the legislature to erect and furnish a suitable building or buildings for the maintenance and care of the chronic insane, under such restrictions and safe-guards as they point out and suggest, the State to pay the county \$1.50 per week for each inmate cared for. Both plans have this in common: that they are better calculated to place the chronic insane under natural conditions and thus insure their greater comfort and happiness, and also that they will, though in a differing degree, utilize the productive capacity of the inmates toward their self-support.

The plan of the Hospital Board, it will be observed, retains the entire subject and machinery of administration under State control. The other remits the administration of the institution to the local authorities, reserving, however, ample power of control and supervision to the State. As between the two plans, my judgment has lead me to favor the Wisconsin plan, and I recommend its adoption without hesitancy or reserve. My first impressions were against it, and my present judgment is the result of investigation and observation. If no other considerations entered into it, I should deem it a great reform in itself for you to select that method which transferred the burden of administration to the local authorities. Local self-government and administration are usually conducive to the best interests of the people and of our institutions, and should be encouraged whenever practicable, rather than repressed. If a city or a county can perform a municipal function as well or better than the State, it is poor policy to burden the State with its performance. The administration of the county asylums in Wisconsin is most admirable. Judged by the same standard, it is as good in all respects as the administration of the State hospitals, in that State or in ours. In respect to economy, there is hardly any room for comparison, the arguments in the report of the Hospital Board to the contrary notwithstanding.

Take for illustration the asylum of Dane County, Wisconsin, which I visited. The institution has a farm of 405 acres of no greater fertility or adaptability than you can find in any of the counties in the southern half of our State. This farm also maintains the

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county poor, of whom there were sixty-seven on October 1st. The weekly cost of maintenance of the chronic insane, including supervision, attendance, and all items of expenditures, as well as repairs and improvements, was \$1.39 per capita last year. This low cost was not secured at the expense of any comfort or necessary for the inmates for they are well fed, well clothed and enjoy more comforts and conveniences than the average of our population, but was attained simply and solely by reason of economy in management and the successful utilization of their productive capacity on the farm. Agricultural, dairy and garden products were produced to the value of \$4,887.89. There were slaughtered 17 head of cattle, weight 12,545 pounds; 68 hogs, weight 18,720 pounds; 4 calves, weight 400 pounds. There are now 91 head of cattle and ten horses on the farm. All the work of cultivation, extension of buildings and repair is done by inmates. Nearly every trade is represented in the institution and intelligently utilized. Other counties in Wisconsin show less cost of maintenance than this, while again others higher, the average for 1895-6 was \$1.73. . . .

. . . I saw the patients at meals, and ate of food prepared for them. I am loath to believe that we cannot obtain as good local management in this state as they have in Wisconsin. The suggestion made in the report of the Board of Hospital Trustees that the welfare of the inmates might be sacrificed to a spirit of economy is not borne out by the facts in any degree, and is no more to be apprehended here than in Wisconsin; besides the payment of the State's contribution of \$1.50 per capita could and should be made contingent here as it is in Wisconsin, upon the maintenance of the high standard that should prevail. In view of the extensive accommodations that we already have at our hospitals, it would not be necessary to authorize a larger number of county asylums at this time than one to each Congressional District. The larger cities might also with propriety be authorized to provide asylums for their own chronic insane.

MANAGEMENT OF STATE INSTITUTIONS

Another subject that will prominently be called to your attention by the able report of our State Auditor, is the management of our State institutions. It presents the question whether we shall continue the present plan of a separate board for each institution, with a Board of Corrections and Charities to supervise and mod-

erate their actions, or whether we shall adopt the plan of one central board of control for the management of all the institutions. Both plans are in operation in our sister states. Each has its peculiar advantages, as well as disadvantages. The separate board plan contemplates a body of high minded citizens, full of sympathy for the unfortunate classes, not forgetful of the great burden that those classes are upon society; willing to and so situated that they can, give their best efforts and time to the service of the state in connection with the institution to which they are appointed, without compensation. Such persons, form centers of influence and education, and exercise an extensive and wholesome influence over public opinion on the subject in which they are interested.

They appoint officials without reference to their political opinions, promote them for merit, and retain them in the service indefinitely. Their attitude toward these officials is one of support and encouragement.

The single board plan presumes a small body of men possessed of excellent business ability and who have become by training and experience experts in the conduct of institutions, and in the treatment of the unfortunate of the several classes, devoting their whole time and energy to their duties and receiving adequate compensation. They are better competent to judge of the qualifications needed for superintendence, stewards, and other subordinates and employes. They are also competent to act upon all requisitions and to decide finally what expense ought to be incurred and pass upon accounts. They are free from local influences and politics, and political considerations do not enter into the discharge of their duties. These are the highest ideals for either plan, and it is needless for me to add that the actual results fall far short of the ideal in both.

The dangers to which the separate board plan is liable are that men with the qualifications indicated and who have the means, so that they can afford to devote the requisite time to the work required, without compensation, are difficult to find, and that in practice political considerations frequently control appointments to these positions. That as a result, the resident member becomes to all intents and purposes the Board for the Institution, and that its management will be given a turn beneficial to local business and political interests; that each institution thus becomes a separate factor, and the local member or Board, becomes an advocate, and frequently a lobbyist, for its special advancement, without

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reference to the needs of the other institutions, or of the best interests of the state as a whole.

This latter is probably the most reprehensible feature of our present system in this state.

The dangers to which the central board of control is exposed, it seems to me, may be summarized as follows: That the appointments to them are as likely to take the political complexion as in the make-up of the separate boards. If inefficiency or lack of probity find place, the resulting danger is greater because of the greater power. There is also greater danger of stagnation, and that a demoralizing and bureaucratic spirit may gain ascendancy in the long run. The single board plan possesses advantages over the other in point of economy, notwithstanding the fact that its officers are salaried. The expenses of the separate board, which in this state amount to considerably over \$6,000 per annum, with a small per diem allowed in some instances, would go far toward paying salaries; and there is no question in my mind but that if all the purchases of our state institutions were made by one individual, or body, efficient and honest, great gain would result, and in addition to this, the executive and the legislature would have reports upon the condition and wants of the different institutions that would not be colored by local bias or interests. There would be no strife between different boards and institutions as to which should have the control of certain classes of the dependents, as is now the case. The question of the caring for the criminal insane and the epileptics and other classes would not then be a subject of controversy between boards and institutions.

Having thus summarized what I believe to be the strong points, and the weak, in each plan, it is evident that each is capable of good results with good and suitable men appointed to the places.

A change for the mere sake of change or novelty is a dangerous experiment. It is safer to be somewhat conservative. The institutions of the state are apt to be in the main, the outgrowth, I might say, evolution, of peculiar local conditions that brought them into existence. We have of course copied; but we have also differentiated from the system in other states. Our Board of Corrections and Charities, while not peculiar to this state, has done and is doing exceedingly valuable work, and is exercising a wholesome control over our institutions. I believe that by strengthening its hands and paying greater heed to its recommendations, we will

have the advantages of the best features of both systems.

What impressed me more forcibly in my investigation of the Board of Control system in Wisconsin than anything else was the system of what is there termed "analyzed accounts," which is kept for all the state institutions. That system is the natural out-growth of the fact that the principal purchases are made and expenditures incurred by the board of control; but it can be equally well introduced here. Instead of the steward reporting to the Board of Trustees a long list of items purchased during the month or quarter, as the case may be, and having the bill passed upon in gross as is now the practice in our institutions, the aggregate sum only being reported to the Board of Corrections and Charities, the entire account should be transmitted in detail to this Board and the items analyzed and grouped under the proper headings. By that means, it would be possible for the Board of Corrections and Charities at their meetings to determine at a glance, not only the aggregate expenditures under a given head in each institution, but the different items under that head with the prices paid. If great discrepancies were apparent, they would promptly be called to the attention of the Boards and stewards at fault.

By the introduction of this system, any member of your body, or myself, could step into the office of the Secretary of the Board of Corrections and Charities in this building, and ascertain instantly the expenses, say for butter, vegetables, flour, clothing, house furnishings, or fuel, or any other item, in any of our institutions in any preceding month, and this not only as to quantity purchased, but prices paid. This, we cannot do now. The reports now required and kept only deal in lump sums. . . .

AGRICULTURE

In the realm of production, our greatest interest continues to center about the farm. While we can point with pride to our manufacturing, lumbering, and mining industries, it is after all the condition of the Minnesota farm that marks our progress. It is the barometer of our prosperity, and it commands for us the proud position which we occupy among our sister states. Its interests are our interests. Its needs, our greatest concern. The same leaven of invention and progress which is making itself felt in other fields of production has invaded agriculture.

Farming is no longer a mere routine trade; it is rapidly becom-

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ing an art in which success is conditioned upon intelligent skill as well as industry. Our farmers have the industry. It is the province of our state to provide the means which will enable them to acquire that art and skill which mere practice on the farm does not afford. We have already made great advances in that regard; we are in the front rank among the states. Our Agricultural College and Experimental Farm stand at the head of all similar institutions in this country both as to quality and the extent of their work. The value of the education and training afforded to our young people in the Agricultural College cannot be over-estimated. Its work is not only along the lines most conducive to a high degree of culture in the individual, but most beneficent in its effects upon the state and society.

The criticism has been made that our institutions for higher learning have directed the attention of our youth from the sphere of the practical duties of life and created a passion for the pursuit of leisurely occupations, which if administered to and aggravated, may become a menace to society. With reference to our Agricultural College, the conditions are entirely different. The students are kept in touch with our physical environments at every turn. They are taught to observe and reason. Everything acquired is capital for future investment in the proper and intelligent discharge of all the duties and responsibilities of a self supporting independent American manhood and womanhood.

The requests made in behalf of that department of the State University, I am sure, will receive your generous consideration.

The Experimental Station is equally valuable and useful. Our farmers have learned to look to it for sound advice on many subjects of vital interest in their calling. The station makes new varieties of wheat and of other crops which yield better than those heretofore used. It teaches how to increase the profits of the farm by the proper rotation of crops. Its experiments demonstrate how better profits can be made from sheep, swine, beef and dairy cattle. It has extended its work by sub-stations which are worthy of your consideration.

The dairy industry which has already attained an importance in the state second only to the wheat crop and more profitable than the latter can be best aided by a liberal treatment of this institution and a continuance of the institute work. Scientific inquiry and methods have already in a large degree solved the problem of

making butter that will bear transportation into tropical climates in air tight packages. Ample means should be provided for such work and experiments.

Without making any specific recommendation, it seems to me that in view of the record made by our creameries at the recent Omaha Exposition, the time has come when Minnesota creamery butter should mean what the name implies. This, I think can only be accomplished by authorizing the state food and dairy department, in conjunction with the faculty of the College of Agriculture, to adopt rules regulating the sanitary conditions that must be observed in the management, and the character and quality of the product that must be produced in a given creamery to entitle it to be styled a "Minnesota Standard Creamery" and its product and packages to be called and known as "Minnesota Creamery Butter." Such legislation, I believe would prove very valuable to the industry especially in the foreign market. The reports that would be called for from time to time would involve but little labor. The practice of inspecting creameries under the auspices of the food and dairy commission is already in force. Such a law would therefore entail very little additional expense either upon the state or upon the producer, and might prove of great value. It has come to my knowledge within the last few days that all the firms engaged in the manufacture and sale of creamery supplies in the Northwest, with the exception of one concern, have formed a trust. Such being the case, I also suggest for your consideration the advisability of undertaking the manufacture of creamery supplies in the state prison on state account, to be sold to creameries and farmers at cost.

FORESTRY

The subject of Forestry is receiving considerable and well merited attention in the state. As yet, the time has probably not arrived for undertaking it upon the scale, or on the lines, that has been done in foreign countries and in some of the eastern states. In fact, our natural forest area has not yet been ascertained and cannot well be until the reports of our geological survey have been published and fuller statistics obtained on the subject. It is useless to talk of reserving arable land capable of agricultural cultivation for forestry. Any forestry reserve lines established this year would undoubtedly be modified next year and so on continuously until

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the arable section of the state becomes pretty well defined. The most important branch of the subject at this time is intelligent legislation looking to the prevention of forest fires. In this work, it seems to me, you should be able to secure effectual co-operation from the owners of our pine and other forests.

It is timely however to adopt at this time a policy that will make it practicable to undertake forestry culture on a large scale when we reach economic conditions that make such undertakings practicable. With that in view, I would recommend that provision be made for increasing the extent of Itasca Park as recommended by the Game Warden. It would also be well perhaps to prohibit the alienation by the State of the fee in the public lands which are clearly within the permanent forestry area of the State. At this time, I think that the utmost that public sentiment would uphold or conditions justify on that subject is for the State to retain title to what it has in that region, rather than to acquire by purchase. Much controversy exists also in that part of the state in regard to the payment of taxes by the owners of the timbered lands. It is possible that out of that condition, the State might acquire title to large areas by forfeiture for unpaid taxes, and also by voluntary conveyances from the owners. If by such means, or any other, that involved no great outlay of money, the state could become possessed of the title to large areas in the permanent forest area of the state, it would certainly be wise foresight to avail ourselves of the opportunity. The State would then have the lands when scientific forestry culture becomes an imminent, practical question, as it will some day.

On this subject, like many others, it is futile to undertake legislation in advance of a well defined, active public opinion. So long as nine-tenths of our people would rather cut a tree than plant one, time devoted to the discussion of scientific forestry is usually wasted. All we can hope to do is as I have suggested; lay the foundation for it in the future. The European countries did this by introducing the subject in their schools early in the century. If we would create an interest in the subject that shall be productive of results, we should do the same. Our bounty plan has been productive of some results, but the plan that in my opinion would be productive of greatest results would be to require each country school district to have a large plot of ground connected with it upon which the children under the guidance of a competent teacher, would learn

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to grow and love a tree. By that means, each community would have a nursery and it would not be many generations before our now bleak prairies would present the appearance of parks. Horticulture and forestry should be made regular studies in our Normal Schools.

GOOD ROADS

The subject of good roads is sufficiently prominent in the public mind at this time to justify me in the assumption that it will receive your earnest consideration without comment on the part of the Executive. . . .

STATE RAILROAD AND WAREHOUSE COMMISSION

The report of the State Railroad and Warehouse Commission will be laid before you. No new legislation is needed on that subject, except that the record made before the Commission on a hearing should be made to constitute the record on appeal. The present practice of trying the case *de novo* in the District Court is useless and expensive, and by its delays tends to defeat the ends of the law.

The Telephone service and the Telephone Companies in the State should be placed under the jurisdiction of the Commission, and it should be given the same power to compel connections, control joint rates, and rates, that it now possesses in regard to other common carriers.

An annual appropriation for expenses of at least \$5,000 should be made to enable the Commission to carry on its important work efficiently.

The criticism which the Commission has been subjected to in connection with the Grain Inspection department relates to administration and cannot be discussed with profit on this occasion. No new legislation is deemed necessary on this subject.

The state having incurred the expense of the Geological Survey and the compilation of the material, it seems to me that its publication should not be deferred any longer. By having it done under the direction of a joint committee of the two houses, assisted by Prof. Winchell, the expense would not be great. . . .

DIRECT LEGISLATION

Under the new economic conditions which have obtained and which have made capital, through organization, such a potent

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factor in society and in legislation, it has become necessary that the individual citizen should be given more efficient means for his protection. The exclusively representative method is no longer a safeguard as has been so prominently demonstrated in the recent franchise scandals in one of our sister states. Instances of similar character, though not so flagrant, are not wanting in our history. The only remedy, it seems to me, against such abuses, is to afford the people a constitutional method by which they can initiate needed reforms, by direct action, on the one hand, and exercise the veto power on questionable or corrupt legislation on the other. This involves the introduction of no new principles in our form of government. There are no stronger reasons for trusting the people to pass upon men than upon measures. We do not think so in regard to constitutional enactments, which is legislation in its highest and most important form. The people now have the power to initiate reforms, and legislation in the matter of locating county seats, and in some municipal undertakings. This power with proper restrictions as to the time and frequency of its exercise should be extended to other important questions. By the provisions of our constitution the people now have the veto power at the polls on any legislation by which it is proposed to change our present laws governing railroad taxation. We are therefore already committed to the principle involved in the second branch of the question. The constitution could, and in my judgment should, be so amended as to enable a minority in the legislature by appropriate action to refer enactments, as least such as extend corporate privileges or authorize the granting of franchises, to a vote of the people before becoming operative.

THE NEW CAPITOL

The work of our new Capitol has progressed as rapidly as conditions permitted. The exterior walls are built up to the floor of the first story and the interior walls and steel floor beams are correspondingly in place. The efficiency and good judgment with which the commission has carried on this important work, to date, cannot fail to command your approval. A tax extending over a period of years has been levied to provide the money for its completion. Sound business principles dictate that the work should be carried forward as expeditiously as possible. Every delay in the prosecution of a work of that character and magnitude means loss

and expense. We should profit by the unfortunate experience of the State of New York in which the appropriation bills of successive legislatures have contained items for carrying on the work of construction, and for repairs to the older parts of their capitol building. To enable the commission to carry on the work with the greatest economy and to the best advantage, they should be given the power to anticipate the tax levy. The most economical way in which this can be done in my judgment, is to authorize the temporary use of the trust funds now in the hands of the State for which the treasurer has not been able to find desirable investment. Any interest which you might deem proper to allow for the use of such funds would in no sense be lost to the State. I can hardly think that a safe and well devised plan for such temporary use of the funds, when the means of repayment *have already been provided*, would be in violation of any constitutional provision.

In conclusion permit me to express the conviction that cordial co-operation between the Executive and the Legislature is essential to the best interests of the state, and that it is my earnest desire to extend to you in the performance of your many and arduous duties every assistance that the executive department can render and in the same spirit that I shall look to you for suggestion and aid.

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